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DRAMATISTS OF THE RESTORATION.

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D'AVENANT.

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THE DRAMATIC  
WORKS OF SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

WITH PREFATORY MEMOIR AND NOTES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



MDCCLXXII

EDINBURGH. WILLIAM PATERSON.  
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THE  
PLATONIC LOVERS.

*The Platonick Lovers. A Tragi-Comedy. Presented at the Private House in the Black-Fryers, by his Majesties Servants. The authour, William D'Avenant, servant to her Majestie. London, Printed for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle Temple in Fleet Street, 1636, 4to.*

*The Platonick Lovers.—London, Printed for Gabriel Bedel, and T. Collins, and are to be sold at their shop in the Middle Templegate in Fleet Street, 1665, 12mo.*

*The Platonick Lovers. A Tragi-comedy. In the collected works of Sir William D'Avenant. 1678, folio.*

In one of the amusing letters, addressed by James Howell to his friend Philip, afterwards Sir Philip, Warwick, who was then residing in Paris, dated from Westminster, the 3d June 1634, he gives him all the scandal of the Court, and mentions that there were "little news at present, but that there is a Love call'd Platonick Love which much sways there of late. It is a Love abstracted from all corporeal, gross impressions and sensual appetite, but consists in contemplations, and ideas of the mind, not in any carnal fruition. This Love sets the Wits of the Town on work, and they say there will be a Masque shortly on it, whereof her Majesty and her Maids of Honour will be a part."

Although the name of D'Avenant is not given, it may be inferred that this intended Masque was no other than the Temple of Love, in which, as has already been shewn, the Queen and the Ladies of her Court appeared as Masquers, the entertainment itself being given at their own charge. The subject of the Masque is Platonic Love, of which one of the characters thus treats:

"They raise strange doctrines, and new sects of Love,  
Which must not woo or court the person, but  
The mind; and practice generation not  
Of bodies but of souls."

The present comedy of "The Platonic Lovers," represented two years afterwards, evidences the fact that this ideal passion was then still popular.

The duodecimo edition of the Platonic Lovers, printed in 1665, is merely a reprint of the preceding edition, with the dedication. It forms the second of "Two Excellent Plays; The Wits, a Comedie; The Platonick Lovers, a Tragi-Comedie. Both presented at the Private House in Black-Friers by His Majesties Servants." Each of these has a separate title-page, but the pagination is continuous throughout.

The dedication is:—"To the most noble Mr Henry Jermyn. Sir, I have boldly fix'd your name here, to shew the world where I have settled my estimation and service; and expect it should add much to my judgement

that I have made so excellent a choice. When you have leisure, and can a little neglect your time, be pleas'd to become my first reader. If it shall gain your liking the severe rulers of the stage will be much mended in opinion; and then it may be justly acknowledg'd you have recover'd all the declining fame, belonging to

Your Unfortunate Servant,

WILLIAM D'AVENANT."

Henry Jermyn, Esq., was the second son of Sir Thomas Jermyn of Rushbrook in the county of Sussex, who, trying his fortune at Court, was so successful as to obtain from his Royal Master, in January 1643, the Barony of Jermyn of Bury in the county of Suffolk, and in 1660 his Majesty, Charles II., created him Earl of St Albans, by letters patent dated at Breda.

Jermyn was much esteemed by the Queen, and attended her abroad. It was rumoured that her Majesty was privately married to him. Sir John Resesby in his *Memours* says, "I had three cousins in an *English* convent of *Paris*, one of them an ancient lady, and since Abbess of the House. Hither the Queen was wont often to retire for some days: and the Lady would tell me that Lord Jermyn, since St Albans, had the Queen greatly in awe of him, and indeed it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so."\*

If true, this curious fact would indicate that whatever opinion Henrietta Maria may have originally entertained in favour of Platonic Love, it had, during the latter portion of her life, suffered considerable modification.

After the Restoration, Lord St Albans was created a Knight of the Garter, and constituted Lord Chamberlain of the Household. He died in the year 1683 when the Earldom of St Albans became extinct, an event which enabled Charles II. to confer on his natural son, by Nell Gwyn, the Dukedom of St Albans.

\* London 1735, 8vo, p. 4.

The Barony of Jermyn, in consequence of a remainder in the patent, devolved on Thomas, the nephew of the Earl, who, obtaining the appointment of Governor of Jersey, died in 1703 without male issue, whereby the Barony became extinct. He left several daughters, descendants from whom still exist.

Mr Halliwell reprinted, in 1850, for the Percy Society, a collection of songs from a black-letter copy in his own possession, supposed to be unique. It is titled "The Loyal Garland, or a Choice Collection of Songs highly in request, and much esteemed in the past and present times." Lond. 1686. In that collection are two songs, bearing upon our present subject, one named "Platonick Love,"—the other "The Platonick Lover." Of these we subjoin the first, on account of its own merit:—

Fond lovers, what do you mean,  
To court an idle folly?  
Platonick love is nothing else  
But meerly melancholy;  
'Tis active love that makes us jolly.

To dote upon a face,  
Or court a sparkling eye,  
Or to believe a dimpled chin  
Compleat felicity,  
'Tis to betray your liberty.

She cares not for your sighs,  
Nor your lamenting eyes;  
She hates to hear a fool complain,  
And cry, he dyes, he dyes;  
Believe she loves a close surprize.

Then be no more so fond  
As to think a woman can  
Be satisfied with compliments,  
The frothy part of a man;  
Oh no, she hates a Puritan.

Then venture to embrace,  
'Tis but one or two,  
I'm confident no woman lives,  
But sometimes she will do;  
The fault lies not in her, but you.

## P R O L O G U E.

'Tis worth my smiles to think what enforc'd ways  
And shifts, each poet hath to help his Plays.  
Ours now believes the Title needs must cause,  
From the indulgent Court, a kind applause,  
Since there he learnt it first, and had command  
T'interpret what he scarce doth understand.  
And then, forsooth, he says, because 'tis new  
'Twill take ; and be admir'd too by a few :  
But all these easy hopes I'd like t'have marr'd,  
With witnessing his title was so hard,  
'Bove half our city audience would be lost,  
That knew not how to spell it on the post.\*  
Nay, he was told, some critics lately spent  
Their learning to find out, it nothing meant :  
They will expect but little, he replies,  
From that which nought or little signifies.  
Well, I, your servant, who have labour'd here  
In Buskins and in Socks this thirty year,  
I'th truth of my experience, could not chuse  
But say, these shifts would not secure his Muse  
Then straight presented to his willing fear,  
How you are grown of late, harsh and severe.  
Excuse me that I am so bold to speak my mind  
I'the dark, of what so publicly I find.  
But this hath made him mourn ; I've left him now  
With's limber hat, o'ershadowing his brow,  
His cloak cast thus—to hinder from his ear,  
The scorns and censures he may shortly hear :  
Such as shall teach, despair, lead him the way  
Unto a grove of Cypress, not of Bay.

\* The bill of the play for the night was, in London, at the time, placed on the several posts in the vicinity of the Theatre.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

THEANDER, *A young Duke, lately a General.*  
PHYLOMONT, *A young Duke that borders by him.*  
SCIOLTO, *An old Lord, Friend to Theander.*  
FREDELINE, *Creature to Theander*  
CASTRAGANIO, *Creature to Fredeline.*  
GRIDONELL, *A young Soldier, son to Sciolto.*  
BUONATESTTE, *A generous Artist.*  
ARNOLDO, } *Attendants on Theander.*  
JASPERO, }  
EURITHEA, *M<sup>rs</sup> to Theander, Sister to Phylomont.*  
ARIOLA, *M<sup>rs</sup> to Phylomont, Sister to Theander.*  
AMADINE, *Woman to Eurithea, Sister to Castraganio.*  
ATTENDANTS, &c.

*The Scene :*

SICILY.



## THE PLATONIC LOVERS

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter SCIOLO, ARNOLDO, JASPERO, Attendants*

SCIO. What ho ! Arnoldo, Jaspero ! Dispatch, Dispatch ! You move like great fat Burgers that Had newly din'd. Cripples would stir more nimbly To a whipping. Are all things prepar'd ?

ARN. My Lord, there's time enough : the Duke will not Be here till night.

SCIO. From whence, pray, that intelligence ?

[JASP.] From the Gazet,\* brought hither by a mule From Paris, Sir.

ARN. Your Lordship receives yours, I think, in a little letter tie'd to A Tartarian arrow.

JASP. Or 'bout the neck of a Barbary pigeon. We know he'll not be here till night.

SCIO. You know ?  
Your knowledge, Sir, will scarce prefer a clerk,  
To dine upon the ear of a tythe pig  
Death ! my good serving gentleman,  
Did not I leave him a league off, and with  
Him too, Duke Phylomont ? their train enough  
To famish our whole Sicily, were not  
Nature bounteous to us in our good corn.

\* The Gazette, a paper of public intelligence and news of diverse countries, was first printed at Venice about the year 1620, and was so called, according to some accounts, because *Una Gazetta*, a small Venetian coin, was paid for the privilege of porusal.—*Nouv. Dict. Hist.* Others derive the name from the Italian word for magpie—*gaza*—i.e., chatterer. A Gazette was printed in France in 1631.

ARN. Hath sprightly Phylomont encounter'd with  
Our Duke Theander by the way too ?

SCIO. 'Light ! your business is to ask questions,  
Sir ?

A court examiner ? Are all provisions made  
Of furniture and meat ?

JASP. All, all, my Lord !

SCIO. The inner room's new hung, and th'garden  
gallery

Adorn'd with Titian's pictures, and those frames  
Of Tintoret, last brought from Rome ?

ARN. Yes, Sir, and tables spread with napery  
Finer than Poppea's smock.\*

The cupboards crack with studded plate  
And crystal vials thick enough t'endure  
A fall or hammer, Sir.

JASP. Our kitchens smoke so,  
That the steam blown o'er a town besieg'd,  
Would cure the famine in't ?

ARN. The cellars too so fill'd that they would  
make  
A Danish army drunk.

SCIO. Arnoldo ! Rogue !  
With good pure muskaden of Crete ?  
I'm old, and must be nourished with  
My morning sop, like matrons that want teeth.

ARN. Your Lordship shall not fail to have it  
spic'd.

JAS. And, when 'tis noon, your malamucko  
mellon of  
An amber scent serv'd in a grotto, Sir,

\* Poppea Sabina, daughter of Titus Ollius, of great beauty and elegance of form. She became wife of Rufus Crispinus, a Roman knight, from whom, Otho, then one of Nero's favourites, carried her away and married her. Nero, in turn, lured her from Otho, repudiated his wife Octavia, on the plea of barrenness, and also married her ; but behaved so cruelly to her, that she died of a kick while pregnant, A. D. 64. She bathed daily in asses' milk

To cool your Lordship's wishes, not your blood ;  
For that, we guess, hath not these many years  
Been feverish towards women.

SCIO. A merry knave !  
Go, good boys both. Call all the waiters, and  
The grooms, t'attend upon their several charge :  
The Dukes will instantly arrive. Our brave  
Theander sent me for dispatch before,  
To take command of the whole house. Look to't !  
I shall be bounteous, but severe.

ARN. My Lord, we love your government and  
will make haste.

[*Ex. Juspero, Arnoldo.*]

*Enter* FREDELINE, CASTRAGANIO.

FRED. Walk our horses near the park gate until  
A gen'ral care be given for all the troop.

WITHIN. I shall, sir.

FRED. My Lord Sciolto, your good horseman-  
ship  
Hath put us to some trouble to o'ertake you.  
Let me prefer this gentleman unto  
Your knowledge. He will deserve them both.

SCIO. I thank you for him, signior Fredeline ;  
No friendship of your choice can deserve less ;  
How is he call'd ?

FRED. Castraganio. 'Tis he,  
Whom with your kind consent, I would prefer  
To our Duke's chamber : and the brother to  
The witty Amadine, whom late I plac'd  
Chief woman to Eurithea  
Our grand master's mistress.

SCIO. Signior, give me your hand !  
I love not courtship, but I will promise  
To befriend you, and perform it too.

CAS. Your Lordship hath just power o'er my  
belief.

FRED. He's lately posted from Vienna, Sir,  
And can present you with a letter.

*[Cas. gives Sciolto a letter.]*

SCIO. I hope from the noble Colonel, my son's  
Governor.

CAS. His name, Sir, is subscrib'd to it,  
And straight you will behold your son.  
The situation of this house hath but a while  
Employed his eyes without.

SCIO. Fredeline, the boy comes  
As I were master o'er my wish. 'Tis now  
Full thirteen years, since first of tender growth,  
I sent him to the camp. This letter, sir,  
My better leisure shall survey. But pray,  
How is he bred? My peevish humour gave  
A strange direction to his governor:  
That he should never learn to write nor read,  
Nor never see a woman.

CAS. My Lord, you are obeyed in both. He is  
A good soldier, and by his learning will  
Sooner confute the foe, than a philosopher.  
As for women, th'are things he ne'er heard nam'd;  
Nor can the camp present him any, but  
Coarse sutlers' wives, creatures of so much dirt,  
That, shovel'd well together, they will serve  
To make a trench ere they are dead, more fit  
To heave the stomach, than to stir the blood.

FRED. I know 'em perfectly! They wear no  
smocks

But cut out of an old cast tent, and bind  
Their hair in horses' girths\* instead of phylliting.

SCIO. Such I dare allow him.

FRED. Yet, with the freedom of your Lordship's  
leave,

\* This allusion to the sutler's wives, and their mode of binding their hair, is introduced throughout these plays more than once. For instance, see vol. i, p. 29.

These are but homely principles to give  
 For education of a son and heir !  
 Not write nor read, nor see a woman !

SCIO. I will endure the hazard of a new  
 Experiment, and try how nature will  
 Incline him. Learning, I find, doth make men  
 Saucy with their Maker, and false unto  
 Themselves ; and women make us all fools.

*Enter GRIDONELL*

CAS. Here comes your son.  
 Practise your reverence, sir ! there stands your  
 father.

GRID. Well, which is he ?

*[Stands still, gazing about.]*

CAS. There, sir, with the grey beard.

GRID. A comely old fellow, by this hand, sir.  
 I am glad to see you, with all my heart !

SCIO. If you stand upon these points, sir,—and  
 I you !

CAS. Go, ask blessing !

GRID. Does the old man look for't ?

SCIO. Not I, int'roth ! for though the custom be  
 Devout enough, it shows methinks  
 Too like a compliment.

GRID. You are in the right, sir,  
 And I hate compliment as much as you.

FRED. My Lord, his governor hath follow'd your  
 Directions to the shadow of a hair.  
 He's rarely bred to make a favourite  
 In the French Court.

SCIO. Go, prick your ears, good signior, if you  
 like

It not ; 'tis music unto mine. But son,  
 How e'er these manners are not much in use,  
 You can be dutiful ?

GRID. Sir, I am taught my father is my officer,

I must perform my duties, and obey him :  
Besides, I love you more than a good sword.

SCIO. Why, I thank you, sir ; there is no love lost.

FRED. For me, exc'lent courtship ! Just like the  
parley

'Twixt Mounsier Hobbynol and Colin Clout.

GRID. I pray a word ! I'm told I should expect  
Certain duties from you too.

SCIO. May't please you, son, I shall be glad to  
learn.

GRID. You must allow me still new choice of  
armour,

Brave horse for service, and high pric'd gennets  
To curvet i'th' streets ; and rich cloaths.

SCIO. Heaven forbid else !

GRID. Jewels and money too.

SCIO. O son, I shall know my duty.

GRID. And when the time conspires with my  
necessities

To call you to't, you must make haste and die.

FRED. My Lord, how like you that ? This  
breeding's right :

Nor is it altogether new, or strange.

SCIO. I'd rather ever find it on his tongue,  
Than once believe it in his heart : a rough boy !  
I must keep him still from the sight of the ladies :  
It will continue him in's innocence. Hold, sir !  
This key will lead you through the terrace that  
O'erlooks the orchard walk, and then you pass  
Into an armoury. Spend there your time  
A while : and take your choice. I know the Duke  
That owns it will make good my gift. Will you  
walk, sir ?

GRID. I pray, sir, lead the way !

SCIO. Nay, I beseech you, sir.—

GRID. I know 'tis fit I give place to my elders

SCIO. But I have business here. Do you think, son,

I'd be so much uncivil else, as not to wait upon you?  
 GRID. Well, take your course. I love to see good  
 armour. *[Exit.]*

SCIO. If I can keep him from the ladies, I  
 Am happier than king Priam that had fifty sons,  
 But sure not one like this. *[Flourish afar off.]*

FRED. My Lord, this summons shews the Dukes  
 are come.  
 Sir, stand you here! I'll find a time for your  
 Address. *[Leads Cas, aside.]*

*Enter THEANDER, PHYLOMONT, ATTENDANTS.*

WITHIN. Make way, there! Ho! bear back,  
 bear back!

*[Theander embraces, and whispers Phylomont.]*

FRED. This is Theander, sir, whose present sway  
 Palermo owes allegiance to; rich in  
 His mind and fame, as in his large extent  
 Of land; and, to augment his wealth, he comes  
 Loaden with spoils of frequent victories.  
 Though but i'th' blossom of his life, he hath  
 Already done enough to fill a history,  
 And is deriv'd from th' old Sicilian kings.  
 Him I have chosen to prefer you to.

CAS. If I could double all my faculties,  
 You have obliged them wholly to your use.  
 What is the other signior, whom he seems  
 To court with such a fervent show?

FRED. Duke Phylomont, that neighbours to his  
 government,  
 And rules the western borders of this Isle:  
 All that the rich Mazara\* yields. He equals Duke  
 Theander in the best of's virtues, and his fate;  
 And now brings too, though from a climate more  
 Remote, the triumphs of a war. But yet,  
 If midnight howlings heard in cities sack'd

\* A river in Sicily.

And fir'd, the groans of widow'd wives,  
And slaughter'd children's shrieks can pierce the  
ears

Of Heaven, the learned think their glorious ghosts  
Will have a dismal welcome after death.

However, in this world, 'tis good to follow 'em  
I would not fright your nice and pious mind  
T' unprofitable fears.

CAS. Kind signior, doubt me not.

THEA. Thou breath'st into me, mighty Phylomont,

No other soul but mine. My better thoughts  
Are moulded in thy breast, and, could we grow  
Together thus, our courteous hearts would not  
Be nearer, nor yet more entire. I gratulate  
Thy victories in Spain : thou hast undone  
A nation with thy noble deeds, and taught  
Them how to fight, by seeing frequent conquests on  
Themselves, when brave examples come too late  
To imitate, and they are left no land  
To fight for, or defend.

PHYL. Renown'd Theander !

What delight can wise historians have  
To mention me ? Whilst Naples keeps the sense,  
Or memory to mourn, thou art the argument  
Of all just praise. Alas ! my battles will  
Be thought, when thine are nam'd,  
But village-quarrels, that poor herdsmen make  
To keep their common from their landlord's sheep.  
My ensigns not deserve to hang  
As curtains at thy shrine, when thou shalt lye  
Ador'd, and styl'd the wars' first saint,  
That taught thy armies how to cleanse, not sack  
The cities thou hast won.

THEA. No more !

Be these embraces ever hearty and  
Renew'd, till time shall lay us both asleep



Within one tomb.

PHYL. I am no more alive When these  
Shall cease, or thou absent'st thyself by death.

THEA. Sciolto! where's my sister, fair Ariola?  
Methinks her welcomes are so slow, they scarce  
Commend her love.

SCIO. Your Excellence will find  
She'll bring such an excuse with her, as soon  
Shall be receiv'd: the Princess Eurithea  
Whom she's gone t'entreat, to honour this  
Solemnity. They'll instantly appear.

THEA. That's joy indeed! The music of her name  
Salutes the ear, with sounds more cheerful and  
More full of triumph than the shouts of victory!

PHYL. As much doth fair Ariola surprise  
My sense with gladness, wonder, and with love.

*[Fred. takes Theander aside.]*

FRED. This is the gentleman to whom your grace  
Vouchsaf'd to promise entertainment at  
My humble suit.

THEA. He shall be well receiv'd:  
Sir, you had skill to know your business needs  
Must thrive, when you chose Fredeline your advocate.

CAS. I am the creature of your Excellence

*Enter EURITHEA, ARIOLA.*

THEA. Brave Phylomont, entreat my sister to  
Forgive a while the tend'ring of my love,  
Till I have breath'd it into thine.

PHYL. The like request, Theander, to my sister  
make,  
Till thine have first receiv'd the righteous vows,  
And offerings of my heart.

*[Eurithea runs cheerfully to embrace Theander.  
Ariola seems to retreat a little at Phylomont's  
salute.]*

CAS. Sir, our Theander and his mistress meet,  
Methinks, with more alacrity and free  
Consent, than Phylomont and his Ariola ;  
She wears him at a careful distance from her eyes.

FRED. Right, Sir. The first are lovers of a pure  
Cœlestial kind, such as some style Platonical ;  
A new court epithet scarce understood ;  
But all they woo, sir, is the spirit, face,  
And heart : therefore their conversation is  
More safe to fame. The other still affect  
For natural ends.

CAS. As how, I pray ?

FRED. Why such a way as libertines call lust,  
But peaceful politicks and cold divines  
Name matrimony, Sir ; therefore although  
Their wise intent be good and lawful, yet  
Since it infers much game and pleasure i'th' event,  
In subtle bashfulness she would not seem  
To entertain with too much forwardness,  
What she perhaps doth willingly expect.  
Sir, this is but my guess, and I beseech  
It may remain a secret unto you.

CAS. Signior, my lips are seal'd.

THEA. O do not strive t' afflict thy tenderness  
With unkind thoughts. 'Tis not the fortune of  
A day, the victor's glory, when he toils  
To humble others' pride, that he may swell  
His own : nor yet to lead a nation cold  
And naked forth, then bring them home, gay and  
Fantastic in their silks, sweating in furs  
Pontifical, as they had sate  
Like civil Judges to redress those men  
Whom for their own relief they slew.  
No, Eurithea, these were not the charms  
That have so long betray'd me from thy sight.

EU. Then I have cause to fear your weariness  
Of love, and that would poison my weak faculties

With a disease, that can admit no ease  
To soothe my willing hope, nor cure, but death.

THEA. Old pilots, when benighted, have more  
cause

To doubt their star's direction to their card,  
Or th' adamant's true friendship to their steel,  
Than thou the loyalty of my strong faith.

EU. Three summers absent from your native land  
And me, as many tedious winters too,  
To make up time more sorrowful and long !  
How can you fashion an excuse so well  
As to expect belief ?

THEA. Truth wants no power.  
I went in search of virtuous fame, to make  
Myself more fit in noble worth  
For the encounter of thy love.

EU. Alas !

How are you certain of my modesty,  
That you should give me such continual cause  
To blush ? I should find courage sure  
To chide you for't, but that I'll minister  
No cause to hasten your remove from hence,  
Where I have hope my prayers and innocence  
Shall keep you long.

THEA. Else I should lose such a felicity,  
As he that hopes for better in the other world  
Must fast and live severely to attain't.

PHYL. The rugged fashion of the war hath dull'd  
My understanding and my speech, or else  
Your ears, Ariola, have lately lost  
Their wonted tenderness.

ARIO. Sir, you do willingly mistake in both :  
But 'tis because you know, you have as great  
A privilege to injure me, as to abuse your self.

PHYL. Shall I be heard then when I speak, and  
cheerfully  
A little list'ned to, that by degrees

I may recover my sick hope?

ARIO. You cannot lose your virtue, Sir, and then  
I'm sure my courtesy will never fail :

To promise more would make me seem too  
prodigal

Of what you can't in nobleness receive.

PHYL. The favour of your hand I may—

*[Offers to kiss it.]*

ARIO. That not becomes your dignity—

PHYL. Indeed my bold ambition rather would  
Advance me to the sweetness of your lip——

ARIO. That worst becometh mine——

PHYL. Forgive me, kind Ariola. I thrive  
My chastisement, and mean to sin no more.

THEA. Methinks, since yonder building on the  
mount,

And that large marble square was turretted,  
The house looks pleasant, and would tempt us to  
Enjoy the summer in't. What says my Phylomont?  
Shall we forsake the toils o' th' peace and here  
With triumphs celebrate the camp? That, we  
Have [surely] purchas'd and deserv'd.

PHYL. I'm here, Theander, govern'd by your  
laws,

And must consent; but they are such I like.

THEA. Come, Eurithea! let me hasten to  
Begin my happiness. Lead to the myrtle walk!

*[Exeunt all but Fred., Cas., Sciolto.]*

FRED. My lord! Make me indebted to your ears  
A while before you go. This Gentleman  
May safely share with us i' th' privacy.

CAS. You do me honour with your trust.

FRED. How worthy 'tis of grief, a Prince so  
young,

Endow'd with all the helps that nature, art,  
Or fortune need to make up perfect man,  
Should wear away the happiest season of

His strength, in tedious meditation thus,  
Severe discourses, and a cold survey  
Of beauty that he loves, yet fears to use !

SCIO. Oh Signior !

It hath forc'd me make a very sponge  
Of my pillow ; I've wept at midnight for 't.  
It is a thought too dangerous for one  
Of's grey-hair'd friends to bear in memory.

FRED. His name, if he continue ignorant  
O' th' use of marriage thus, must perish with  
Himself, and all his glorious conquests have  
Achiev'd be left without a heir.

SCIO. Right, sir, for I believe those babies he  
And Eurithea do beget by gazing in  
Each other's eyes, can inherit nothing,—  
I mean by th' custom here in Sicily.\*  
As for Plato's love-laws they may entail  
Lands on ghosts and shadows, for aught I know :  
I understand not Greek.

CAS. How, Sir, is she inclin'd ?

FRED. As coldly as himself.

CAS. Is there no way to tempt their simple  
loves

To the right use ?

FRED. My lord, I have conceiv'd a remedy  
In my own thoughts ; 'tis an experiment  
Which, if your lordship's judgment can allow,  
May meet with glad success.

SCIO. I'm bound to hear't.

FRED. There lives within Mesina, three leagues  
hence,

One Buonatesta, a physician and  
A sad philosopher, who though his wealth  
Not makes him eminent, yet he is rich  
In precious vellum, and learn'd manuscripts  
Yellow'd with age ! In old disjointed globes,

\* [and] Ed. 1665.

And crooked mathematic instruments,  
Enow to fill a brazier's shop, which with  
His magazine of coles,\* and still of glass,  
For chymick purposes is all he hath.

SCIO. A very rich alderman philosopher.

FRED. Believ't, my lord, this kingdom will  
receive

More future fame by being honoured with  
His birth, than by our Æschylus, our Diodore,  
Our Gorgias, and Empedocles, Euclid,  
And our Archimedes, who all took here  
Their knowledge, and their lives.

SCIO. Well, sir, wherein consists our present  
benefit?

FRED. This man by art shall make him marry  
whom

He now so ignorantly courts.

SCIO. That would incline much near a miracle.

FRED. Reward my care, but with your patience,  
and

Observe. I'm no protector of their silly faith  
Who think, forsooth, that phylters mixt with  
herbs,

Or min'rals can enforce a love. Those, sir,  
Are fables, made to comfort distressed virgins,  
That want estates to marry 'em.

SCIO. How then, signior?

FRED. I say my reason thinks it possible,  
With long endeavour'd art, where love is fixed  
And interchang'd already, by a free  
Consent, to heat their bloods into desire  
And natural appetite; and these desires  
They both may exercise, being married, sir,  
With leave of custom and our laws: you apprehend?

SCIO. With little labour, sir. Give me your hand,  
And let me thank you for't; for, as you said,

\* Herbs.

Though art cannot enforce a mutual love  
When it hath found a lover out, it can  
Provoke and warm him to do notable feats.  
But by what subtle means is this perform'd ?

FRED. He hath a rare elixir.

SCIO. Well, sir, you give much reason, and some  
hope :

But in my greener years I thought no elixir  
Like powder'd beef, and good round turnips to't,  
If eaten heartily and warm.

CAS. My Lord, I'm your disciple.

SCIO. Nay, I have found an humble bee, pickled,  
Can do as much as your cantharides.  
But who will you employ unto this man  
Of art ? It must be secretly design'd.

FRED. Castragano ! You, sir, shall straight take  
horse ;

My former trust emboldens me to make  
No fitter choice. This letter will insinuate  
Our plot, which, with five hundred crowns that  
purse

Contains, may speed him hither e'er't  
Be night.

CAS. My care shall make me worthy of your love.

FRED. Farewell ! Be swift and prosperous.

SCIO. I'll in, and wait the duke's commands.

*[Exeunt Sciolto, Castragano, severally.]*

FRED. This fellow hath a wondrous little skull ;  
And, sure, but half a soul, easy and fit  
To knead and manage in all forms my dark  
Contrivements shall design ; but for  
My hum'rous lord, that his old gouty feet  
Should stumble too into my snares, hath in't  
As much of fortune, as of mirth. Down, down,  
The secret troubles of my breast ! I have  
Not long to mourn, if all my arts prove safe.  
My midnight purposes are new and strange,

But heavy headed mules tread in the plain  
 And beaten path ; the fat dull porpoise still  
 With danger on the open water plays ;  
 Wise serpents creep in crook'd and hidden ways.  
[Exit.]

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Enter* FREDELIN, CASTRAGANIO.

CAS. Sir, he is come ! I have divorc'd him from  
 His books, and found his eyes employed to reconcile  
 Old hieroglyphics by their shape, and then  
 T'interpret blind half eaten characters,  
 Deform'd as locksmiths' or as carvers' tools.

FRED. Hath he considered our request, and gives  
 Some hope we may find remedy in art ?

CAS. With an industrious and exact survey ;  
 But in his mighty science slights our fears,  
 As 'twere a thing most easy to be done.

FRED. My joys, dear sir, will grow too great  
 for my  
 Discretion to conceal.

CAS. There's your money !

FRED. How ! would he not receive't ?

CAS. He says he likes your nature well, that  
 you  
 Could freely part with trifles of such high esteem.  
 And for that cause he came, but will not sell  
 The labours of his mind : besides, profess'd  
 Those gilded counters are not things he loves.

FRED. A noble fellow ! these philosophic  
 Blunt book-gallants, have oft their genty\* tricks

\* Courteous. In Scotland this adjective was in use to signify  
 neat, limber, and at the same time of elegant formation—

White is her neck,  
 Soft is her hand,  
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty.

*Ramsey's Poems*, ii. 226.



Of nice honour, as well as favourites,  
Whom kings make wanton with their sudden  
wealth.

Where have you now dispos'd him unto rest ?

CAS. Within your chamber, sir, and he expects  
Your visitation will be straight perform'd.

FRED. I am all speed, dear sir; my tongue is  
much

Too little to express my thanks. My select friend,  
Lord of my functions and my life, wear me  
With what title your indulgent memory  
Shall please, so you will wear me long. [*Exit.*]

CAS. This Fredeline's a very saint, so meek,  
And full of courtesy, that he would lend  
The devil his cloak, and stand i'th' rain himself.  
Sure I have suck'd some Sybil's milk ; I could  
Not be thus lucky else t'enjoy his love.

*Enter SCIOLO.*

SCIO. So soon return'd? Your haste foretels  
good news.

CAS. All will succeed, my lord, I hope, as if  
You had the certain skill to make  
Your wishes prosperous. He is with Fredeline,  
And they expect your interview; but look !  
Here comes my sister, and your son. He never saw  
A woman until now; it will be sport  
Worthy your stay, t'observe how he demeans him-  
self.

SCIO. She's old and poor. He may safely enough  
converse with her.

*Enter AMADINE and GRIDONELL, he gazing at her.*

AMAD. This gentleman wants money, brains, or  
sleep.

Do you know him, brother?

CAS. Sweet Amadine, contain thy wit a while:

He never saw a woman. Use him gently.

GRID. This is a rare sight !  
One of the angels sure, and a great gallant among  
'em.

Had it but blue wings on the shoulders, it  
Could not be of less degree than an angel.

SCIO. I perceive nature inclines men to wonder,  
And makes 'em somewhat relish too o'th' fool.

GRID. An angel of the better sort : some lieutenant  
Colonel in heaven, I take't ; it can't be less.

SCIO. Will he not speak to her ?

GRID. Sure it hath wings, and they are made, I  
think,  
Of cambric and bonelace.

SCIO. A pox upon him !  
He looks as he had stol'n a silver spoon, and it  
'Was found sticking in his wrist.

GRID. If she would fly  
Aloft, methinks I should so peep under her.

SCIO. All these are documents of nature still.

GRID. Sure those, I think, are petticoats ! I've  
heard  
Of such a word. 'Tis a fine kind of wearing.

The new colours have just taffeta enough  
To fashion such another ; would t'were made,  
That I might practise how to walk in't.

SCIO. I'd beat him, but that the villain's roughly  
bred,  
And perhaps would strike again.

CAS. Speak to him, Amadine.

AMAD. I'm mortal, sir ; no spirit, but a maid.  
Pray feel me, I am warm !

GRID. Indeed forsooth ! I never felt a maid.

AMAD. Heaven keep him from pepper and  
tobacco,  
For's brains are grown so loose in's head, they'll run  
Through's nose next time he chance to sneeze ;

And dancing too will shake 'em out. It is  
An exercise too violent for that

Disease. Sir, do you use to dance ?

GRID. What's that, forsooth ?

AMAD. To dance, sir, is to move your legs, as  
thus——

GRID. We use i'th' wars to march and make a halt,  
And sometimes we double our paces.

AMAD. Fresh straw and a strong chain ! The  
gentleman

Is mad. Look to him, brother ! [Exit.

SCIO. If I'd another son, I'd hardly trust  
Nature again with his breeding.

GRID. She said she was a maid : and I've been told  
A maid's a kind of woman.

SCIO. She is a woman, son.

GRID. If women be such things, I wonder th'  
enemy

Do never bring their wives against our camp,  
To give us battle. Sure we should all yield.

SCIO. Belike then, you have a month's mind  
to her.

GRID. O sir, she hath the prettiest pinking eyes ;  
The holes are no bigger than a pistol bore.

CAS. An excellent simile for a painter,  
That would draw a good face.

GRID. Her fingers are so small, and longer than  
A drum-stick. Ah, how they'd bestir themselves  
Upon a piph.

SCIO. Then you could leave the wars, and live  
with her ?

GRID. So she would still sit by and let me gaze  
Till my eyes ache.

SCIO. Still he's innocent : one of Plato's lovers.

GRID. Pray what was he ?

SCIO. An odd Greek fellow that could write  
and read.

GRID. O, belike some clerk of a company.

SCIO. If he continue's wonder thus, and ignorance

To ev'ry woman that he meets, I may  
Entail my land upon the poor. He'll not  
Be able to beget an heir, as big  
As my thumb. I must think upon some course.

*Enter THEANDER.*

THE. My Lord Sciolto, I had thought your white  
And rev'rend head had held this season fit  
For sleep ; night takes her swarthy mantle up  
As she would wear it straight. What gentleman  
is this ?

SCIO. Your grace may please to own him for  
my child.

His mother, sir, would justify as much,  
Were she alive

THEA. What, Gridonell ! Men speak him of a  
great  
And daring heart, and skilful how to vex  
The foe, though he be young.

SCIO. Faith if the foe put but an apron on,  
Or get his corslet edg'd with Flanders purl,\*  
He'll do him little hurt.

THEA. You are accus'd,  
My lord. They say you bred him to no use  
Of books : he cannot write nor read.

SCIO. 'Twill keep him, sir, from ent'ring into  
bond.

THEA. Let us begin acquaintance, sir. The day  
May come when you shall lead my ensigns forth,  
And though you bring them shot and ragged home,  
Yet they'll be crown'd with wreaths.

GRID. Strike up your drums to night then, if  
you please ;

\* A fringe, in twist-work of gold and silver.

If th' moon be froward, sir, and will not shine,  
We'll fire small towns to light us as we march.

SCIO. Mass ! I thank nature for that yet he has  
Good mettle in him.

THEA. His meaning's straight and smooth,  
Though's words be rough.

I like him well : you must bestow him on me.

SCIO. Most gladly, sir, and let me tell your  
Grace,

You'll find him one of the most exquisite  
Platonic lovers this day living. He will  
So innocently view and admire a lady !

THEA. Still fitter for my use. Soldier, good-  
night ! [Exit.

SCIO. I must to Fredeline, and the philosopher.  
[Exit.

CAS. This woman was my sister, Gridonell.

GRID. And did one father make you both ?

CAS. Ay, Sir, and with a very little pains.

GRID. My father's old and lazy now, if he'd  
Take pains he'd soon make such another too  
For me. But I shall see her, Sir, again ?

CAS. Yes, when you please : she must be gently  
us'd.

GRID. Alas, I cannot choose. Would you bring  
Her to my chamber in the dead of night ?

CASTR. You must excuse me, Sir : .farewell.  
Each hour

I' th' day she may be yours.

GRID. I shall so dream. [Exeunt.

*Enter ARIOLA, ROSELLA, with tapers. A table with  
Night-linen set out.\**

ARIO. Prithee unpin me, wench ! If I were given

\* In the original 4to, Phylomont is, by mistake, marked to enter with them ; his entrance, again marked, not being necessary until after their short dialogue.

Enough to pray'r or cares I could not be  
Thus incident to sleep. Take heed ! you hurt me.

ROSEL. Your Ladyship is tenderer on the breast  
Than you were wont ; I would your heart were so.

ARIO. I'll wear my Tuscan raile \* to-morrow ;  
smooth

It out. But whence comes that wish, Rosella ? You  
Are still complaining on my poor heart.

ROSEL. Madam, these two long hours the noble  
Duke

Hath waited at your chamber door.

ARIO. Who ! my brother ?

ROSEL. Duke Phylomont, who vows t' inhabit  
there,

Unless you let him in.

ARIO. Heaven comfort his sick soul !

What does he mean ? Here, lock these pendants up !

The wonder of him makes me sick. I'll use

No powder now. Alas, what shall I do ?

I dare not let him in : the season is not fit.

ROSEL. He vows his visit shall be so precise

And civil, that you need not counsel him,

Nor check him with a frown.

ARIO.

Ay, but at night,

Men's busy and officious tongues will talk.

ROSEL. In troth, your Ladyship's too strict, when  
you

Consider too your marriage is design'd ;

If my opinion, Madam, had authority,

No time's unfit to lovers so far gone.

ARIO. You'll be his orator ? Go, let him in !

\* A neckcloth of fine linen. " Rayle for a woman's necke,  
*crevechief en quarttre doubles.*"—*Palsgrave*.

" And then a good greye frocke,  
A kercheffe and a raile."

*Friar Bacon's Prophecie*, 1604

A night-rail was different. It partly covered the head.

*Enter PHYLOMONT.*

PHYL. Methinks, my fair Ariola, you keep  
Your beauty overmuch enfolded and  
Conceal'd. You are a flower that would become  
The night as sweetly as the day.

ARIO. You make me proud with your similitude ;  
But whilst I gain by it, your inference  
Must lose ; many-golds now shut in their leaves.

PHYL. Alas, poor potage flower ! Ariola  
Should imitate the lily and the rose :  
They boldly spread themselves still open to  
The night, yet yield the sun so fresh and sweet  
A sacrifice, that every morn he seems  
To blush at's own weak influence, which can  
No longer keep them beauteous on their stalks,  
But they must drop, and perish with the Spring.  
Your precious colour, and your odour too,  
My gentle mistress, needs must yield to time.

ARIO. The loss will not be mourn'd for, Sir,  
since 'twill  
Be scarce discern'd.

PHYL. Sweet ! You remove  
Your understanding from my words, and make  
Them of no use. Their meaning would persuade  
You to enjoy this pleasant treasure, whilst  
It lasts. Why are you still enclos'd thus like  
An anchoress, as if our conversation could  
Infer a sin ? Why am I nicely barr'd  
Your chamber, when the Priest, b'ing paid for a  
Few ceremonious words, must license me  
Your bed : your bosom too ?

ARIO. Our marriage, Sir, may promise much,  
till then  
Your Excellence will grant me leave not to  
Admit of opportunities, that may give breath

To ill report.

PHYL. Be not so cruel in your bashful care.  
My sister makes all hours and seasons fit  
To celebrate Theander, and he knows  
No wrinkle on her brow, that may be call'd  
A frown. O ! be you kind and free !

*[Offers at her hand.]*

ARIO. By your chaste vows, forbear !

PHYL. Theander may embrace my sister's hand,  
Until with warmth he melt it from the wrist :  
Why should I have less am'rous privilege ?  
I have desires as bold, which will be made  
As lawful too ere long.

ARIO. The meaning of  
Their love is only mutual wonder and applause,  
And so proclaim'd ; therefore can stir no jealousy  
In the severest thought. Alas, we must  
Be married, Sir, which may perhaps enforce  
Your inclination to a dangerous hope.

PHY. Where is thy safety then, Ariola ?  
This is the dismal silent time when ravishers  
Reach forth their trembling guilty hands to draw  
The curtains where unpractis'd virgins sleep ;  
False Tarquin's hour, when he did hide his torch  
From Lucrece eyes, and would not suffer her  
Wak'd beauty to eclipse that sickly flame,  
Till she had quenched a greater in his blood.  
How would thy courage faint, if I should make  
Thee subject to my eager youth and strength ?

ARIO. Poor Phylomont ! If thou shouldst so  
forsake

Thy loyalty to love, yet I were still secure,  
And can subdue thee with my virtuous scorn ;  
For now, though but my cambric helmet on,  
Thus thinly harness'd in my lawn, my trivial fan  
My shield, I stand the Champion of my sex.  
Alas ! I fain would see the proudest of



You bearded tyrant men, that durst but hope  
 To force from me the least of these dishevell'd  
     hairs,  
 Which I will still as bounteous favours wear  
 For every wanton wind to sport withal,  
 But not for you.

PHYL. Can you be angry ?

ARIO. Then you should sigh unto yourself,  
 And in your own enamour'd ears distil  
 The soothings of your cunning tongue, whilst I  
 Enjoy the quiet of my sleep again  
 Without disturbance. By those midnight plaints  
 Your mournful concert at my window made,  
 Wherein you curs'd the guiltless stars, who seem'd  
 To smile and wink upon each other in  
 Their spheres, as if they heedful notice took  
 Of all your feigned grief.

PHYL. Can you be angry, my Ariola,  
 Or censure aught I spoke with an unkind  
 Belief ? Hear but my vows !

ARIO. Good night !  
 Your Excellence hath greater power  
 To move my sorrow than my rage.

PHYL. Remember, gentle love, I have your heart  
 By sacred plight. Our nuptials now draw near.

ARIO. I never knew the way how I might break  
 My faith ; but, till that hour arrive, we must  
 Converse no more : no, not at distance, sir.  
 The cause is hidden in my breast. Virtue  
 And peace, my Lord, still govern your desires. [*Exit.*]

PHYL. I shall grow mad with these delays ;  
 Sh'ath made a vow never to marry me,  
 Until her brother seal't with his consent. I'll  
     move

It to Theander ere I sleep. Hymen !  
 Go light thy fires, and make thy tapers shine,  
 Or cure me, sacred Love, by quenching thine. [*Exit.*]

*Enter AMADINE with a Taper, and THEANDER.*

AMAD. Not in her bed, sir, yet. I left her with  
Her lute, whose music, I believe, hath woo'd her to  
A gentle sleep.

THEA. Tread easy then !  
With a slow tim'rous pace ; let's make less noise  
Than Time's soft feet, or planets when they  
move.

*[Draws a canopy. Eurithea is found sleeping on  
a couch, a veil on, with her lute.*

Give me the light ! Now leave us and retire.

AMAD. This is an odd kind of lover. He comes  
Into my lady's chamber at all hours ;  
Yet thinks it strange that people wonder at  
His privilege. Well, opportunity  
Is a dangerous thing ; it would soon spoil me. *[Exit.*

THEA. She lies as in a shady monument,  
Secure as pious votaries that knew  
They were forgiven ere they died.

EU. Who's there ? my lord, the prince ?

THEA. O, sleep again, and close those eyes that  
still

Enlighten mine, till I have merited  
The beauty of their beams, by blessings such  
As Love's religious priests do give.  
This sacred office would become me well :  
'Tis not a robe of lawn, a hallow'd verge,  
Nor flow'ry chaplets nicely wreath'd, can add  
Prosperity to prayers, or to vows.  
No formal pomp or ceremony needs  
To wishes that are clean and humbly made.

EU. Theander, sit ! Where have you been so long ?  
'Las, wherefore do I ask, since I  
So lately found you in my dream ?

THEA. Unveil, my love ! When this is but display'd,

Thou open'st like a fragrant bud before  
The morning's eye, whilst all that's near thee is  
Perfum'd. Thy breath converts me to a flower :  
Wear me within thy bosom, virgin friend,  
And I shall last in odour all the year.

EU. Thou art Theander, and that name includes  
The sweetness of the Spring and Summer's wealth.

THEA. Thou art not Eurithea, but my rose,  
My sober bashful flower, and I  
Thy wanton woodbine that must grow about  
Thee in embracements thus, until thou art  
Entangled with chaste courtesies of love.

EU. This is a happiness too great to last !  
Envy or fate must lessen it, or we  
Remove 'mongst the eternal lovers, and  
Provide our habitation near the stars !  
My wonder grows upon me like my joy.  
O Theander !

THEA. What says my Cherubine ?

EU. How shall I give my estimation words,  
When it would value thee that art the wars'  
Chief soldier, best example and delight ?  
So bold, thou dar'st seek danger in a storm  
When all the winds prepare to quarrel in  
The Baltic sea ; yet thou art milder than  
A captive saint, so pitiful that I  
Have seen thee weep o'er the distress'd, till thou  
Mightst give a name to rivers as their spring.

THEA. And thou, my love, art sweeter far  
Than balmy incense in the purple smoke ;\*  
Pure and unspotted, as the cleanly ermine ere  
The hunter sullies her with his pursuit ;  
Soft as her skin, chaste as th' Arabian bird, †

\* The incense in common use does not emit purple smoke.  
Such a property exists in sandal wood and some of the more  
choice gums.

† The Phoenix. See footnote, vol. i., p. 48.

That wants a sex to woo, or as the dead  
That are divorc'd from warmth, from objects,  
And from thought.

Still, Euritheia, I could multiply thy praise,  
Yet still prove loyal unto truth ;  
When I embrace thee thus, I straight forget,  
As weak delights, the days of victory,  
And glories of the war.

EU. But when you hear  
The drum, and the shrill trumpet call,  
You'll mount your angry steed again, and haste  
To live confin'd in trenches ; to exchange  
Your marble palace for a tent, whilst I,  
Like a distress'd sad turtle, am ordain'd  
To mourn without a mate.

THEA. Do not afflict me with thy jealous fears.  
I'm come to tell thee, love, to-morrow in  
Th' adjoining grove I'll meet thee like  
A shepherd, such as fair Arcadia bred,  
That, with variety, our old delights  
May still seem new.

EU. A lover's wish  
Can imp the hours' short wings, and hasten time.  
Look up, Theander ! it is day.

THEA. Where should I look ?  
Thou dost mistake the sphere and residence  
O' th' morn : let early village labourers  
And dull benighted seamen do their homage to  
The East for light : the region of our day  
We seek like lovers in the fairest eyes

EU. If you should look in mine, 'twill still seem  
night.

THEA. To bed, to bed ! methink I hear the lark,  
The morning's merry officer ; and see  
Him shake his dewy wings, as he would strive  
To climb high as his cheerful voice.

EU. The best that poets' wishes can invent,

Or lovers' prayers procure ; thy sleeps enjoy !

THEA. And thine, that precious harmony that dwells

With quiet hermits in their narrow cells.

[*Ex. several ways.*]

*Enter* BUONATESTTE, SCIOLO, FREDELIN, and  
CASTRAGANIO.

BUON. I say, my lord, your business doth concern

The blood, and not the eyes ; and, since 'tis late,  
It were abuse of time to read long lectures  
Of the Optics, to tell you their consent  
And unity, or show you through a perspective  
How Amorists,\* oppos'd in level to  
Each others' sight, unite and thrid their beams,  
Until they make a mutual string on which  
Their spirits dance into each others' brain,  
And so begin short journeys to the heart.  
Or to reveal the shape and colour of  
Those spirits too, that were a miracle  
Worthy sublime and powerful art !

SCIO. Their colour's orange tawny, Sir, as I conceive.

BUON. Your lordship can conceive no more, than your

Weak knowledge will give leave.

FRED.

To him, doctor !

\* A wooer. "An Amorist is a man blasted or planet-strooken, and is the dogge that leads blind Cupid. He is never without verses, and musk comfects, and sighs to the hazard of his buttons ; his eyes are all white, either to weare the livery of his mistris complexion, or to keep Cupid from hitting the black. . . . He answers not, or not to the purpose ; and no marvell, for he is not at home. He scotcheth time with dancing with his mistris, taking up of her glove, and wearing her feathers, is confined to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circut of her memory."—*Characters in Sir Thomas Overbury his Wife.* 12mo. 1664.

BUON. Nor do I think it can concern you much,  
Whether the nerval conjugations be  
But seven, and, of that mystic number too,  
Whether the Opticks be the chief.

SCIO. For your seven conjugations, sir, you  
shall

Excuse me ; but, believ't, "the seven wise masters"  
Is a volume I read much in my youth.

BUON. Your lordship gives good proof of't in  
your age :

But yet you never heard, sir, of the fam'd  
Antipheron,\* whom once the learned Stagirite  
Admir'd so for the self-reflection that  
He wore like to his perfect image  
Still where he mov'd.

SCIO. No more, my good wise friend, thou hast  
My wonder, that's enough ; my understanding  
Shall come after, but not till I am dead,  
For then they say we shall know all things  
Without paying for our books.

BUON. There is the powder, sir.

FRED. Give it to my care.

BUON. The Duke must take it in his draught to-  
night.

To-morrow, as the sun increaseth in  
His power, it works ; at noon you'll see pure  
miracles.

FRED. My lord, 'tis fit our Castragano give  
It him : he takes a rouse † of Corsick wine

\* Aristotle, styled by Ælian "an inhabitant of Stagira," who  
saw his own image before him wherever he went.—*Sen.*

† An excess of liquor, from the German word "rusch," half  
drunk.

"No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,  
And the King's rouse shall bruit it back again,  
Bespeaking earthly thunder." *Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare, in this sentence, when he mentions cannon,  
falls into a sad anachronism.

Still e'er he sleeps. He, waiting in his chamber,  
May fitly mingle and present it to him

[*Cas. takes the paper.*]

CAS. I'll use my safest diligence.

SCIO. Where is he now?

CAS. With Eurithea, sir; he hath not call'd.

SCIO. Stays he so long? 'tis now i' th' ken of  
day.

Signior Buonatesta, have you no more  
Of this rare magical stuff?

BUON. Another dose! I came provided, sir.

SCIO. Pray give it me.

BUON. Most willingly, but to whom will you  
dispos't?

SCIO. Unto no other but my son: I find  
He's very much platonically given.

BUON. My Lord, I still beseech you not to  
wrong

My good old friend Plato, with this Court calumny;  
They father on him a fantastic love

He never knew, poor gentleman. Upon

My knowledge, sir, about two thousand years  
Ago, in the high street yonder

At Athens, just by the corner as you pass

To Diana's conduit,—a haberdasher's house,

It was, I think,—he kept a wench!

SCIO. How, sir, a wench!

BUON. I could say more; my friend was lewdly  
given.

SCIO. But, with your favour, sir, a plump brown  
wench?

BUON. Faith, authors differ about that; some  
write

She had a flaxen hair, and others too,

That did not blush to know more private marks,

Say she had a mole under her left thigh:

Others a hollow tooth, that put him to

The charge of cloves, because her breath  
Grew somewhat troublesome.

FRED. Give me thy hand,  
Doctor ; I'll have some share too in thy heart  
Ere long. But did not Plato write of love ?

BUON. Divinely, sir. But not such kind of love  
As ladies would have now : they mistake him.

SCIO. He wrote in Greek, doctor.

BUON. True, my good lord.

SCIO. Why then belike my son mistakes him  
too.

He understands no Greek ; this dose shall conjure  
him,

I'll give't him straight. Come, sir, the night decays  
Apace. Let me direct you to your bed.

BUON. Your lordship's kindness honours me too  
much.

FRED. My jolly, dear philosopher, good-night.

*[Exeunt Scio. and Buon.]*

Sir, you have found, with what assur'd and con-  
fident

A soul, I give you interest in all  
My business and my thoughts.

CAS. Signior, I plead no merit but your bounty.

FRED. And now, under the same protection of  
Your friendship and your trust, I must reveal  
A secret that doth oft enforce me walk  
With arms enfolded thus, still to combine  
And fasten in my ribs, lest it should split  
My breast ; and you shall know it, sir. I love,—  
Curs'd fate that I must utter it,—I love  
The princess Eurithea.

CAS. Signior ! indeed  
This will deserve to be a secret and  
Securely kept.

FRED. So love her, sir, that men  
In fierce conspiracy, despair, or want,



Enjoy more quiet sleeps than I ; and, since  
I am declin'd much into weakness, and  
Unpleasant years, you see what narrow hopes  
Are left to give my furious appetite success.

CAS. Introth, 'tis pity, sir !

FRED. There you express the charity  
And melting nature of a friend, and may  
Administer redress, for it will much  
Reflect within your power.

CAS. You cannot want it then ;  
But, sir, it seems preposterous  
And strange to my dull brain, that since  
Your love doth force you wish her to yourself,  
You strive by marriage to bestow her on  
The Duke, and with such heartiness and care.

FRED. In this your friendship is again conjur'd.  
I do beseech you never seek the end  
Of that mysterious cause. Some salt I have  
That shews th' Italian humour in my blood.  
I not affect to compass my designs  
The vulgar way.

CAS. But how can I redress your grief ?

FRED. Your sister Amadine  
Is, in affection and attendance, near the  
Princess' person and her mind. She may,  
By your entreaty, render me in such  
A character of cunning praise, as shall  
Advance me to her love, perhaps : at least,  
To a refreshing of my sick desires.

CAS. She's bound in conscience, sir, to do good  
offices.

FRED. But wilt thou charm thy sister with all  
force  
Of thy affinity and words, to be my friend ?  
Endear us so, that I may whisper my  
Own cause, and teach her mediate my access !  
This must be done to-morrow, for delays

Will make my grief too dangerous to bear.

CAS. To morrow, doubt it not, my functions shall

Entirely be employed to your best use.

FRED. I had almost forgot the med'cine ; it  
Is late, and time 'twere working in his draught.  
Farewell ! command me to the loss of fame,  
Of treasure, and of life, dear Castraganio.  
Be but benign, and chain me as thy slave.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*Enter PHYLOMONT, ARNOLDO, and JASPERO  
with lights.*

PHYL. I thought t'have found him safe in's  
quiet rest,  
With's curtain drawn ere this. Is it his use to  
stay so long ?

ARN. The visits he presents unto your Grace's  
sister,  
Though at night, are never hastily perform'd.

JASP. Time's gouty legs may tire, if he run on  
Until such true and faithful lovers  
Finish their discourse, as wearisome and long.

ARN. Jaspero, that's the morn  
Which so inflameth yonder cloud.

JASP. Is it your Grace's will we go and try  
To hasten his approach ?

PHYL. Please you to trust  
Me here alone, I'll stay his coming, sir.  
My business asks a private conference.

*[Ex. Arn., Jasp.]*

My sister is so bounteous of her love,  
And gives her favours with such bold neglect  
Of fame, but that I knew the pure and chaste  
Condition of her soul, I should grow vex'd  
With jealous fears. Ariola will not vouchsafe  
To use me so.

*Enter THEANDER.*

THEA. My Phylomont, this is a season when  
Your visit would import some great affair  
That carries haste or wonder in't.

PHYL. You have a mistress, sir, preserves  
Your spirits full of fire ; your glad heart keeps  
Eternal triumph in her close warm throne,  
Whilst mine encreaseth not in joys but weight.  
'Tis heavy, sir ! if it continue so  
'Twill break the strings. Your froward sister—

THEA. Will she not love ? I'm sure her beauty  
was  
Ordain'd for no felicity but love.  
Her sweetness and her forms, though she were less  
Allied unto my nature, would proclaim  
It to the world.

PHYL. Sir, she hath banish'd me.

THEA. Upon what rock or promont ? Was she by  
A Scythian nurs'd, that she is grown so cruel ?  
It cannot be.

PHYL. Th' affliction will not long endure,  
I hope, because you may repeal the doom.

THEAN. You are assur'd, my Phylomont, I needs  
Must strive to further love. What shall I do ?

PHYL. Give your consent that I may marry her.

THEA. How ! marry her ! Your souls are  
wedded, sir,  
I'm sure you would not marry bodies too ;  
That were a needless charge. Come, you shall  
save  
Your bridal feasts, and gloves.

PHYL. This mirth, sir, is a little too remote  
From th'answer I should have.

THEA. Blame my conception then ; I under-  
stand  
You not. To what purpose would you marry her ?

PHYL. Why, sir? to lye with her, and get children.

THEA. Lye with my sister, Phylomont? how vile And horridly that sounds! I prithee sleep A while; 'tis thy distemper, and I pardon it.

PHYL. This is strange, being married, is't not lawful, sir?

THEA. I grant it may be law, but is it comely? Reduce thy reason to a cleaner sense, Think on't a noble way. You two may live, And love, become your own best arguments, And so contract all virtue, and all praise: Be ever beauteous, fresh, and young, at least In your belief; for who can lessen, or Defile th'opinion which your mutual thoughts Shall fervently exchange? And then you may Beget reflections in each others' eyes; So you increase not children but yourselves A better, and more guiltless progeny; Those immaterial creatures cannot sin.

PHYL. But who shall make men, sir: shall the world cease?

THEA. I know not how th'are made, but if such deeds Be requisite, to fill up armies, villages, And city shops; that killing, labour, and That cozz'ning still may last, know, Phylomont, I'd rather nature should expect such coarse And homely drudgeries from others than From me.

PHYL. And yet you had a father, sir. But why do I tell him so? That was His mother's fault not his. This is mad doctrine. I'll bid your Excellence good night, but first I'll leave this information in your ear; You'll find your sister of my mind,—she fain Would marry too.

THEA. Oh prodigy ! belike  
 She understands then what it means. Wrong not  
 A lady, sir, whose innocence is such  
 She wears no blushes for herself, but you.  
 Leave me ! although our friendship, sir, be great,  
 My patience is too little to subdue  
 My rage. To bed, my gentle Phylomont !  
 If thou art guiltless, thou wilt sleep.

PHYL. I'll take your counsel, sir ;  
 The morning may reclaim us both. [Exit.]

THEA. O poor Ariola ! where hast thou chang'd  
 Thy bashful virtue for unchaste desires ?  
 Thy ears are blister'd with lascivious breath,  
 Thy understanding is become thy crime ;  
 I shall not know thee when I meet thee next,  
 Thy very soul is sullied, and thy blood,  
 That ran so pure, will now grow black with sin,  
 Till't make thy beauty like an Æthiop's skin.  
[Exit.]

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter THEANDER, ARIOLA.*

ARIO. Your looks are clouded, sir. I fear your  
 health  
 Is alter'd, or your mind perplex'd.

THEA. Your looks, Ariola, will shortly too decay ;  
 Whilst by their strange and early perishing  
 Your former beauty must be quite forgot,  
 Like sullen roses that would wither on  
 The bough, ere throughly blown, ere gather'd for  
 The still ; so lose all memory that they  
 Were ever sweet.

ARIO. I need instructions what you would infer.

THEA. Have you no secret sickness in your  
 blood ?

ARIO. Not that I feel, nor do I think my  
 prayers

So vainly made, that I should perish yet.

THEA. Have you not heard of late some new  
discourse,  
Such as inflam'd you to desire strange practices  
Of heat, trials of youth, I know not what  
They are ? but nature oft doth put odd tricks  
On young and curious fools, which still  
The bashful may resist.

ARIO. If to be ignorant  
Be safe, I am to learn, sir, what you mean.

THEA. Indeed ! look up, and with a virgin confidence  
Contemn the enrag'd severeness in my brow  
By urging that for truth without a blush.

ARIO. Alas ! you have amaz'd me, sir, but I  
Dare look i'th' face of Heaven, write all my willing  
faults,  
And stand unveil'd whilst they are read.

THEA. Perhaps she is abus'd. Ariola,  
Pray tell me the request you sent by Phylomont ;  
I know not how I understood it then,  
But sure't hath troubled all my powers.

ARIO. I sent you none but what was good and  
lawful.

THEA. Are you become so wise  
In wickedness, to choose offences that  
The laws protect ? Th' ambitious in the world's  
First age invented them to gather wild  
And wand'ring nations into towns and forts :  
And so rais'd Common-wealths for their own pride  
To rule. Those cunning scribblers knew that  
laws  
Make subjects, and tame slaves, not virtuous men ;  
Live thou as not to know or need their use.

ARIO. I can be further justified, for my request  
Was fit and modest too.

THEA. Then you may name't.

ARIO. I gave him leave fairly to question your consent,  
That we might marry, sir.

THEA. Do you already know what that word means ?

ARIO. Your judgment hath sufficient cause to blame  
My breeding else. I have been often told  
Its sacred institution, and the use  
For which 'twas first ordain'd.

THEA. The use, Ariola ? Sh'ath rarely profited  
Since my long absence from her at the camp :  
Who read these lectures in your ear ? If't were  
A woman, sure, she fastened on her mask  
To hide her blushes whilst she talked.

ARIO. In my weak judgment, sir, you are too  
nice,  
And make uncomely mystery of that  
Which both the learned and the noble have  
Allow'd and taught, and such as vestals may  
Discourse, yet not be banish'd from their holy  
lamp.

THEA. But to remain a vestal still, Ariola,  
To live in sweet unskilful virginhood,  
The angels' life, for they no sexes know,  
But ever love in meditation, not in act.  
Hah ! is not this a sweetness far beyond  
The pleasures that our appetites create ?

ARIO. Sir, it is excellent and free, but, I  
Am told, the next degree of happiness,  
The married challenge and enjoy.

THEA. O she is lost ! I will  
Go weep into the sea, and sooner hope  
To find my unmix'd tears upon my cheek  
Again, than her perverted heart reclaim'd  
Unto her former innocence. Reach me  
Your hand ! you are my prisoner now, and must

Be kept from sight of men.

ARIO. Sir, though I cannot learn m' offence, yet I  
Shall soon be taught t'obey.

THEA. If since thy late perversion thou hast left  
But one acquaintance in sweet Heaven, that dares  
Befriend thy orizons, kneel to him straight.

ARIO. Though you are cruel grown, you cannot  
want  
My tender wishes, that your angry thoughts  
Be to their peaceful harmony restor'd !

*[Exit. Theander seems to lock her in.]*

THEA. Yet am I not left desolate, to mourn,  
With single grief, this ruin'd virgin's fate :  
My Eurithea, when she hears of her revolt,  
Will sigh her piteous soul away to air.

*Enter PHYLOMONT.*

PHYL. Theander, I am come to learn if yet  
Your temper can with kind, discreet civility,  
Return an answer to my suit ?

THEA. Sir, y'have undone a noble maid, one  
nurs'd  
In such severe behaviour of her mind,  
So meek and humble in desires, she seem'd  
Much fitter for a cloister than a court ;  
But now she aims at liberty and change.

PHYL. What I have taught her, sir, hermits and  
nuns  
Might in their dying minutes listen to  
Without disquiet to their parting souls ;  
And things less chaste, I know, she would not hear.

THEA. Take heed, my princely friend ! Do not  
augment  
Thy crime, by owning as thy knowledge, what  
Is yet, but the mistake of thy belief ;  
I had a hope thy vain conceptions would  
Be mended much by sleep.

PHYL.

Well, I'll be brief.



Your sister I would marry, sir, and then  
As lords and princes use, that love their wives :  
Lye with her.

THEA. You are too masculine !  
Name not those words again : you blast me with  
Your breath. Poor ruffians in their drink, that dwell  
In suburb alleys, and in smokey lanes,  
Are not so rude. Leave me ! my anger may  
Undo us both.

PHYL. Theander, can you think  
To fright me hence, or is it safe to chide  
Me from my business with bold words ? I would  
Be better used. Tell me, I pray, is this  
All the fit answer my demands shall have ?

THEA. All, sir ; and more than I can patiently  
Allow. Your conversation never could be less  
esteem'd.

PHYL. I fear your noble reason is diseas'd.  
Where I have lov'd affliction makes me pitiful,  
And where I pity I can ne'er intend  
Revenge. Farewell, injurious prince ! but know,  
If I can get your sister's kind consent,  
I'll not endeavour yours.

THEA. Go not deluded with that trivial hope :  
She is my prisoner lock'd and enclos'd  
From all address that force or opportunity  
Would make. Thou shalt behold her face no more.

PHYL. Hah ! imprison'd ! I sooner would cage up  
The little bird, that sung a requiem o'er  
My mother's hearse : the sad domestic redbreast, or  
The courteous wren, that strew'd with cypress  
leaves

Th'unburied pilgrim in the field. Examine, sir,  
Your troubled memory. It cannot be.

THEA. You'll find it most expedient, and a truth.

PHYL. Imprison her ! her beauty will break forth.  
You may as soon in crystal jails confine

The sun's refulgent beams, climb heaven, reach  
down

A star, and in a lanthorn shut it, as  
Imprison her !

THEA. This iteration will  
But vex us both. Farewell ! You may believ't  
At leisure, sir : time will persuade you to't.

PHYL. Theander, stay ! Mark how I cancel all  
Th'affection, merit, and the glorious vows  
We interchang'd in war, the parting tears  
We shed, when in the day of battle our  
Bold troops we did divide against the foe :  
And those embraces made, when met again,  
Joy'd and exalted with our victory,  
Are now eternally forgot.

THEA. I should lament this loss, had you pre-  
serv'd  
Your virtue still, and purity of heart.

PHYL. Until three journeys of the sun expire,  
I'll give thee leisure to repent, but then  
Release thy sister to her free converse,  
And public view, or I will spread my ensigns  
here,  
And 'gainst thy palace fix my cannon, till  
I batter it to dust.

THEA. Poor Phylomont !  
How I neglect thy fury when it dares  
Enkindle mine. If fate resolve, we that  
In foreign climes made others mourn, so soon  
Must bleed at home ; yet, ere we part, let us  
Salute like civil enemies. Farewell !  
When next we meet, 'twill be in danger, noise,  
And sulph'rous smoke ; for Eurithea's sake  
Thy fetters shall be silver, and thy bonds of silk.

PHYL. And for Ariola's if thou shalt fall  
Beneath my sword, I will embalm thee with my  
tears.

My eyes grow moist with pity of our fates.

THEA. And mine with sorrow melt so fast away,  
I shall be left in darkness if I stay.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* CASTRAGANIO, FREDELINE, *and* AMADINE.

CAS. This Gridonell is young and simple, sir,  
Admires all women with tame extacy.

And then my sister Amadine, you know,  
Hath a most pure contriving wit. If we  
Could get him marry her, it were a stratagem  
Would make us rich and famous.

FRED. But will you bring her to him now?

CAS. That's our design.

FRED. Hast thou o'erwatch'd thyself? Art mad?

CAS. Why, signior?

FRED. 'Tis past the time two hours, when, by  
our great

Physician's date, the med'cine 'gan to work.

I do believe, the duke, ere this, hath felt

Some sudden diff'rence in his maiden blood :

And Gridonell, I'm sure, drunk his full share.

'Twill work him to such fury, he will ravish

Thy poor sister, nay eat her up, not leave

A morsel big enough to bear her name,

Or memory that such a creature was.

CAS. She's old, and tough, and will be sure to  
put

Him, sir, to th' trial of his teeth. But I

Had quite forgot he took the medicine : we

Must choose some other time.

FRED. As for your sister's marriage,

Sir, with Gridonell, trust my plots : such I

Have laid as shall join hearts and hands, then  
straight

Bring 'em to bed. I think, sir, she desires no more.

CAS. Sir, you oblige us with new benefits.

FRED. Some cause you'll have to say so now :  
read that !

'Tis a commission I procur'd the duke  
This morning sign, which gives you a Company  
In's regiment garrison'd at Messina :  
So you are now my friend and captain, Castraganio.

CAS The latter adds to my revenue, sir,  
The first to my content.

FRED. Have you employed  
Your sister Amadine in my behalf ?

CAS. Sir, there she stands, ready to execute  
All you enjoin, to th' hazard of her life.

FRED. Sweet Amadine, your kindness can excuse  
An old sinner, whose frail, weak flesh, nature  
Intending to keep long, a little hath  
O'er season'd with her salt. I would be glad  
Sometimes to be refresh'd. I know you hold  
The princess in your power ; will you endear  
Me to her fair esteem, procure me such  
Address as may be opportune and fit ?

AMAD. Sir, I've already mov'd your praises with  
Some vehemence ; it prospers too, as far  
As good opinion of your person and your parts.

FRED. And is there hope we may converse, by  
star  
Or moon-light, yet be so maidenly to call  
To have the curtains drawn ?

AMAD. This, sir, with good endeavour may be  
done.

FRED. Then cough and make a noise, till we  
Grow witty in our fears, and break small jests,  
Laugh out again, and lift the apron up  
To stifle laughter, till 't be crush'd into  
A grave and silent smile.

AMAD. But meaning, sir, no harm ?

FRED. And whisper close, till, in the dark, the  
lips

Be oft mistaken for the ears, and then,  
Laugh out, and wake the posset-eating-nurse.

AMAD. Still meaning, sir, no harm?

FRED. None I protest; mine's pure platonic  
love.

CAS. My sister, signior, is inquisitive,  
Guilty of my offence, she ask'd me ere  
You came, why you endeavour'd thus to have  
The lady married to another, whom you meant to  
love?

FRED. That's the platonic way; for so  
The balls, the banquets, chariot, canopy,  
And quilted couch, which are the places where  
This new wise sect do meditate, are kept,  
Not at the lover's but the husband's charge.  
And it is fit; for marriage makes him none,  
Though she be still of the society.

AMAD. And may, besides her husband, have  
A sad platonical servant to help her meditate.

FRED. All modern best court authors do allow't.

AMAD. You give good light into the business, sir.

FRED. Were Eurithea married, I would teach  
Her the true art: she is unskilful yet.

AMAD. Hymen may burn his taper to a snuff  
Before we see her wedding day; there's nothing  
comes

So seldom in Theander's thought.

FRED. But are you serious?

AMAD. I've newly dress'd her like a shepherdess;  
And he, i' th' old Arcadian habit, meets  
Her straight, to whine and kiss. That's all they do.

FRED. How? 'Tis two full hours since the pre-  
fix'd time

Our artist did prescribe his charm should operate;  
I hope he hath not us'd us thus. Castragano!  
Captain, I'd forgot. Dear sir, hasten, and see  
How it doth work with Gridonell.

You, gentle mistress, shall conduct me to  
 Some covert in the grove, where I may best  
 Observe Theander and his talk. It will concern  
 Me much. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* ARNOLDO, JASPERO, GRIDONELL.

ARN. This creature you so admire is but  
 The princess' woman, sir.

JAS. A very creature, and doth serve.

GRID. Would I might serve her, gentlemen. I  
 long

To wear a fan. I have a tossing feather  
 In my chamber, as broad as a sycamore tree ;  
 It will make two dozen of fans.

ARN. But for what uses could you serve a  
 woman ?

GRID. Instead of rearing a square sconce, I'd  
 learn  
 To raise up paste ; and then for push o' pike,  
 Practise to poke a ruff.

JAS. These qualities will make your wages, sir,  
 At least four marks a year.

GRID. My corp'ral shall serve too.  
 It is an honest fellow, and a lover ;  
 He may wash bucks,\* and scour dishes, instead  
 Of armour.

ARN. Is he a lover too ?

GRID. O, ay ! he loves women ; dares talk and  
 handle 'em :  
 And would tell such pretty tales of a  
 Fine gentle damsel that he knew.

JAS. What was she ?

GRID. I never saw her, sir, but she boil'd  
 chestnuts,

\* Wash dirty clothes.

"Of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes  
 bucks here at home."—*Shakespeare.*

And sold bloat herring in the Leaguer.

ARN. There are ways left for you to compass  
Amadine,

Better than service : you should woo and win her.

GRID. Pray, gentlemen, how do they use to woo ?

ARN. Why, with fine language.

GRID. What's that, sir, French ?

JAS. French is indeed the smoothest and most  
prosperous.

GRID. Alas ! I can speak none but a few words  
We use i' th' war, as at our Court *de guard*,  
We cry, *Que va la*.

ARN. That, sir, will serve  
When you shall meet your mistress in the dark.

GRID. And then after a battle, *Randee vous*.

JAS. This may be us'd, sir, when she's obstinate,  
And will not yield to love.

GRID. This is all my fine language.

JAS. Women are woo'd with music too.

GRID. Will the drum and trumpet serve, with  
sad songs

Set to 'em, to the tune of a dead march ?

ARN. Yes, at the fun'ral of a General's wife.  
But there is yet another means : they oft  
Are woo'd by letters elegantly penn'd.

GRID. Ay, you are happy that can write and  
read.

I was taught once to set my mark to a shoe-  
maker's bill.

*Enter CASTRAGANIO.*

CAS. Arnoldo ! does this soldier's humour last ?

ARN. Still more. He's grown demurer than  
A young Geneva bride ; commits Idolatry  
To every laundress in the house, and dares  
Not speak to 'em, but with his hat in's eyes.

CAS. Belike the med'cine hath not wrought. I'll lead

Him to my sister. Follow, sir! this is  
The blessed hour, wherein you shall behold  
Fair Amadine, and court her too.

GRID. Good gentleman, pray go and bear me out!  
But teach me how to wear my cloak, and when  
I should pull on my gloves. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* FREDELIN, SCIOLO, BUONATESTTE.

FRED. We are undone! I found him lying in  
A poplar shade, with colder thoughts about him  
Than old Carthusians have when they are sick;  
Less apt for our venereal love than Muscovites  
Benighted when they travel on the ice.

SCIO. And works so little with my son, he stands  
Moping and fix'd, as he were to be sold  
To a stone-cutter for a marble statue.

BUON. My lord, I'm lost in my astonishment!  
Some envious spirit checks my art: it was  
Not wont to fail the strictest minute given,  
To make the virtue and effect appear.

SCIO. This is the powder that you priz'd so high,  
As 'twere a grated carbuncle, or that  
Long diamond pounded which the Sultan wears  
Upon his thumb.

FRED. Where's your philosophy, your strong  
deep art,  
That, piercing through the centre, would look down  
To hell; there number all the fiends, and take  
Account, how many load of coals is every year  
Allow'd for their expense?

SCIO. Yes, sir, and when the sun  
Is blown out by a strong northerly wind,  
You'd undertake again to light him with  
A torch heav'd up by a long Jacob's staff.

BUON. My Lord, I smile at these vain injuries



You do to art, not me : 'tis fitter for  
Your wonder than your mirth. But, take your  
course.

FRED. Since your great Master Aristotle died,  
Who fool'd the drunken Macedon out of  
A thousand talents to buy books, what have  
The multitude of's learn'd successors done ?  
Wrote comments on his works ; 'light ! I could beat  
You all. Have you so many ages toil'd  
T' interpret what he writ in a few years ?  
Is there yet nothing new, to render benefit  
For human life, or strengthen reason\* for  
Our after hopes ? Why do we build you colleges ?

SCIO. Yes, and allow 'em pensions too, that they  
May scribble for no end, but to make paper dear.

BUON. For one unlucky scape† in knowledge must  
I suffer all this tyranny ?

SCIO. You study physic too ?

FRED. He knows to cure sick chickens o'th' pip.

SCIO. I'd fain see one of that profession live  
Five hundred years without loss of a tooth.

FRED. No, sir. They'll suffer ruin and decay  
In their own bodies for examples' sake,  
That others may fall sick and make 'em rich.

SCIO. Right, Fredeline, for notwithstanding all  
Their min'rals and their herbs, we must be fain  
At last to betake our selves to the wide yawn,  
Grinning, and the long stretch.

BUON. You make all knowledge  
But deception, sir ; and cheaters of the learn'd  
philosophers.

\* Strength in reason.—*Folio*.

† Deviation.

“ No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,  
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs.”

*Shakespeare.*

FRED. 'Troth, little less. The merry fop of Thrace  
That always laugh'd, pretending 'twas at vanity ;  
Alas, 'twas his disease ! Going to steal  
Mushrooms for his supper, the blue mouth'd  
serpent skulk'd

Under a dock leaf, and bit him by the thumb,  
From whence he took that laughing malady.

SCIO. And his antagonist would ever seem  
To weep, out of a pious cause A fine  
Dissembling fellow : 'twas not sorrow made him  
weep.

BUON. No sir ? make that appear.

SCIO. I'll show a manuscript,  
Now kept i' th' Vatican that proves  
He had nine years a fistula in's eye.

FRED. Mere coz'ners all !

SCIO. As for Diogenes, that fasted much  
And took his habitation in a tub,  
To make the world believe he lov'd a strict  
And severe life, he took the diet,\* sir,  
And in that very tub sweat for the French disease.

FRED. And some unlearn'd apothecary since,  
Mistaking's name, called it Cornelius Tub.

BUON. My noble friends, make much still of your  
spleens,  
Tickle your selves with straws, if you want sport ;  
I shall have my revenge ere long.

SCIO. I think y' have poison'd the Duke, and  
my son too :  
If it be found I'll cut your throat so wide  
Open, that, when you take your morning's draught,  
You shall go near to spill your drink.

BUON. My Lord, I scorn your calumnies.  
I'll to Messina, and condemn you both. [Exit.

\* "I commend rather some diet for certain seasons, than frequent use of physick, for these diets alter the body more, and trouble it less."—*Bacon*.

SCIO. My fears misgive me, Fredeline : if he  
Should now take horse, and leave us here to own  
His treacherous fact, that were a fine philosophy.

FRED. Unless he have the subtle art to fly ;  
We'll overtake him. He shall not stir until  
We know his med'cines' quality. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter THEANDER like a noble shepherd.*

THEA. Three weary circuits of the sun expir'd  
Fierce Phylomont and I shall meet,  
To know the diff'rence of our stars : till then  
I'll practise rites of love. My Eurithea must  
Not know our anger, nor the cause. Come forth,  
My princely shepherdess ! and leave thy lambs  
Less gentle than thyself, whilst we a while  
Grow pensive in this gloomy shade.

*Enter EURITHEA like a shepherdess.*

EU. Why should we hide our selves, Theander,  
from  
The free discoveries of the light, that know  
Not guiltiness to cause a bashful fear ?

THEA. This green and fragrant palace tempts  
our stay.  
Here sit, where nature made the sharper scented  
briar,

And luscious jes'mine meet to qualify  
And reconcile their diff'ring smells within  
The honey woodbine's weak and slender arms.  
Sit nearer ! we are too remote.

EU. How, my Theander, am I still subdu'd  
With thy chaste victories upon my heart ?  
Would heaven had ne'er begun these joys, till it  
Had kindly promis'd they should never end.

THEA. Yet whilst they last, we'll strive to make  
the strict  
Example of our love an easy law

Unto the vain fantastic world.

EU.                   The nimble dwarf,  
And lazy eunuch then, which are the spies  
And messengers of their blind god, might rest  
Upon their quilts at home, for all their toils  
And simple business upon earth should cease.

THEA. And that small god himself, who ne'er  
                  could tempt  
Wise poets to increase his stature, or  
To mend his eyes, as knowing what  
A useless deity they made, might soon  
Go shake his quiver, and unplume his shafts.  
The influence with which his fond idolaters  
Are giddily inspir'd, is incident  
To falsehood and to change.

EU. But our affection, time nor sad distress  
Have power to alter or destroy.

THEA. Yet, say, the fury of some sudden war  
Should lead us captive to a cruel land,  
Could'st thou endure the frowns of destiny,  
And be thus beauteous still? When scornful men  
Shall ask, where now are all those Persian looms  
Your lover's flowing wealth employ'd to weave,  
Your vestments ever new, when you appear'd  
Like gaudy April in Sicilian meads,  
Or various tulips in the Ides of May?

EU. Fear not, my love, the homely weeds spun by  
The coarse and heavy finger'd people, that  
Reside i'th' neighbour vale, should well become  
My beauty then, since humbled by my thoughts.  
The brisk pert linnet in his russet feathers flies,  
As warm as any bird of paradise  
With all his painted and his gilded trim.

THEA. But, oh! methinks I hear thy mourning, and  
The saucy foe demand, where are those fumes  
Of sweet Assyrian Nard,\* wild Cypress boughs,

\* Spikenard

And sifted Amber of the Southern sea,  
Which ever as you mov'd, Theander burnt,  
Pretending sacrifice? But 'twas to hide  
You in those costly mists, from rivals' eyes.

EU. Then with my wiser scorn I shall reply,  
For sweets, behold yond' bed of violets,  
That lean and hang their heads together, as  
They seem'd to whisper and consult how to  
Preserve their odour to themselves; whilst near  
Each chrystal brook the primrose stands  
Triumphing on his stalk, as he disdain'd  
His hidden root, ambitious to be worn  
Within a chaste, although a captive's breast.

THEA. Still, still, methinks, this rugged conqueror  
Derides thee with his wit, and asks  
Where are the whispers of your amorous lute,  
That sooth'd you into slumbers till your dreams  
Became your greatest sin?

EU. When I shall music need, I'll say each tree  
Doth entertain a quire at nature's charge.  
And what is he dares touch the Tuscan lute,  
Whilst in the night he hears the bird begin  
Her pensive notes; whose feather'd ancestor  
The fiery Tereus wrong'd?\*

THEA. And whilst thy days of bondage last,  
thou shalt  
With artful needle draw, in silken imag'ry,  
The stories of our fatal love, and learn  
T'outwork that mystic nursery of minds  
The Phrygian Sibyl taught.†

[THEANDER *gazing on her, rises and starts.*

\* Tereus, a King of Thrace, forced his wife's sister, Philomela Philomela, as every school-boy knows, means the night-  
ingale.—See *Ovid's Metam.*

† The Phrygian Sibyl (of Ancyra) is said to have been the  
ninth, out of the supposed ten prophetic women, who foretold  
the Advent. Phrygia vestis is a garment wrought with needle-  
work, or made of cloth of Baudkin Phrygian, an embroiderer.

EU. Ay me ! what sudden terror shakes you thus  
Into a wild demeanour of your looks ?

THEA. Such fire as this I have not felt before,  
It boils my liver and it burns my heart :  
My blood runs flaming till my scorched veins  
Together curl, like broken treble strings.

EU. Tell me, the best of princes ! what's your  
grief ?

THEA. 'Tis strange ! Come Eurithea, let us walk.

EU. Will you divide your troubles from my  
breast ?

Shall I not know your grief, which, though  
My pity cannot remedy, my prayers may ?

THEA. It is a fire kindled and bred in hell :  
For it persuades and warms me to a guilt,  
As strange and distant from my knowledge, as  
My will. Move on ! my gentle love. Oh stay ! go  
back !

Go back a while till I've subdu'd my thoughts.

EU. Help him, sweet Heaven ! Preserve his  
reason safe.

THEA. Nay, do not weep ; those wat'ry obsequies  
Serve to lament,\* not quench such fun'ral fire  
As mine.

EU. A funeral fire ?

THEA. O yes ; 'twill burn me after death,  
though thou  
Could'st drop more showers than April weeps  
when March

Hath blown the ruder winds into his eyes.  
Though every tear thou shed'st were swell'd into  
A wave, thou couldst not quench this secret fire.

EU. Dear Theander !

THEA. Hide, hide thy beauty ere  
Thou speak'st ! Put on thy veil ! nay, closer yet.  
[*She veils herself.*

\* Qu. foment ?

EU. You careful angels that reside above,  
Can you have business of more grace or need,  
Than to consider such a change as this ?  
Theander, speak ! what may it mean ?

THEA. To name it were such impudence, as  
bawds  
And ravishers cannot attain till they  
Are grown long exercis'd, and old.

EU. These words are newer than the wondrous  
cause  
That gives them breath.

THEA. Bold devil ! Thou imperious flame,  
Sure I shall stifle thee at last. Now come  
My Eurithea, let's move on ! thy strong  
O'ercoming beauty clouded thus we may  
Converse, and safely too I hope. Alas,  
Why dost thou weep ? O sad, sinister change !  
I am resolv'd ; for if my tainted veins  
Still harbour this disease, I will not need  
Thy anger, Phylomont, to make me bleed.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter* BUONATESTTE, SCIOLO, FREDELIN.

BUO. Where is the honour of my science now ?  
Are my assertions true ? I told you, though  
Their cold unpractised constitutions might  
For two short hours be an impediment  
To our fierce hopes, it could not fail to work.

SCIO. Magnanimous Rabbin, thou hast conquer'd  
us :  
We yield to thy philosophy. I would  
Kneel down for expiation of my mis-belief,  
But that my joints are old, and it were troublesome  
To rise again. My fine magical Mounsier,

Be courtly in thy learning ! embrace us, and  
Forgive our heresy.

BUO. But are you reconcil'd, with pious thoughts,  
Unto the ancient sages, and believe  
Their knowledge of some use ?

SCIO. They are right worshipful,  
I rev'rence all their ghosts ; but for the old fellow  
That walk'd with's lanthorn to find honest men,  
Introth he did an ancestor of mine  
A private wrong, sticks in my stomach yet.

FRED. My lord, it needs must be so long ago  
Your goodness should persuade your memory  
To blot it out. But pray, what wrong could poor  
Diogenes afford your ancestor ?

SCIO. Why, meeting him in a blind lane, he  
denied  
To lend him that lanthorn, which you know, signior,  
To a gentleman in silk stockings, and white shoes,  
Was a discourtesy.

BUO. Your lordship's subtle in antiquities,  
And have kept a very nice intelligence.

SCIO. Well, Fredeline, this lucky plot was ours ;  
We've done enough : we now may comb  
Our heads, stroke 'em, strew 'em o'er with nutmegs  
To gratify our brains, then lay 'em up  
To sleep. Hast thou convers'd with the good Duke  
Since he did feel the med'cine in his blood ?

FRED. O, sir, the ice is melted that hath kept  
his veins  
So frozen and condens'd. He must find out,  
That nature made a woman for some use  
More consequent than to converse with and  
admire :

Besides, this our belov'd and knotty sophister  
Hath fill'd me with such potent arguments,  
Divine and moral : to persuade the rites  
Of marriage, wise, and seemly too, as he



Shall needs consent in's reason and his will,  
That he was once begotten, and must now beget.

SCIO. Th'ast drawn this circle with my own  
compass,  
And rais'd a spirit in't Agrippa's self,  
Were he alive, could not allay.

FRED. Nay more, by my appointment, sir, there  
waits  
A priest, at th' chapel door, who just upon  
The nick of his conversion may appear,  
And tie that mystic knot ; which Euritheia, though  
She pick it with her little fingers and  
Her bodkin, hardly will unloose again.

SCIO. Exquisite Fredeline ! I hear, the dose  
I gave my son hath turn'd him from a tame  
Soldier to a town bull. I will go seek  
Him straight, and find some means t' appease  
His am'rous wrath. [Exit.

FRED. Philosopher, we two must seal a brother-  
hood.  
Come, let me shake thy Hebrew and thy Greek  
Transcribing fist : not all thy leathern, nor  
Thy vellum friends, those dead companions on  
Thy shelves, shall be more faithful to thee than  
Thy humble Fredeline.

BUO. Though my own studies, Sir,  
Be solemn and profound, I honour a  
Good wit, and can be tickled with pure fancy,  
As well as youthful poets in their wine ;  
Yours I have plac'd in my first choice.

FRED. Ah, my philosopher !  
If thy almighty art could do one courtesy  
In my behalf, I'd fill thy standish with  
My heart blood, ere thou shouldst want ink to  
write,  
And leave thy wisdom to the world.

BUO. But name it, Sir ;

We, that are rich in treasure of the mind,  
Like others wealthy in their gold, do oft  
Preserve the best and chiefest part conceal'd.

FRED. Couldst thou, by some rare subtle compound, work

On nature so, that whom I lov'd might be  
Enforc'd to make return of an affection hot  
And violent as mine? Methinks I see  
A cheerful answer in thy looks. Be kind!  
And speak some comfort ere I faint.

BUO. This may be done.

FRED. How, how! my sage immortal friend?

BUO. You are in love!

FRED. Platonically, Sir: no other ways.

BUO. Fie! fie! profess a friendship, and presume  
To gull me with a lady's paradox!  
Do not I know what that imports?

FRED. Well, Sir, you, that have skill t'interpret all  
The eastern tongues, may manage my weak words  
Into what sense you please.

BUO. If you expect redress, the mistress whom  
You love must grow familiar to my sight,  
That I may study her complexion, and  
Her years; then mark which way her soul's inclin'd.

FRED. I know, 'twill be as safe a secret in  
Your knowledge as in mine. 'Tis Eurithea!

BUO. I thank you much, not for the trust you put  
Into my breast, but for your brave ambition, sir,  
For I affect great spirits like great wits.  
But give me leave to ask——

FRED. I will prevent you, Sir, for I presume  
You'll but demand what others, privy to  
My bold design, have question'd twice; why I  
Thus toil to make Theander marry her,  
Since by my hopes prescrib'd for mine own bed?

BUON. You guess my wonder to the full.

FRED. My other instruments I thought too thick

And heavy soul'd, to merit knowledge of  
This mystery. But you have reason, Sir,  
And shall be satisfied.

BUON. Signior, I wear your praise as my best  
dignity.

FRED. Pray, listen then! If I should think  
t' enjoy

Her by the tame and formal title of  
A wife, I were but simply gull'd by my  
O'erweening and too saucy ignorance,  
As knowing well my birth, my fortune, and  
My years make me unfit for such a hope.  
Yet it is apt she marry too; and why?  
That she may taste man: for, sir, in this cold  
And frozen life of her virginity,  
There is no means to prosper my desires;  
But when she comes to relish man, whose warm  
Contaction makes her thaw, then like a spring,  
Too long imprison'd in her ice, she'll spread  
Into a lib'ral stream, that every thirsty  
Lover may carouse, until his heat be quench'd.

BUON. 'Tis subtly said. But signior, now suppose  
The wedding past, have you no other means  
To prosecute your love?

FRED. More cunning and sublime!  
My deep designments have contriv'd, before  
His bridal kisses cool upon her lips,  
He shall grow jealous of her chastity.  
This, Sir, is certain as the night's  
Succession to the day, and, well you know,  
She that finds that her husband's jealous without  
cause,  
Will lye perdu until she give him one.

BUON. Thy bold ambition and thy wit, endear'd  
Thee first unto my thoughts, but now I find  
Thee deeply read in lovers' politics;

The lustful priests of Paphos might have been  
Disciples to thy skill. How I affect  
Mischief, when managed by a brain can lead  
And usher it in new untrodden ways !

FRED. But will you make this compound, Sir ?

BUON. It shall be straight prepar'd, which ere  
you sleep

You must receive into your nostril by a fume  
Made on a little fire of Cassia roots ; then gaze  
On her to-morrow but two minutes' space,  
Until your am'rous optic spirits, by  
A secret transmutation, steal into  
Her eyes, and straight the work is crown'd.

*Enter THEANDER.*

FRED. I am oblig'd to sacrifice my life :  
The Duke is come ! Away ! It is not fit  
Your friendship should be yet begun ; go to  
Your lymbeck, dear philosopher. [*Exit Buon.*]

THEA. Leisure, and drowsy sloth did first beget  
These crooked and abortive thoughts : they are  
The progeny of ease. What do I here ?  
When I had business in the camp they ne'er  
Durst tempt me in my idlest dreams : but oh !  
They have o'ercome my nature, and my strength !  
If there be remedies, I'll chuse the best.

FRED. This morn your Excellence was pleas'd to  
think

My counsels learn'd and requisite ; I wish  
Your wise opinion may not change her faith  
There waits a priest within will give a sweet  
And sudden cure to your disease.

THEA. I thank you, Sir ! Have you acquainted  
Phylomont  
With my desire of peaceful conference ?

FRED. He will obey you, Sir. Look, where he  
comes !

*Enter PHYLOMONT.*

PHYL. Sir, I am told, you wish'd me here on some Affair may much concern us both, and that Our meeting should be full of equal courtesy.

THEA. Sir, I have done you wrong, and made mine eyes

Severe inquisitors to find your faults,  
But veil'd them when they look'd upon mine own.  
I'm grown less temp'rate than yourself: something I feel, which to extenuate with civility I'd name, unruliness of youth, though I Was wont to call 't a sin.

PHYL. O, is it come to this? I'll cashier my new levied troops,  
We'll kill no soldiers, Sir: there's hope we may beget Some now. Theander, speak! shall we preserve Our ensigns folded and proclaim a peace?

THEA. My sister, you shall marry Phylomont.

PHYL. I thank you, Sir, most heartily! You, if You please, shall marry mine, and then do with Her what you list; for I'll make bold with yours.

FRED. This Duke is one of Plato's heretics.

THEA. Howe're our inward inclinations are Most sulphurous and foul, let us, I pray, Enforce a little virtue from hypocrisy, And hide it from external view.

PHYL. Theander, I was bred under as chaste And modest discipline as any prince alive; And can affect a lover's tenderness And decency of speech; but not to know The order and the course of things were fond Unmetal'd ignorance. It's not the custom, Sir, That we must marry first and then to bed.

THEA. To bed, that is to sleep.

PHYL. Right, if the bridegroom, Sir, be mad, sleep is  
His medicine then; I'm sober, I thank heaven,

And know my business. Your sister shall find it.

THEA. All this is news to me, either thou knowest

Too much, or I have thought a virtue what  
More pregnant men may term a dull mistake ;  
It cannot be, I have a strange instinct  
That gives me pleasure in my former faith.

PHYL. Enjoy it still. Your life and motion, Sir,  
You can preserve by immaterial fire :  
We, that are forc'd to keep our spirits warm  
In flesh and blood, must be content to live  
As other mortals do.

THEA. I prithee let's dispute it bashfully.  
Yet I would learn, is custom grown so bold ?  
First marry Phylomont, and straight to bed !

PHYL. To bed, that's as you said to sleep ; and  
then  
'Tween sleep and waking, Sir, to touch, as 'twere  
By chance, not purpose, and so fall into—  
You guess the rest.

THEA. Enough ! I'll hear no more.

PHYL. But where's your sister ? I would fain  
dispatch.

THEA. Conduct him to her, Fredeline ; this key  
Will open you the way. If I shall need  
Her pardon to excuse m' unskilfulness,  
Entreat it for me, Sir.

PHYL. It shall be easily attain'd.

FRED. This is a service I have much desir'd to do  
Your Excellence.

PHYL. Signior, you have deserv'd my thanks.

[*Exeunt. Phyl. Fred.*]

THEA. This noble youth was by the general voice  
Held most exact and heavenly in the whole  
Demeanour of his life. His judgment is  
Of late defil'd, or what I feel is no  
Rebellion of my reason, but my strength,

Not a disease, but some odd sauciness  
Of health, which he doth merrily commend.

*Enter EURITHEA veil'd.*

Behold, my fair Carthusian now appears,  
Whose purer thoughts and beauty soon will turn  
This new opinion to an heresy.

EU. I was persuaded, Sir, thus veil'd, to wait  
On your commands.

THEA. 'Tis now, sweet Eurithea, in thy power  
To shew a mercy that may save my life.  
Slaves, that are chain'd unto the heavy oar,  
Who labour till they chafe the restless waves  
Into a foam, are not enthrall'd like me.

EU. Can you believe, my Lord, your griefs are so  
Contracted to your self, so slow and lame  
With their sad weight, that in this tedious space  
They ne'er could travel to my heart ?  
Know they have made a visit here, here they  
Are lodg'd ; and I could wish, though strangers  
much

Unwelcom'd at the first, they never would  
Return from whence they came.

THEA. Thou art too pitiful ! but be so still  
That I may flatter my oppressions with  
Some hope, if not with remedy. Grant a  
Request which I unwillingly must urge,  
And thou shalt faintly hear.

EU. Why do I languish with delays ? Call't not  
Theander, a request, but a command,  
And justly confident reveal it straight.

THEA. O, that we could  
Exchange intelligence with our dumb thoughts,  
And make our meaning known ere it should need  
The tongue ! I cannot, dare not name't.

EU. You wrong th' unblemish'd virtue of your  
soul.

Your contemplation never could create  
 A business so deform'd, as not deserves  
 To be deliver'd by your voice ! I sigh,  
 And mourn until I hear't.

THEA. If I must speak, I would some northern  
 frost,  
 That purifies the morn's infected mists, would purge  
 My breath, ere it arrive unto thine ear  
 Poor Eurithea ! you must marry me.

EU. Is't this that so hath vex'd your utterance ?  
 More willingly than I would leave the black  
 And sooty caves, where fiends reside, to walk  
 I'th' fragrant dwellings of the blest ? lead on !  
 Be cheerful, and recall your health ; your own  
 Domestic Priest, with ceremonious rites,  
 Will quickly perfit your desire.

THEA. So willingly !  
 Stay, Eurithea ! can you guess th' intent  
 Of what you would perform, of many new  
 And undiscover'd trials you shall make  
 Of things we had not courage yet to learn ?  
 Dark deeds, and practis'd in the night, which  
 when

Our hasty youth shall ask our wisdom leave,  
 May seem perhaps convenient, but not good.

EU. Why should I make my meditation judge  
 Of what your better knowledge hath resolv'd ?  
 Thus I unveil, to tell the world I dare,  
 I'th' open interview of light, approve  
 And justify your worst and secret thoughts.  
 Theander, lead the way !

THEA. O cruel stars !  
 I shall betray a virgin now, whose innocence  
 Is so extreme it yields, and turns to guilt !

EU. Why do you stay, my Lord, and strive  
 to make  
 Or find new sorrows, ere the old are lost.



THEA. Leave me, my gentle love! I will not go,  
Nor tell the cause. Would thou were't wicked as  
My self awhile, that thou might'st know't: my eyes  
Grow sick; 'tis not secure to wear  
Thy beauties thus display'd.

EU. Alas, these are but coz'ning forms, there is  
No truth in your delays; I know you spoke  
In the sincereness of your soul, when you  
Profess'd our marriage would assist your mind's  
Recovery. Theander, come!

THEA. Dull fate! where is the vigour that I  
shew'd  
When our loud cannon seem'd to stifle the  
Affrighted day with smoke, and rivers flow'd  
Themselves into a new extent, swelling  
Their tides with human blood? In lovers' soft  
And simple war I'm weaker than a child.

EU. Still more delays! you kill me if you stay.

THEA. She is resolv'd! her better angel sure  
Is ever by her side; no danger then  
Can harbour where she goes. And yet I blush  
As I should need her veil to hide my shame  
Ere I commit the sin. Lead you the way!

EU. This is a strange command! Here, follow,  
sir.

THEA. Thou little, though imperious, God of love,  
Warmly enthron'd within my mother's lap,  
How wilt thou sit and smile when thou shalt see  
To sooth thy wantonness, and swell thy pride,  
The bridegroom woo'd, and usher'd by the Bride?  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GRIDONELL, CASTRAGANIO, ARNOLDO,  
JASPERO.*

GRID. I will not follow a Platonic Duke!  
So tell him, Sir, I am inspir'd, and know  
The meaning of the word.

CAS. Be not so furious, Sir! I'm of your sect.  
Unless he suddenly recant, I am  
Resolv'd sooner to serve the great Turk.

GRID. The Turk! Is he platonically given?

CAS. Troth, Sir, not much; he hath some seven  
hundred

Of those taff'ty creatures you admire so, in's  
Own house.

GRID. Would I were the great Turk  
But for one month; yet 'tis a chargeable place.  
He can't spend less than a Colonel's pay  
In pins among these damsels, besides muffs,  
And fine white gloves! Poor gentleman, he lives  
At a great rate. Castragano, a word——

*[Takes him aside.]*

CAS. Be not so boisterous, Sir: the powder  
works strangely.

GRID. Fetch me your sister hither straight.

CAS. But for what purpose?

GRID. What's that to you? I've occasion to use  
her.

Something I must do, I know not what 'tis,  
But I begin to feel she will be very  
Convenient for me at this time.

CAS. If you'll agree upon the wedding hour.

GRID. How long then must I stay?

CAS. Till a license be brought from Palermo,  
And the Priest have done his office.

GRID. I have not patience to expect till then.  
Go bring her hither straight; dispatch!

Or I'll wear out my fist upon your smooth coun-  
tenance.

CAS. You are too rude! I'll leave you, Sir. *[Exit.]*

GRID. Deny me such a poor request! 'tis an  
I'll-natur'd rogue! Come hither, Jaspero. Have you  
a sister?

JASP. Yes, and a pretty one, I thank my stars.

GRID. Fetch her to me instantly, I cannot stay !

JASP. You must have patience till her nurse  
have made

Her ready, Sir.

GRID. Her nurse, what does she with a nurse ?

JASP. She is at suck, and hardly six months old.

GRID. At suck ! nay if she lye at that poor ward,  
Tippling of milk, she is not for my turn.

Arnoldo ? prithee fetch me thine.

ARN. I would be glad to do my friend a  
courtesy.

Would you had spoke in time, for, Sir, introth  
she's dead.

GRID. I do not like a dead commodity.

Well, gentlemen, you must each stand sentinel

Close at the laundry door, and bring me the

First prize. No words ! it must be done.

ARN. Gladly ! We love th' employment, Sir.

JASP. This soldier has din'd with the devil lately,  
And fed on sea-coal cakes, he's vildly alter'd !

[*Ex. Jasp., Arnold.*]

GRID. I'm wondrous hot within, my guts are  
dried

To a bundle of match ; and I breathe gunpowder.

What have I done of late, where have I been ?

Let me consider it.

*Enter SCIOLO.*

SCIO. Hah ! melancholy, son ; thy corporal would

Look merrier when he sees his feather worn

I'th' enemies hat and's knapsack without bread.

Tell me, what dost thou want ?

GRID. Something that you may help me to ; you,  
Sir,

Are old, and well experienc'd in the world.

SCIO. And thou shalt have it then : tell me what  
is't ?

GRID. Why, sir, a wench.

SCIO. How? boy! make me your pimp,  
Do not vex me, you shall know I could fight in  
my youth.

GRID. Ay, Sir, any man will fight for a wench.

SCIO. You will provoke me. Get you in, and give  
Attendance to Theander's marriage rites,  
'Tis straight to be perform'd.

GRID. Alas, I dare  
Not go; there is a cause not fit to be told.

SCIO. You know what's fit, y' had best to tell  
it me.

Speak! what's the cause you dare not go?

GRID. Sir, I should ravish the bride.

SCIO. Are you so eager bent? rare philosopher!

GRID. If I but see a priest, and a maid by,  
Though her dowry be but a silver thimble  
And a skein of silk, I shall beat him, sir,  
Unless he do his office straight, and marry us.

SCIO. Hah! 'tis high time to wear mine eyes  
open.

He may chance, in this mad fit, contract himself  
To some inheretrix that's landed on  
The high-way; whose father sells fine crab-sticks,  
And hazle-nuts to riding citizens.  
Come, son, this key must lock you up! you shall  
Remain a prisoner in my chamber till  
You grow more tame.

GRID. I'll not be taken prisoner, sir, by any  
man alive.

SCIO. Nor yet obey your father, you? You'll not  
Enforce me draw my sword?

GRID. No, sir, you had not best.

SCIO. D'you threaten, boy: not best to draw my  
sword?

GRID. No, sir, for fear you sprain your arm;  
these weak

Old fellows know not what's good for 'em.

SCIO. Sirrah, go in! one disobedient word,  
And I will dis-inherit thee.

GRID. My Lord, I'll yield! but if you would but  
lock

Fair Amadine a prisoner i' th' same room——

SCIO. Thou traitor, get thou in!

GRID. Perhaps she would be willing, sir.

SCIO. Go in, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter PHYLOMONT and ARIOLA.*

PHYL. Let me a while contain thee in mine arms,  
Belov'd Ariola, the force of Indian winds  
That shake the aged cedar from his root  
Shall not divide us now.

ARIO. Here I would stay,  
My valiant Phylomont, till death should wave  
His dart, and beckon us to follow him  
Unto the hidden shades, till he should make  
By angry power these kind embraces cold.

PHYL. How sad and dismal sound the farewells  
which

Poor lovers take, whom destiny dis-joins,  
Although they know their absence will be short!  
And, when they meet again, how musical  
And sweet are all the mutual joys they breathe!

ARIO. Like birds, who when they see the weary  
sun

Forsake the world, they lay  
Their little pensive heads beneath their wings,  
To ease that weight which his departure adds  
Unto their grief.

PHYL. 'Tis true my love: but when  
They see that bright perpetual traveller  
Return, they warm and air their feathers at  
His beams, and sing until their gratitude  
Hath made them hoarse.

ARIO. My brother I request  
 May be forgiven, and call not my restraint  
 His cruelty, 't hath mended me within,  
 And fill'd me with such bless'd designs,  
 As will deserve your wonder and your thanks.  
 Forgive him, Phylomont!

PHYL. Our friendship is  
 Restor'd, which thus I will confirm with vows  
 Upon thy sacred hand, but surely it  
 Were better ratified upon thy balmy lip,  
 Which, after absence, decent custom will  
 Allow to those, who are delighted when they meet.

ARIO. Your virtues have such great and safe  
 Authority, they cannot ask what's fit to be denied.  
*[He kisses her.]*

PHYL. This seems, methinks, a new  
 Demeanour. She is alter'd much, more free  
 And kind than she was wont.

ARIO. Why dost thou ruminate aside, as if  
 Thy meditation were too guilty, or too great  
 To be reveal'd?

PHYL. Give me, thou precious darling of my  
 heart,  
 The privilege to doubt a little, and  
 Resolve me straight; why are thy courtesies  
 So great now, and so easily attain'd,  
 Which heretofore thou didst deprive me of  
 With frowns, and strict behaviour of thy brow?

ARIO. It shall be ever thus. My passion, and  
 My thoughts are chang'd; as Eurithea with  
 My brother lives, so shall our conversation take  
 All liberty, and our salutes be far  
 More amorous and bold, though virtuous still.

PHYL. This bounty had been excellent, when  
 you  
 Had privilege to give, or to deny; but now  
 Your charter's out of date, and mine

*Enter AMADINE, FREDELIN, with a paper, and  
CASTRAGANIO.*

AMAD. Dispatch, sir! it grows late! my lady will  
Expect I wait on her to bed. Th' intelligence  
I bring is full of certainty and truth.  
Make your advantage of 't with your best skill.

FRED. Wilt thou adventure, Amadine? 'tis but,  
At worst, the forfeiture of thy poor service,  
Which I'll requite with giving thee young Gridonell  
To be thy husband, and to rule. My plots  
Have so design'd, why did I order 't else  
That he should take the med'cine which hath forc'd  
Him to such feminine attempts?

AMAD. Indeed he's grown more bold with me of  
late,  
And will come fairly on in time.

FRED. O, doubt it not!  
Can my experienc'd head study in vain?  
Captain, my endear'd friend, will you forsake  
Me now, when such a ripe occasion shews  
It self, to give success unto my hopes?  
Your sister is content to hazard all.

CAS. 'Tis full of danger, sir!

FRED. I will be there my self, and stand between  
Your person and his wrath.

CAS. 'Tis certain loss, sir, of my company.

FRED. How? What's a company that brings as  
frail  
Revenue, and uncertain, as our purchases  
At dice? who'd live, and be maintain'd by others  
deaths?

Look here, just now I caus'd him sign this grant,  
The Provostship of Necosia newly void,  
Which, being under's hand and seal confirm'd,  
No new relapse of favour can recall  
The gift. You see your name here, sir; carv'd out

In Roman characters : the feat but done,  
 I'll put it in your hand, then straight you may  
 Take horse, ride post unto your government,  
 Your sister with you, on some parsons strong  
 Tall double gelding, sir, kept in my stable for  
 That use ; and then laugh at your patron till  
 He sicken at your mirth.

AMAD. But shall my husband elect follow us ?

FRED. And ride as swiftly as a Scythian from  
 A battle lost.

AMAD. In my weak judgment, brother,  
 Our rewards are fair. - I am resolv'd to venture it.

CAS. Early i' th' morning, Sir ?

FRED. Just at the first appearance of the light.  
 The door I told you of must be the place.

CAS. You will be there protected with your  
 sword ?

FRED. A captain, and raise doubts, that sound  
 like fears !

Come, sir, all shall be safe. You to your lady.  
 Let's meet i' th' upper lobby two hours hence,  
 And there consult. My chymick fume I have  
 Already ta'en ; if that succeed, and this  
 Plot thrive, I will require no more from my  
 Uncertain fate, nor art, whose usual scope,  
 Is but to pay learn'd industry with hope. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter THEANDER, EURITHEA, a table, stools, and  
 lights set out.*

THE. Husband, and wife, we have a calling now ;  
 Shews it not strange, disquieting thy tender ears  
 With sounds th' are unacquainted with ? Titles,  
 Methinks, that yet we know not how to wear,  
 We should be taught behaviour, and some forms  
 Of gravity : are they not useful, Eurithea ?

EU. My lord, I am more ignorant than you .  
 If we have ventur'd upon errors, we'll



Conceal them, and forgive our selves.

THE. Her beauty kindles in my breast new fires,  
Before the old are quench'd. Wise Fredeline  
Told me, our marriage would procure my remedy.  
Alas! the cure's to come, and now I must  
Require't as custom or a duty from her;  
In my nice thoughts 'twill teach her impudence.  
O curs'd disease! what shall I do?

EU. Theander, you are still perplex'd. I thought  
The holy priest had a mysterious power  
To make these troubles cease. Did you not vow  
Our nuptials was the means to save your life?

THE. To bed, my Eurithea! it is late.  
They say the married pair are incident  
To cares, 'tis fit they should sleep. Prithee  
To bed; shall I go call thy woman?

EU. My lord, you are not kind. the tedious hours  
I could contract to minutes in your company,  
And waste them faster than our village girls  
That dance in meadows all the month of May.  
I'll take my leave, yet boldly too,  
With all the solemn sweetness of a bride. [*Kisses.*  
My lord, good night!

THE. I am inflam'd again.  
Did she not take her leave, and say  
Good-night? then whither must I go?  
One bed I thought kind Hymen had allow'd  
To both, since by his God-head we are made  
But one; thus it is generally receiv'd:  
Stay Eurithea, we must talk.

*Enter AMADINE.*

AMAD. Madam, your bed's prepar'd! shall I  
undress  
Your ladyship, or the bridegroom first?  
I' th' province where I liv'd, we us'd to call  
A dozen apron squires t'uncloath the husband,

Then sew him in a sheet, and lay him on his pillow,  
Tamely to expect the bride two hours before she  
came.

EU. Wench, thou art mad ! D' you understand  
her, sir ?

THE. A little, Eurithea. Do not you ?

EU. She talks as it were fit we two—

AMAD. Should lye together, that's my meaning,  
madam.

EU. Hence ! and leave us, immodest fool.

AMAD. I knew 'twould come to this—Fredeline  
will

Find my words true ; the morning may, perhaps,  
Make you both melancholy. [Exit.

EU. This wench, Theander, hath been fam'd for  
wit ;

I doubt she hath experience too in things  
Not decent for th' observance of a maid.

THE. Alas, she talks but what she hears, and in  
Her understanding seems proper and fit !

EU. That we should sleep together in one bed.

THE. Indeed it sounds most strangely to us yet,  
But use will dull those scruples to the ears.  
It must be done, custom will be obey'd.

EU. Never by us. We'll live to be examples,  
Not, sir, to follow those we cannot like.

THE. Consider, gentle love, ere you believe  
Your own opinions best. Why did we marry ?

EU. That's easily resolv'd, I thought, Theander,  
Some wild sad jealousy had vex'd thy heart  
With fear of rivalship, and, by this sacred band,  
Thou would'st secure and tie me to thy self,  
More safely to destroy another's hope,  
Though these were needless doubts. I never gave  
You cause to hold my love in your suspect.

THE. Thou dost mistake my griefs, it hath a cause  
More foul, which I'd acquaint thee with, if it

Were comely to reveal't, but since I have  
Betray'd and led thy guiltless feet into  
This sacred snare, 'tis fit t' avoid the scorns  
Which singularity and overbashful  
Niceness will beget; we'll live as others do,  
As much i' th' practices of night as day.

EU. O Theander! the sweetness of thy soul  
Is sour'd, like Cretan wines that are too excellent  
To last. My blood thou hast to water turn'd,  
And I shall soon consume it all in tears.

THE. Go, Eurithea, to thy bed! sleep like  
A virgin, not a wife: be by thy own  
Embraces warm'd, enjoy thy bosom to  
Thyself, away! haste to thy bed, I to  
My grave, and let my coffin lye  
Ungarnish'd in the earth. Come not to strew  
It o'er with flowers: I am so pestilent,  
That I should blast thee after death.

EU. Theander stay! who knows but heaven may  
give  
Such mighty blessings to my speech that straight  
I may persuade thee from thy guilty thoughts?

THE. Never! my breast is now become  
The burning prison of the fiends, it is  
So sulphurous and hot, methinks they find  
Their punishment increas'd, and would, to cool  
Themselves, return unto their former hell.

EU. O direful extacy! can I hear this and live?

THE. I'll tell thee more, to make thee fly  
With some kind angel's borrow'd wings, from this  
Infected region where I breathe. Know all  
Our married vows (which certainly were first  
Ordain'd for holy use) I merely took,  
As formal helps to my pernicious lust.

EU. Yet stay! in this short tyranny of time,  
Thou canst not be so sinful grown, as to despise  
My pity and my prayers too! O, stay!

THE. I dare not, for thine eyes augment my smart,  
Each small neglected beam they shed  
I gather up in flames, and quite pervert  
Their virtuous influence to a lustful fire.

EU. Thou lost remainder of the noblest prince  
The active war or wiser courts e'er knew,  
How do I blush to find my groans and sighs  
Have left me breath enough to speak my last  
Farewell.

THE. How far is it to heaven, that yet  
This lady's mournings are not heard? for, if  
They were, my sufferings and my guilt would  
cease;

Or cannot our petitions climb, and get  
Access as nimbly as our faults? O this  
Is it that so emboldens vex'd humanity,  
Makes us complain, those undiscern'd  
Immortal governors are often in  
Their bounty slow, in justice too severe,  
And give not what we beg, but what we fear.

[*Ereunt.*]

#### ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* THEANDER, FREDELINE.

THE. My gladness doth o'ercome me, Fredeline.  
Some kind celestial power hath physic'd me  
With immaterial balm, the sickness of  
My blood is gone, my hot and eager thoughts  
Grow temp'rate now, my veins are cool within,  
As silver pipes replenish'd from a spring.

FRED. It seems the philosopher's dose hath done  
Working: 'tis well he is already married.

THE. O, I am light, more nimble than a dove,  
Or empty eagles in their morning's flight.  
Methinks this sinful vestment of my flesh

Shows clean and new upon my soul: now I  
Shall sleep again, and have such guiltless dreams,  
As I may tell my mother when I wake.

FRED. 'Tis strange the operation should decay  
So soon; some few hours hence my subtle fume  
Will govern in mine eyes: and there I hope  
Continue longer than his lust hath done with him.

THE. I'm thinking, Fredeline, how Eurithea  
will

Rejoice, when she shall find what mastery  
Her holy friends above have wrought in my behalf.

FRED. 'Tis now near birth of day, and, as I told  
You, sir, to find her pensive in her bed,  
To draw her curtains, and reveal yourself  
Quite alter'd and recover'd in your mind,  
Will by the sudden wonder much augment  
Her joy.

THE. It must be full of pleasure. Shew the way.

FRED. That's her chamber, sir, but through a  
back door

(Unless her careful women hinder us)  
By a strong bolt, I can convey you to her  
Without noise;

Make me your guide, and move to your right hand.

THE. I shall be welcom'd and admir'd, as I  
Had made my visit from a region so  
Remote, that my return would be no more  
Believ'd, than from the grave.

FRED. Here I enjoin'd  
My captain and his sister stand conceal'd.  
If he should prove too cowardly for such  
A guilt, I were undone. Sure that's his voice.

*Enter CASTRAGANIO (in a night Gown unready)  
and AMADINE.*

CAS. They both are come. Speak louder,  
Amadine,

He cannot hear us else.

THE. Hah ! who are these ?

FRED. They come from Eurithea's chamber, sir,  
Let's retire to the Arras, and listen to their talk.

AMAD. Brother, take heed how you discourse  
And boast of your access. Theander would  
Go near to kill us both, if he but knew  
Of this night's revelling.

CAS. Dost think I wear my tongue so slipp'ry in  
My mouth ? These are not pleasures fit to be  
Reveal'd : Away ! w' have said enough.

[*Ex. Cas. and Amad.*]

FRED. They have observ'd your language I pre-  
scrib'd  
To the strictness of a syllable.

THE. Sure he did urge my name ! and spoke as it  
Concern'd my justice to destroy 'em both.  
Who are they ? thou know'st 'em, Fredeline ?

FRED. My endear'd friend ; can you be guilty of  
Such close night exercise ?

THE. Who is thy friend ? death on thy cour-  
teous fears,  
Why dost conceal't so long ? What is he call'd ?

FRED. Were he my brother, and thus injur'd you,  
My secrecy should never make him safe.  
'Tis Castraganio and his sister Amadine :  
She that attends upon your wife.

THE. My wife !  
That title's new, and will grow horrid now !  
Her chamber was their sphere of revelling :  
They came from thence.

FRED. Can you think so, my lord ?

THE. Why dost thou strive to lessen my belief,  
With wearing such disguises on thine own ?  
Thou saw'st they came from thence.

FRED. Sir, if they did, that can infer no cause  
To make your reason so disquieted ;

Are there not many of these tiffany\*  
Young kerchief people that will have their lovers in  
Their lady's chamber whilst she sleeps ?

THE. Her lover, Fredeline ! thou wouldst beguile  
My jealousy with hopes impossible ?  
It is her brother, think on that.

FRED. Can incest seem so strange to your conceit ?  
The sooner, sir, for by that means th'are sure  
T' increase th' alliance of those children which  
They get, and make them more akin unto them-  
selves ;

But if the gentle Eurithea you  
Suspect, (as be it far from my dull thoughts  
To raise a saucy fear), let me kill him !

THE. Go, follow straight ! bring me his heart,  
that I  
May see it pant and bleed within my hand.  
Kill him ! his sister too : Yet stay, stay Fredeline :  
'Tis not the custom of my soul to be  
Revenge'd by deputy, or fix my anger where  
There is not equal strength and valour to  
Encounter it.

FRED. But, sir, if he should live  
To prattle in his wine, and boast what he hath  
done ?

THE. Go then, take care thou see him straight  
embarqu'd,  
And let some cunning pilot steer him to  
A coast so wild and distant from this clime,  
That's language never may be understood.  
Not to secure my fame, but in a piteous tenderness  
To Eurithea's sex. False Eurithea !  
When I had purg'd my memory of all  
My raw unwholesome thoughts, could'st thou defile't  
Again with acting what I but unwillingly  
Desir'd ?

\* A kind of fine flax or linen, like cambric or lawn.

FRED. 'Tis worth my poor vexation too,  
 When I consider how the scornful, that  
 Malign'd the pure celestial sect of  
 Lovers which you mutually conspir'd  
 To raise, will smile when they shall hear of this,  
 And say, 'twas but an old Platonic trick.

THE. Leave me, and see him suddenly im-  
 barqu'd.

FRED. Sir, your command shall be obey'd; but I  
 Beseech you not proceed to danger, on  
 These weak unlucky doubts.

THE. This was the cause she did dissuade me  
 from  
 Her bed, that she might make another room,  
 Most virgin-like pretending 'twas a crime to ask  
 A husband's privilege. Prithee, leave me!

FRED. I dare not yet, my noble injured Prince.  
[*Ereunt.*]

*Enter CASTRAGANIO and AMADINE.*

CAS. I'm glad the danger's past. It had been  
 hard  
 To teach me venture it, but that the Provostship  
 Was a most powerful bait.

AMAD. And then to make  
 The rich young Gridonell my husband too,  
 For all his plots are sure.

CAS. But that which perfected  
 My confidence, was thy assurance of  
 The lady's easy inclination to  
 Forgive. For, as thou told'st me, if the worst  
 Succeed, and we should be constrain'd to tell  
 The truth, she'll pity young beginners that  
 Are forc'd to hazard a little honesty  
 To make 'em rich, and is able to  
 Procure Theander's pardon as her own.

AMAD. You may presume it and rejoice, for I



Have felt her breast, 'tis soft and tender as a pelican's.

*Enter FREDELINE, with a parchment writing, and pocket inlhorn.*

FRED. My noble captain, and my precious friend,  
I will not name what lasting gratitude  
Your cares and courage have obliged me to.  
Men that are hearty and sincere come late  
With promises, and early with their deeds.

CAS. I hope, sir, though our dialogue were short,  
We utter'd your meaning in your own words?

AMAD. My voice was valiant too, and loud  
enough.

FRED. All was exacter than my hopes desir'd :  
And now (just dealing, sir, doth strengthen love)  
There is the patent for your Provostship.  
Pray put it in your pocket safe, make choice  
Of all my horses, straight to hasten you  
Unto your government.

AMAD. And shall my husband follow us?

FRED. Just now he's drawing on his boots, he'll  
ride  
Half naked with his legs, for out of haste  
He hath forgot to put his stockings on.

AMAD. Were he quite naked, he should be welcome, sir.

FRED. Friend, I implore I may by ev'ry post  
Have letters of thy business, and thy health ;  
And, pretty Amadine, when you have children  
(As heaven no doubt, will send you store), pray keep  
Them warm, and let 'em eat no fruit, nor fish.  
You go unto a cold raw clime, and I  
Desire all your posterity might thrive.

AMAD. It is the kindest gentleman.

FRED. We'll meet i' th' stable straight, there  
have

A parting tear or two, and so farewell.  
 Mischief on my frail memory! I had  
 Forgot a written schedule here, to which  
 I must entreat your hands.

*[Draws out a paper, pen, and ink.]*

CAS. How! what is it, sir?

FRED. Only a short certificate, that justifies  
 You lay with Eurithea, sir; and Amadine  
 Must needs subscribe, as witness, that she saw  
 You in her bed.

CAS. You shall excuse me.

FRED. Can you deny me this?

AMAD. What w' have already done can raise  
 but his

Suspitions. This will make him mad.

FRED. Speak! will you write?

CAS. Our other crime, if it be found may be  
 Forgiven, but once consent to this, he'll grow  
 Too wise, sir, to be merciful.

FRED. Well, I must seek for friendship among  
 beasts;

There is no melting courtesy, no honesty  
 In men. Determine straight! will ye subscribe?

CAS. You have our answer, signior; pray receive't.

FRED. Dear friend, I take my leave. Sweet  
 Amadine,

Farewell! I'm sorry we must part, as blind  
 Men do, never to see each other more.

CAS. Believe not so unkindly of our destinies.

FRED. Never, I fear: for I, suspecting you'd deny  
 This small request, was fain to hire  
 Two shaggy ill-look'd gentlemen, a brace  
 Of massy hilted rogues, who wait below  
 To cut your throats.

CAS. Y'are not in earnest, sir.

FRED. Dear friend! when did you find I was in  
 jest?

However, if you'll fix your names in writing here,  
You may go on with safety to your government.  
Shall they come up?

AMAD. No, no sir, if they be rogues,  
And have such shaggy looks. Brother, I find  
He's mischevious.

CAS. Give me the paper, sir!

*[He writes, and gives it Amadine.]*

FRED. Gentle mistress, your name too—  
So, now ye are kind, let me embrace you both.  
And pray look on the patent, sir, I gave  
You to assure the Provostship.

*[Cas. takes it out and opens it.]*

CAS. Hah! here wants the Duke's hand.

FRED. Right; to what purpose, pray, should it  
be there,  
When th' office is not fall'n.

CAS. I'm gull'd 'led by the nostril like an ass.

AMAD. And shall I have no husband, signior?

FRED. Introth I have been busied much of late,  
And never spoke unto the gentleman;  
Besides, I thought y' had been inclin'd to the Pla-  
tonic way.

AMAD. I would my nails were long enough,  
villain,  
I'd fley\* thee into rags.

FRED. Alas, I smile at injuries.

CAS. Peace! do not anger him. Come, sister, we'll  
Unto my garrison. I've a commission for  
A company: I hope you'll speak unto  
The Duke I may enjoy't. I'm sure his hand is to't.

FRED. But yet you'll find a willing small  
Mistake too in that grant; the captain is  
Not dead that had the place.

CAS. Would I had spirit but to beat my self.

\* Here meant to signify "scratch," although, more properly,  
"scourge."

FRED You are a Florentine; one of the subtle  
tribe,  
That think your neighbours have no brains, but  
what

They meet serv'd in with sage and vinegar,  
To a calf's head. I pray, believe you found  
A dull Sicilian once, that could out-wit  
A Tuscan gentleman.

CAS. Y'are master of your pleasure, sir. Whither  
shall we go?

FRED. You must to sea.

AMAD. To sea ' I'll drown here first,  
Or ask pardon and confess all.

FRED. Not one word more, on forfeiture of life.

CAS. My wonder makes me dumb. I need no  
threats.

FRED. You shall to the Bermudas, friend, and  
there

Plant cotton, whilst your sister learns to spin.  
It is the Duke's command, and till I can  
Provide a ship, I must enclose you in  
A garret safe, where you may weep and meditate.  
No howling now, nor crying loud, for fear  
My ill-fac'd blades below o'erhear't, and straight  
To qualify your voices, cut your throats;  
Nor do not grumble curses out, I hold  
Them much unwholesome in a morning ere  
I break my fast. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* PHYLOMONT, BUONATESTES, ARIOLA.

PHYL. I'm weary of this cold Platonic life:  
D'you think that I'll sit sighing thus, Ariola,  
Under a poplar tree, or whining by  
A river side, like a poor fisherman  
That had lost his net? Either consent to marry,  
Or I will straight take horse, ride to my province  
And seek some downright virgin out, that knows

Nature's plain laws, though not the art of love.

ARIO. Can you complain I am unkind, or the Sweet freedom which I give, is not so much As either's virtue might allow ?

PHYL. It is enough ! men that are satisfied With wind and air may keep chameleons company : I'm of another diet. Ay, my learned New acquaintance here, laughs to conceive What Hercules and's fifty mistresses Would have thought of a Platonic lover.

BUON. He would have beaten's brains out with his club.

PHYL. Will you consent to marry ? Speak !

ARIO. If I am powerful with thee, Phylomont, Let me but woo thee to the woods again, And try how my persuasions can subdue Thy mind, unto our former temperate love.

PHIL. No, I thank heaven ; I'll sooner go thither To rob poor squirrels of their nuts. My sage And learned author, shall I humble you So much as go to bid my followers Prepare for my departure hence ?

BUON. Stay a little, sir ! The lady may relent.

PHYL. My hopes grow cold. I'll instantly away !

ARIO. Stay, Phylomont ! I do command thee stay, By the religion of thy sacred vows !

PHYL. One hour I will ! upon condition too You walk aside with my philosopher, And listen reverently to his advice.

ARIO. My reason's fortified ! Let him come in.

PHYL. Away ! Use all the force of your capacity.

BUON. Plato shall lose one fond disciple, sir, Or I'll go burn my books and singe my beard Off in the flame. [Exeunt.

*Enter THEANDER and EURITHEA, at several doors.*

THE. In this coarse Pilgrim's weed I shall enjoy

That quietness, which, though great princes have  
The power oft to preserve in others, yet  
Can ne'er command unto themselves.

EU. Alas, my lord, what have I done,  
That you should leave me to suspect  
My innocence? Why will you thus become  
A holy wanderer, to seek that happiness  
In other lands, which here you scornfully  
Forsake? What have I done?

THE. Is thy offence  
Grown up to be thy glory now, dost love  
To hear it told? Or art thou sooth'd with silly hope  
It is conceal'd? The stars are witnesses!  
They all grew weary of the night, and wish'd  
For clouds to hide their radiant eyes, from what  
Unwillingly they saw.

EU. Ease my amazement quickly, or I die.

THE. Thou, Eurithea, and the world are grown  
Too false and subtle for the easy dull  
Sincereness of my heart. I will retire  
To desarts and to rocks, there feed the winds  
With my continual sighs: until I raise  
A storm shall nightly shake this palace towers,  
And give thy flattering conscience cause to fear,  
Though I am gone, still my revenge dwells here.

[*Exit.*

EU. Oh! I would follow, but my griefs are grown  
So burdensome, they bow me to the ground.

[*She falls.*

How various are the changes of our fate!  
Now must I lose him, when he's safe restor'd  
To all his chaste and noble thoughts. Which way  
Could I consent to an offence? I am  
By some conspiracy betray'd.

*Enter* FREDELIN.

FRED. This fellow and his sister must be sent

To sea with speed, for fear some watchful accident  
Discover all. Eurithea ! the most  
Illustrious princess of this isle, look up !  
Fair virgin-wife : alas, why do you weep ?

EU. I am forsaken ! lost ! Theander is  
Unkind, o'ercome with jealousy and scorn.

FRED. Madam, I think, I partly know the cause.  
Believe't, there are more villains in the world,  
Than will appear so in the face, though it  
Be wash'd, and shav'd, then view'd with open lights.

EU. But, sir, know you what thus disturbs my lord ?

FRED. Your woman's false ! her brother such a  
knave,

As, were he sent to hell, the fiends would crowd  
Together t' avoid his company.

EU. She and her brother false to me ?

FRED. Rise up, I do beseech your excellence !  
And, having wip'd away those liquid pearls  
From off your beauteous eyes, read this and wonder.  
*[She rises and takes a paper from him.]*

EU. O dismal ! horrid treachery.

FRED. There ' you perceive, he doth affirm he did  
Enjoy your bed, and Amadine subscribes  
To witness what he certifies.

EU. Though they are cruel, I forgive them both.

FRED. That's heavenly said . yet mark their  
impudence.

This note they sent to me, t' entreat me give  
It to the Duke, but when I do,  
Let the quotidian gout seize on my hands,  
Until my fingers grow more knotty than  
A maple root.

EU. Sir, I believe you'll strive  
Rather to lessen his suspicion, than  
By new contrivements give it growth.

FRED. D' you think I am of human race ? This  
room .

Is much too public for your miseries  
 I pray retire within, and we'll consult  
 How to dispel all these enchanted clouds

EU. You are become the treasure of my hope,  
 And will oblige me, when my fortune smiles  
 Again, unto a gratitude, that shall  
 Be great and suffer no decay.

FRED. Already she is very kind : I hope  
 My fume begins to work. I'll gaze upon  
 Her still until mine eyes melt into hers. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* JASPERO, GRIDONELL, ARNOLDO.

JASP. Your father sent us to release you, sir.  
 You have the house at liberty again.  
 He says, he may trust you with women now,  
 For there is such a blemish found in one  
 Of the fairest of the sex, as, he presumes,  
 Will teach all men to fly their company.

GRID. Indeed, my danger towards women's past,  
 For whether 't be with fasting without  
 My supper twice, or walking gently in  
 My shirt whilst the moon shin'd, I cannot tell ;  
 But I am strangely alter'd, grown so cold  
 Within, as I had lain a whole night *perdu*  
 O' top o' th' Alps.

ARN. But you were very hot before ?

GRID. O, Arnoldo, thou may'st be glad thy sister  
 Was dead : I had so maul'd her else.

JASP. 'Twas happy mine was at suck too.

GRID. Th'art i' the right ; for had she been but old  
 Enough to wear a bongrace\* on her brow,  
 And nibble gingerbread, sh'ad serv'd my turn.

ARN. 'Twas a miraculous fever you was in.

GRID. Well ! shall I tell you, gentlemen ? believ't,  
 I had eaten some strange odd meat, the pickled  
 kidney of

\* A forehead cloth



A goat, or the rump of a devil broil'd.  
But have you heard of a fair lady that had got a  
blemish ?

JASP. Our brave new duchess, sir ! sh'ath  
troubled all  
The house, and in her very bridal night, they say,  
Play'd the adultrcss.

GRID. How, gentlemen ?  
Pray hear me speak ; I've judgment in these things.  
I will be hang'd if sh' hath not dipp'd her finger  
In a French pie, some kickshaw made of sev'ral  
Strange bits ; just such as I encount'ed with,  
And there devour'd the kidney of a goat.  
Come, let's go seek my father out ! *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter* PHYLOMONT, SCIOLO, and BUONATESTTE.

PHYL. Though I esteem Theander at a rate,  
As if I valu'd all his victories,  
And all the civil honours he hath won,  
By conqu'ring the mysterious sense of books.  
And add to this our loves begotten in  
Our infancy, our noble friendship of  
A better growth. Yet Eurithea is  
My sister, and the chiefest of my blood,  
One whose virtue and perfection I'm so well  
Experienc'd in, that neither can admit  
My least suspicion or my fear ; th' are both abus'd.  
But if my friend will grow too credulous,  
I'll learn to use him as my enemy.

SCIO. For my part, sir, I want instructions what  
I should believe, and words to utter half  
The dismal wonders I have heard : but sure  
He doth proceed on grounds so relative,  
As would persuade the wisest to a jealousy.  
Yet on my soul she's clear.

PHYL. Then there is treachery. Let it be found !  
If he permit my sister's honour bleed,

Without full arguments to warrant his  
Suspect, ere yet the circuit of one moon  
Be added to my age, I'll give  
The people of this province cause to curse  
Their prince's negligence.

BIO. Your grace hath found I've been a little  
prosperous  
Of late in your affair, trust me with this.  
Be pleas'd to tarry here a while conceal'd,  
You both shall find I will untie these magic knots,  
And straight restore the innocent to such a light,  
As shall have force to make their virtue shine.

SCIO. My man o'medicines, if thou perform this,  
Although old Æsculape had but a cock  
Allow'd him for a cure, thou every meal  
Shalt have a brace of fat cram'd capons at  
Thy board, each of 'em larger than a dragon.

*Enter THEANDER, like a pilgrim.*

THE. I seek thee, Phylomont, and, like a friend  
Whose kindness grows upon him near his death,  
I come to give thee legacies. The arms I won  
At Capua are thine, and those Sardinian horse  
I chose for our last war; my glories are  
Eclips'd, and I will go where there's no need  
Of policy or strength, unto some dark  
And empty wilderness, where fame can put  
Her trumpet to no use, where all my danger is  
Leanness and cold, but I shall live secure  
From ladies that are fair and false.

PHYL. Were I so cruel to believe the cause  
Of thy calamity a truth, I would  
Invest me too in such a homely weed,  
And wander with thee where the sun,  
In's universal journey, should not find  
Us out. But thou art govern'd by mistakes.  
Some treacherous practice hath subdu'd thy sense;

For both our safeties think my sister such  
As I pronounce of thine. I must not find  
Her in thy doubts.

THE. O Phylomont ! I have  
Not blood enough to use in blushes, should  
I name her crime.

PHYL. Thy passions I forgive again ! but mark  
How much they are misled. This learned gentle-  
man

Will free disguised truth out of that labyrinth  
And dismal shade where she resides, then give  
An instant remedy to all our griefs.

BUON. But you must promise patience, sir, and  
when  
I give the sign, retire to th' arras  
All silent and conceal'd.

THE. Such blessings as you promise seldom come  
From heaven ; I'm sure no human help can do't.

*Enter FREDELINE, creeping in, as he were sick.*

BUON. Away, listen and hide yourselves ! There  
stands  
The conjurer that I must first out-charm.

FRED. How am I planet-struck, how suddenly  
Depriv'd of strength. I breathe faintly and short ;  
Like wearied coursers when the race is done :  
My sinews shrink, and bear me crooked when  
I move, as I had been their load a hundred years.  
Palsies and agues have possess'd my joints,  
I quiver like a naked Russian in the snow ;  
And my dim eyes begin to glare and wink,  
Like to a long neglected lamp, whose oil  
Is wasted to a drop.

BUON. The generous Fredeline ! How do you  
sir ?

FRED. Villain, th'ast poisoned me ! the minerals  
which

Thou gav'st me in thy fume were full of death !

BUON. I must confess they were not very whole-  
some. *[Fredeline offers to draw.*

Nay, be not angry, sir ! You draw a sword,  
You draw a knitting-needle or a rush.

'Las, poor weak gentleman ! but if you could.

Here at my old friend Archimedes' ward

I'd stand ! We mathematic monsieurs have

Our lines revers'd, and our stoccatoes too.

FRED. This scorn will bring a worse disease into  
My gall, than what's already in my blood.

BUON. You have been bred in cities, courts, and  
camps,

And weighed the hearts and brains of men in your  
Own scales ; would fool the wisest conclave too.

Though they went fasting to consult ; so wise,

You'd make the devil oversee at cards,

And then persuade him's horns hung in his light.

You had your plots, but we dull bookmen have

Our counterplots.

FRED. Sir, 'tis confess'd too late.

BUON. It was not in the power of art to make  
That fume I promis'd you, else you had had  
It, sir, but this will serve your turn as well :

'Twill end your lust, and give it ease at once.

FRED. Have pity on my languishment and pains.

BUON. Y'are now within the arms of death ;  
but I've

A cordial that may prove restorative,

If you will justly answer what I ask.

FRED. All, sir, and not disguise an article.

BUON. How did you raise this jealousy in the  
Offended Duke ? I've heard he found two at  
His lady's chamber door, where they discours'd  
Such language as inferr'd Eurithea false.

FRED. Sir, they were planted there by me, and  
what

They said was counterfeit, such as I then  
Appointed them to speak.

THE. O damn'd infernal slave !

PHYL. I held him for a sober saint.

SCIO. Contain yourself, my lord : you shall hear  
more.

BUON. Where have you hid those pious instru-  
ments ?

FRED. 'Twas Castraganio, and his sister Ama-  
dine ;

Th' are lock'd i'th' garret near the turret leads !

THE. Give way to my revenge, that I may kill  
Him with my foot ! spurn out his monstrous soul—

PHYL. Theander, hold ! your anger was not wont  
To stoop so low.

THE. Your counsel's timely, sir.

I give you thanks. Sciolto bear him from  
My sight : let him and's cursed instruments  
Be safely kept.

SCIO. Do you grin now ? A pox o' your mild  
looks.

You took a precious care o' th' Duke's posterity ?

FRED. I'm an unfortunate Platonic gentleman.

BUON. Keep him for justice, sir. The physie  
which

He took will quickly cease its violence.

[*Exeunt Sciolto, Fred.*]

*Enter* ARIOLA, EURITHEA.

ARIO. Where is Theander, that hath vex'd the  
best

And gentlest lady in the world to such  
Astonishment, that she is drown'd in tears ?

THE. Kind Eurithea, pardon me ! thy fate  
Decreed, that thou, who hast so long preserv'd  
My life, shouldst by thy mercy now have privilege  
To give it too.

EU. Restore me to your love, my Lord, and then  
Your bounty is so great, that all I can bestow  
Will be declin'd, and not seem worthy of  
Your thanks.

THE Things are reveal'd, thou'lt hear of horrid  
miracles;  
But sure, henceforth I shall not dare to trust  
My heart within mine own inconstant breast,  
It must be lodg'd in thine.

EU I shall be tender how I give it cause  
Of a remove, 'less mine go with it too.

PHYL. Ariola, my philosopher says  
His lectures pierc'd quite through your tender ears.

ARIOL. Well, sir, y'had best to take me whilst  
My new religion is i'th' fit. He has  
A mighty reason, and a fluent tongue

*Enter SCIOLO and GRIDONELL.*

PHYL. To th' chapel then ' my business will lie  
there.

SCIO. The villain is imprison'd, sir, and his  
Confederates acknowledge all that he  
Reveal'd for an unhappy truth.

THE. My Euritheia must become their judge,  
And my provincial laws shall sleep awhile.

EU. That will but hearten others to do wrong.  
For mine will be an easy doom

SCIO. Pray, sir, be known to my philosopher

THE. I must embrace him for my friend.

SCIO. Well, he hath done strange feats You  
took a powder,  
And my son too; there was no harm intended.  
You shall hear all within, perhaps find cause  
To swaddle my old hide.

GRID. By this hand, sir,  
Were you not my father, I would begin.  
I thought y'had powder'd me; 'tis well the heat

Is past. Lord, how I dream't of taffity  
Kirtles, French gowns, and fine Italian tires,  
That hung, methought, by my bed side.

SCIO. Son, I'll requite thee with a wife. My  
friend

Hath so behav'd himself for th' credit of  
The arts, that I'll be at charge of a primmer,  
And a fescue \* till thou learn to read.

PHYL. Theander, my advice is good. When you  
Possess your lady's bed yourself, y'are the  
Best sentinel to hinder th' onslaught of the enemy,  
Whining and puling love is fit for eunuchs,  
And for old revolted nuns.

THE. I shall incline in time.

PHYL. And when I'm married, sir, I straight  
command

You hear this brisk philosopher one hour  
Upon that theme.

BUON. Wise nature is my mistress, sir. I shall  
Demean my self most stoutly in her cause.

THE. Then surely I must yield : Come, Phylomont!  
Your nuptial rites perform'd let's all enjoy  
The treasure of his knowledge, and his tongue.  
Yet we, my Eurithea, have a while  
So rul'd each other with nice fears, that none  
Hereafter will in civil kindness doubt

There are Platonic-lovers, though but few  
The sect conceal'd, and still imagin'd new.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

\* "Primmer" and "Fescue". "Primer" or Child's First Book;  
"Fescue," a small wire by which teachers point out the letters  
"Teach them how many passions ought to move ;  
For such as cannot think can never love ;  
And since they needs will judge the poet's art,  
Point them with *fescues* to each shining part."

*Dryden.*

## EPILOGUE

Unto the masculine I can afford,  
By strict commission, scarce one courteous word:  
Our author hath so little cause to boast  
His hopes from you, that he esteems them lost,  
Since not these two long hours amongst you all  
He can find one will prove Platonical.  
But these soft ladies, in whose gentle eyes  
The richest blessings of his fortune lies,  
With such obsequious homage he doth greet,  
As he would lay his laurel at your feet :  
For you, he knows, will think his doctrine good,  
Though't recreate the mind,\* and not the blood.

\* “ will think that doctrine good,  
Which entertains the mind,” &c.—*Folio*





THE WITS.

*The Witts: a Comedie. Presented at the Private House in Blacke Fryers, by his Majesties Servants. The Authour William D'Avenant. Servant to her Majestic. London printed for Richard Meighen, next to the Middle Temple, in Fleet Street. 1636, 4to.*

*Reprinted in Malone's Edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, 1780; in John Payne Collier's Edition of the same, 1825; and in Sir Walter Scott's Ancient Drama, 1810.*

*The Wits, London, Printed for Gabriel Bedel, and T. Collins, and are to be sold at their shop in the Middle Templegate in Fleet Street, 1665, 12mo. Printed with the Platonick Lover.*

*The Wits—Works of Sir William D'Avenant. London, 1673. Foho.*

THE comedy of "The Wits" was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert upon the 19th January 1633-4, and was performed at "the private house in Blacke Fryers, by his Majesty's servants, in 1636." It was revived after the Restoration, admired for its smartness, and continued to be performed at intervals for many years.

Editors sometimes attribute a higher degree of excellence to those authors whose works they conceive should be regarded with more general favour than former readers have accorded, and it is not unlikely that many may dissent from the opinion now expressed, that "The Wits" of D'avenant is the most perfect comedy as regards plot, character, and language that appeared during the latter portion of the reign of Charles I. or the earlier part of that of his son. A footnote in the reprints of Dodsley's Old Plays says that "Sir William D'avenant *seems* to have borrowed the hint of the plot from Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit at Several Weapons." This statement is not warranted in any one particular, as the two dramas differ in every respect. There is no resemblance whatever between the leading characters in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, Sir Perfidious Oldcraft and Sir Gregory Fop, and the elder Pallatine and his friend Sir Morglay Thwack in that of D'avenant, as is asserted by the "Biographia Dramatica," an assumption borrowed from Langbaine's\* casual remarks, that "*possibly* the two knights were the models" from which Pallatine and his friend were taken. The only character at that date bearing affinity to Sir Perfidious is Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts;" but there is this difference—Sir Giles is a splendid villain, whereas the other is a low grovelling rascal, who condescends to the most debasing acts to raise himself in the world. It is not impossible that Macklin may have

\* Oxford 1691, p. 216.

had remembrance of the account given by Sir Perfidious to his son, when, in his "Man of the World," he causes Sir Pertinax Macsycophant to disclose to Egerton the means by which he had attained wealth and position. With all his "boozing," the Scotch baronet is a gentleman in comparison with the English knight. Sir Gregory Fop is a mere fool, and it is an insult to compare him to the humorous old knight, Sir Morglay Thwack. The elder Pallatine, who was young and "richly landed," left his estate to try his fortunes as a wit in London. His character, his brother's, Sir Morglay's, Lady Ample's, and Lucy's are admirably depicted, and the interest never flags throughout the entire piece. The scenes in which Mistress Queasy, Snore the Constable, and his wife come on the stage are remarkably droll, and must have told well with the audience.

Little is known as to dramatic representations during the reign of Charles I., so that there is no notice of the original representation of "The Wits," or of its reception. We learn from Pepys that, upon 15th August 1661, "he walked to the wardrobe and dined with my lady. . . . I find my Lord Hinchinbroke better and better, and the worst past. Thence to the Opera, which begins again to-day with 'The Wits,' never acted yet with scenes, and the King, and Duke, and Duchesse were there (who dined to-day with Sir H. Finch, reader at the Temple, in great state), and indeed it is a most excellent play and admirable scenes."

So charmed was the Secretary of the Admiralty, that on the 17th of the same month he again mentions having visited "the opera, and saw 'The Wits,' which I like exceedingly. The Queen of Bohemia was here brought by my Lord Craven. Troubled in mind that I cannot bring myself to mind my business, but to be so much in love of plays." Delighted with the drama himself, Pepys resolved that his wife should participate in his pleasure, and a few days afterwards he "took her to the opera, and showed her 'The Wits,' which I had seen already twice, and was most highly pleased with it."\*

Lord Craven was William the first Earl, a Privy Councillor, and Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. He

\* Pepys' Diary, 3d edition, 1848, p. 262 3-5.

was supposed to be married to the Queen of Bohemia. He died 1697, aged 88, and the Queen of Bohemia 12th February 1661-2.

In 1667 "The Wits," it would seem, had been enlarged and corrected, for Pepys has this entry 18th April. "With my wife to the Duke of York's house, and there saw 'The Wits,' a play I formerly loved, and is now corrected and enlarged; but, though I liked the acting, yet I like not much in the play now. The Duke of York and W. Coventry gone to Portsmouth makes me thus go to plays."

The last entry by Pepys in his Diary in relation to "The Wits" is on the 18th January 1668-9, when he records, that having given a hasty invitation to dinner, which had been accepted by Mr. Sydney Montague and Mr., afterwards Sir Henry Sheres, to whom he had just paid one hundred pounds "for his pains in drawing the plan of Tangier fortifications, after 'a handsome' sudden dinner, and all well pleased, the three gentlemen and Mrs. Pepys went to the Duke of York's play-house, and there saw 'The Wits,' a medley of things, but some similes good, though ill mixed."

The present text is based upon the original small quarto of 1636, with a few notes of emendations in the folio edition of 1673. Geneste, in his account of the English stage, mentions the names of the principal performers. The elder Pallatine was assigned to Betterton; his brother to Harris; \* Sir Morglay Thwack, Underhill; and Lady Ample was represented by Mrs. Davenport.† It is said "that this comedy was well acted in the other parts, and performed eight days successively." It is a pity that the names of the representatives of Lucy, Engine, Snore and his wife, and the worthy Mrs. Queasy were not also preserved. The same writer is mistaken in asserting that at the revival in 1661 it was performed

\* Joseph Harris was an excellent performer and agreeable companion. See Pepys, vol. iv, page 316. In the Pepysian Library, Cambridge, there is a mezzotinto of him as Cardinal Wolsey. He was bred a seal-cutter.

† She was taken off the stage by the Earl of Oxford, but did not remain with him more than a year.

with alterations, and that "the dialogue is considerably improved and two short scenes added."

Pepys was present *thrice* in the year 1661, when it was revived, and says nothing then about alterations and additions, but in 1667 and 1668, when he again witnessed its performance, he complains of its corrections and alterations, and, lastly, calls it a medley of things, with some similes good, but ill mixed. These alterations and the additional scenes are in the folio edition of D'avenant, and, as it is believed that they were not the work of his hands, have not been embodied in the play itself; but, the scenes more especially, are separately given at the end, in illustration of the (improved?) taste of the times.

"The Wits" is stated to have been reproduced at the Theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields, upon the 19th August 1726, but with what success is not mentioned.

Endymion Porter, the friend of D'avenant, to whom the Comedy of the Wits is dedicated, was born in the year 1587, as appears from a medal executed by Varin, dated in 1635, whereon he is stated "æt. 48."

Porter by his marriage with the Honourable Olivia Butler, one of the daughters of John Lord Butler of Bromfield, whose wife Elizabeth was a sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by his influence obtained not only the appointment of a gentleman of the bed-chamber to James I. and his son, but was, with Sir Francis Cottington, selected as companion of Charles and the Duke, to accompany them in the well-known romantic Spanish journey, by means of which it was imagined that his royal highness would be rewarded with the hand of the Infanta. This appointment was a prudent one, for as Porter had been bred at Madrid he had no doubt acquired such a knowledge of Philip of Spain and his courtiers, as might materially assist the Prince and Buckingham in dealing with the monarch and his ministers.

Endymion Porter was an amiable as well as an accomplished gentleman. He was a great patron of literature, and, as one of the personal friends of D'avenant, addressed him in verses of no inconsiderable merit, in praise of his poem of Madagascar. On the back of the title there is this inscription.

If  
 These poems live  
 May  
 Their memories  
 By whom  
 They were cherished,  
 Endim. Porter  
 H. Jermyn,\*  
 Live with them.

Amongst the miscellaneous poems of the Laureate are several addressed to Porter, from one of which we learn he had been so seriously ill that his recovery was for some time doubtful. There is an address "for the Lady Olivia † Porter; a present upon a new year's day," which commences thus—

Goe! hunt the whiter Ermine, and present  
 The wealthy skin as this days tribute sent  
 To my Endymion's love; though she be fair,  
 More gently smooth, more soft than Ermine are.  
 Goe! clumb that rock, and when thou there hast found  
 A star, contracted in a diamond,  
 Give it Endymion's love, whose glorious eyes  
 Darken the starry jewels of the skies, &c., &c.

The remaining lines, like those that precede them, are of a similar inflated character, but they show the great intimacy subsisting between the poet and his patron.

Amongst the miscellaneous poems in the folio volume, will be found one addressed to Porter on the subject of the present Comedy, which, as a suitable accompaniment, may not inappropriately be reprinted here:

TO ENDIMION PORTER WHEN MY COMEDY CALLED THE WITS  
 WAS PRESENTED AT BLACK-FRYERS.†

Hear, how for want of others grief, I mourn  
 My sad decay, and weep at mine own urne!

\* Subsequently Lord Jermyn, and, after the Restoration, Earl of St Albans, K.G.

† Banks, in his *Dormant Baronage*, calls Porter's wife "Olvera," vol. III. p. 119. She had five sisters, four of whom married noblemen, a circumstance indicating the desire of those about the court to be connected with the all powerful Villiers.

‡ Davenant's Works 1673, p. 235.



The hours that ne'er want wings, when they should fly  
 To hasten death, or lead on destinie,  
 Have now fulfilled the time, when I must come  
 Chain'd to the muse's barre, to take my doom,  
 When ev'ry term some timorous poet stands,  
 Condemn'd by whispers, ere repriev'd by hands.  
 I that am told conspiracies are laid  
 To have my muse, her arts, and life betray'd,  
 Hope for no easie judge, though thou wert there  
 T' appease, and make their judgments less severe  
 In this black day, like men from thunder's rage;  
 Or drowning showers, I hasten from the stage;  
 And with myself, some spirit, had within  
 Those distant wandering winds, that yet have been  
 Unknown to th' compass, or the pilot's skill.  
 Or some loose plummet sunk so low until  
 I touch where roots of rocks deep bury'd be,  
 There mourn beneath the leafless coral tree  
 But I am grown too tame, what need I fear,  
 Whilst not to passion, but thy reason clear?  
 Should I perceive, thy knowledge were subdu'd  
 T' unkind consent with the harsh multitude  
 Then I had cause to weep, and at thy gate  
 (Deny'd to enter) stand disconsolate,  
 Amaz'd and lost to mine own eyes, there I  
 Scarce griev'd for by myself, would wink and die  
 Olivia then, may on thy pity call  
 To bury me, and give me funeral.

During the civil wars Porter adhered steadily to the cause of the king and was so obnoxious to the members of the commonweal, that one of the conditions in 1642, insisted on by Parliament, was his exclusion from about his majesty's own person and the queen's, and from both their courts. With him were named Mr William Murray, of the king's bed-chamber, Mr John Winter, and Mr William Crofts, afterwards Lord Crofts, "being all persons of evil fame, and disaffection to the public peace, and prosperity of the kingdom, and instruments of jealousy and discontent, between the king and the parliament."\*

\* This notice respecting Porter occurs in Wood iii. 1.

"*Virescit Vulnere Virtus. England's Wound and Cure,*" printed 1628, [Bodl. 4to, L. 71, Art.] Which being by many persons of known worth esteem'd an excellent piece, was by the author dedicated to that great

\* Clarendon, vol. II. p. 167. Oxford 1826.

patron of all ingenious men, especially of poets, Endimion Porter, Esq., whose native place (Aston under Hill, commonly called Hanging Aston, near to Campden in Gloucestershire), tho' obscure, yet he was a great man and beloved by two kings, James I., for his admirable wit, and Charles I. (to whom as to his father, he was a servant), for his general learning, brave stile, sweet temper, great experience, travels, and modern languages."

During the civil war he was extremely active in secret services for the king, and so obnoxious to the parliament on that account, that he was one of those always excepted from indemnity, and his friends were compelled to pay £1500 composition for him.

Through his exertions and interest Mytens obtained the office of painter in ordinary (or as the warrant calls it, "picture drawer"), to the king.

Though there is no engraved portrait of him (for that which bears his name is an evident forgery, see Granger, ii. 284), yet Vandyke painted an excellent picture of him, with his lady and three sons.

He died at the foreign court of his royal master, Charles the Second, before the Restoration.

TO THE READER OF

MR. WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S PLAY.

It hath been said of old, that plays are feasts,  
Poets the cooks, and the spectators guests,  
The actors waiters: from this simile  
Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty,  
To use their judgments as their tastes; which choose,  
Without controul, this dish, and that refuse.  
But Wit allows not this large privilege;  
Either you must confess, or feel its edge:  
Nor shall you make a current inference,  
If you transfer your reason to your sense.  
Things are distinct, and must the same appear  
To every piercing eye, or well-tun'd ear.  
Though sweets with your's, sharps best with my taste  
meet,

Both must agree this meat's or sharp or sweet:  
But if I scent a stench or a perfume,  
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume  
You have that sense imperfect: so you may  
Affect a merry, sad, or humourous play.  
If, though the kind distaste or please, the good  
And bad be by your judgment understood:  
But if, as in this play, where with delight  
I feast my epicurean appetite  
With relishes so curious, as dispense  
The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,  
You should profess that you can nothing meet  
That hits your taste either with sharp or sweet,  
But cry out, 'Tis insipid; your bold tongue  
May do it's master, not the author, wrong;  
For men of better palate will, by it,  
Take the just elevation of your wit.

T. CAREW.

## THE PROLOGUE.

Bless me, you kinder stars ! how are we throng'd !  
Alas ! whom hath our long-sick Poet wrong'd,  
That he should meet together, in one day,  
A session, and a faction at his play ?  
To judge, and to condemn : for't cannot be,  
Amongst so many here, all should agree.\*  
Then 'tis to such vast expectation rais'd,  
As it were to be wonder'd at, not prais'd :  
And this, good faith, Sir Poet (if I've read  
Customs, or men) strikes you and your Muse dead.  
Conceive now too, how much, how oft each ear  
Hath surfeited, in this our hemisphere,  
With various, pure, eternal wit ; add then,  
My fine young comic sir, y' are kill'd again.†  
But 'bove the mischief of these fears, a sort  
Of cruel spies, we hear, intend a sport  
Among themselves ; our mirth must not at all  
Tickle, or stir their lungs, but shake their gall.  
So this, join'd with the rest, makes me again  
To say, you and your lady Muse within  
Will have but a sad doom ; and your trim brow,  
Which long'd for wreaths, you must wear naked now ;  
'Less some resolve, out of a courteous pride,‡

\* Your expectation, too, you so much raise,  
As if you came to wonder, not to praise,  
And this Sir-Poet, if I ere have read  
Customs or men, &c.—Folio ed. of *D'Avenant's Poems*.

† Young comic sir, you must be killed again,  
But, to out-do these miseries a sort.—*Ib.*

‡ Unless some here, out of a courteous pride,  
Resolve to praise what others shall decide,  
So they will have their humour too, and we,  
More out of dullness than civility,

To like and praise what others shall deride :  
So they've their humour too ; and we, in spite  
Of our dull brains, will think each side i' th' right.  
Such is your pleasant judgments upon plays,  
Like parallels that run straight, though sev'ral ways.

Grow highly pleased with our success to-night,  
By thinking both perhaps are in the right.  
Folio ed. of *D'avenant's Poems*.

TO  
THE CHIEFLY BELOV'D  
OF ALL THAT ARE INGENIOUS AND NOBLE,  
ENDYMION PORTER,  
OF HIS MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER

---

SIR,  
THOUGH you covet not acknowledgements, receive what belongs to you by a double title: your goodness hath preserv'd life in the Author; then rescu'd his work from a cruel faction; which nothing but the forces of your reason, and your reputation, could subdue. If it become your pleasure now, as when it had the advantage of presentation on the stage, I shall be taught to boast some merit in myself; but with this inference, you still, as in that doubtful day of my trial, endeavour to make shew of so much justice, as may countenance the love you bear to

Your most oblig'd and thankful

humble servant,

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PALLATINE *the Elder, richly landed, and a wit.*

PALLATINE *the Younger,* { *a wit too, but lives on his*  
*exhibition in Town.*

SIR MORGLAY THWACK, *a humorous rich old knight.*

SIR TYRANT THRIFT, *guardian to the Lady Ample.*

MEAGER, *a soldier newly come from Holland.*

PERT, *his comrade.*

ENGINE, *steward to Sir Tyrant Thrift.*

SNORE, *a constable.*

The Lady AMPLE. { *an Inheritrix, and Ward to Sir*  
*Tyrant Thrift.*

LUCY, *Mistress to the younger Pallatine.*

GINET, *women to the Lady Ample.*

Mistress SNORE, *wife to the constable.*

Mistress QUEASY, *her neighbour.*

WATCHMEN, &c.

*The Scene: LONDON.*

## THE WITS.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter* YOUNG PALLATINE, MEAGER, PERT.

Y. PAL. Welcome o' shore, Meager! Give me thy hand :

'Tis a true one, and will no more forsake  
A bond, or bill, than a good sword ; a hand  
That will shift for the body, till the laws  
Provide for both.

MEA. Old wine, and new cloathes, sir,  
Make you wanton. D' you not see Pert, my  
comrade ?

Y. PAL. Ambiguous Pert ! hast thou danc'd to  
the drum too ?

Could a taff<sup>a</sup>ta scarf, a long estridge wing,  
A stiff iron doublet, and a brazil\* pole,  
Tempt thee from cambric sheets, fine active thighs,  
From caudles where the precious amber† swims ?

PERT. Faith! we have been to kill, we know not  
whom,

Nor why : led on to break a commandment  
With the consent of custom and the laws.

MEA. Mine was a certain inclination, sir,  
To do mischief where good men of the jury,  
And a dull congregation of grey-beards  
Might urge no tedious statute 'gainst my life.

Y. PAL. Nothing but honour could seduce thee,  
Pert !

Honour ! which is the hope of the youthful,  
And the old soldier's wealth, a jealousy

\* Dyed red.

† See note at end of play.



To the noble, and myst'ry to the wise.

PERT. It was, sir, no geographical fancy,  
'Cause in our maps I lik'd this region here  
More than that country lying there,—made me  
Partial which to fight for.

Y. PAL. True, sage Pert.

What is't to thee, whether one Don Diego  
A prince, or Hans van Holme, fritter-seller  
Of Bombell, do conquer that parapet,  
Redoubt, or town, which thou ne'er saw'st before ?

PERT. Not a brass thimble to me ; but honour !—

Y. PAL. Why, right ! else wherefore shouldst  
thou bleed for him,

Whose money, wine, nor wench, thou ne'er hast us'd ?  
Or why destroy some poor root-eating soldier,  
That never gave thee the lie, denied to pledge  
Thy cockatrice's \* health, ne'er spit upon  
Thy dog, jeer'd thy spur-leather, or return'd  
Thy tooth-pick ragged, which he borrowed whole ?

PERT. Never, to my knowledge.

MEA. Comrade ! 'tis time—

Y. PAL. What, to unship your trunks at Billings-  
gate ?

Fierce Meager ! why such haste ? do not I know,  
That a mouse yok'd to a peascod may draw,  
With the frail cordage of one hair, your goods  
About the world ?

PERT. Why, we have linen, sir.

Y. PAL. As much, sir, as will fill a tinder-box,  
Or make a frog a shirt. I like not, friends,  
This quiet, modest posture of your shoulders.  
Why stir you not, as you were practising  
To fence ? or do you hide your cattle, lest  
The skipper make you pay their passage over ?

PERT. Know, Pallatine, Truth is a naked lady,  
She will shew all. Meager and I have not—

\* A lewd woman.

Y. PAL. The treasure of Saint Mark's\* I believe, sir;  
Though you are as rich as cast serving-men,  
Or bawds led thrice into captivity.

PERT. Thou hast a heart of the right stamp;  
I find

It is not comely in thine eyes, to see  
Us sons of war walk by the pleasant vines  
Of Gascony, as we believ'd the grapes  
Forbidden fruit; sneak through a tavern with  
Remorse, as we had read the Alcoran,  
And made it our best faith.

MEA. And abstain flesh, as if our English beef  
Were all reserv'd for sacrifice.

PERT. Whilst colon † keeps more noise  
Than mariners at plays, or apple-wives  
That wrangle for a sieve. ‡

\* The treasure of Saint Mark's, was that secured in the mint at Venice. Coriat, 1608, says "I was in one higher room of this mint, where I saw fourteene marvailous strong chests hooped with yron, and wrought full of great massy yron nailes, in which is kept nothing but money, which consisteth of these three mettals, gold, silver, and brasse. Two of these chests were about some foure yardes high, and a yard and more thicke, having seven locks upon them. Which chests are said to be full of chiquneys. In the outward gallery, at the entrance of the chamber, I told seventeene more of such iron chests, which are likewise full of money. So that the number of all the money chests, which I saw at the mint, is one and thirty. Also in two chambers, at the Rialto, I saw two and forty more of such chests full of coyne, the totall summe whereof is threescore and thirteene. So that it is thought, all the quantity of money contained in these threescore and thirteene chests doth not amount to so little as forty millions of duckats."—*Crudities*, p. 191.

† The greatest and widest of all the intestines, about eight or nine hands' breadth long.—

"Now, by your cruelty hard bound,  
I strain my guts, my colon wound."—*Swift*.

‡ A kind of basket used by market-gardeners. There are sieves and half-sieves.

See also Act 3 —

"Remember thy first calling; thou sett'st up  
With a peck of damsons and a new sieve,  
When thou brok'st at Dowgate corner, 'cause the boys  
Flung down thy ware."

MEA. Contribute, come !

Y. PAL. Stand there, close, on your lives ! Here,  
in this house,

Lives a rich old hen, whose young egg, though not  
Of her own laying, I have in the embers.

She may prove a morsel for a discreet mouth,  
If the kind Fates have but the leisure to  
Betray the old one.

PERT. Pallatine, no plots upon generation : we  
two

Have fasted so long, that we cannot think  
Of begetting any thing, unless, like cannibals,  
We might eat our own issue.

Y. PAL. I say, close ! shrink in your morions ;  
go !

MEA. Why hidden thus ? a soldier may appear—

Y. PAL. Yes, in a suttler's hut on the pay-day.

But do you know the silence of this house,  
The gravity and awe ? Here dwells a lady,  
That hath not seen a street, since good king Harry  
Call'd her to a Masque : she is more devout  
Than a weaver of Banbury, that hopes  
T' entice Heaven by singing, to make him lord  
Of twenty looms.\* I never saw her yet ;  
And to arrive at my preferment first  
In your sweet company, will, I take it,  
Add but little to my hopes. Retire ! go !

[*They step aside, whilst he calls between the hangings.*]

PERT. We shall obey ; but do not tempt us now  
With sweetmeats for the nether palate ! do not.—

Y. PAL. What Lucy ! Luce ! now is the old  
beldam

Misleading her to a cushion, where she

\*Banbury was chiefly inhabited by Puritans. Ben Jonson in his Comedy of Bartholomew Fair, introduces "Zeal-of-the-hand-Busy," a Banbury elder, to whose other virtues he adds that of inordinate gluttony, which inflamed the whole horde of "Banbury Saints."

Must pray, and sigh, and fast, until her knees  
 Grow smaller than her knuckles. Lucy ! Luce !  
 No hope ! she is undone ! she'll number o'er  
 As many orisons, as if she had  
 A bushel of beads to her rosary.  
 Lucy ! My April love ! my mistress, speak !—

*Enter LUCY.*

LUCY. Pallatine, for Heaven's sake, keep in  
 your voice ;  
 My cruel aunt will hear, and I am lost.

Y. PAL. What can she hear, when her old ears  
 are stuff'd  
 With as much warm wax as will seal nine leases ?  
 What a pox does she list'ning upon earth ?  
 Is 't not time for her t' affect privacy,  
 To creep into a close dark vault, there gossip  
 With worms, and such small tame creatures as  
 Heaven

Provided to accompany old people ?

LUCY. Still better'd unto worse ! but that my  
 heart  
 Consents not to disfigure thee, thou would'st be torn  
 To pieces, numberless as sand, or as  
 The doubts of guilt or love in cowards are.

Y. PAL. How now, Luce ! from what strange  
 coast thus storm ! ha ?

LUCY. Thou dost out-drink the youth of Norway  
 at  
 Their marriage feasts, out-swear a puny gamester  
 When his first misfortune rages out quarrel,  
 One that rides post, and is stopt by a cart :  
 Thy walking hours are later in the night  
 Than those which drawers, traitors, or constables  
 Themselves do keep : for watchmen know thee  
 better  
 Than their lanthorn. And here's your surgeon's bill.

Your kind thrift, I thank you, hath sent it me  
 To pay, as if the poor exhibition  
 My aunt allows for aprons would maintain  
 You in serecloths.\*—— [*Gives him a paper.*]

MEA. Can the daughters of Brabant  
 Talk thus when Younker-gheck† leads 'em to a  
 stove ?

PERT. I say, Meagre, there is a small parcel  
 Of man, that rebels more than all the rest  
 Of his body; and I shall need, if I  
 Stay here, no elixir of beef to exalt  
 Nature, though I were leaner than a groat.

Y. PAL. This surgeon's a rogue, Luce ; a fellow,  
 Luce, that hath no more care of a gentleman's  
 Credit, than of the lint he hath twice us'd.

LUCY. Well, sir, but what's that instrument he  
 names ?

Y. PAL. He writes down here for a tool of injection,

Luce: a small water-engine, which I bought  
 For my tailor's child to squirt at 'prentices.

LUCY. Ay, sir, he sins more against wit than  
 Heaven,  
 That knows not how t' excuse what he hath done.  
 I shall be old at twenty, Pallatine,  
 My grief to see thy manners and thy mind,  
 Hath wrought so much upon my heart.

\* "She that is fayre, lustye, and yonge,  
 And can comon in termes wyth fyled tonge,  
 And wyl abyde whysperyne in the eare,  
 Thynke ye her taylor is not lyght of the scale?"

*Commune Secretary and Jaltowsye.* ' N D

† A young, lusty, foolish fellow——

"See how the morning opes her golden gates,  
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun  
 How well resembles it the pride of youth,  
 Trimm'd like a *yunker* prancing to his love." *Shakespeare.*  
 "Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned,  
 And made the most notorious *geek* and gull  
 That ever invention played on"——*Il.*

Y. PAL. I'd as lieve keep our marriage supper  
In a church-yard, and beget our children  
In a coffin, as hear thee prophecy.  
Luce, thou art drunk, Luce; far gone in almond-  
milk : \*

Kiss me !

PERT. Now I dissolve like an eringo.

MEA. He's ploughing o' the Indies; good gold,  
appear !

Y. PAL. I am a new man, Luce; thou shalt find me  
In a Geneva band, that was reduc'd  
From an old alderman's cuff; no more hair left  
Than will shackle a flea : this debosh'd† whinyard  
I will reclaim to comely bow and arrows,  
And shoot with haberdashers at Finsbury;  
And be thought the grandchild of Adam Bell ‡  
And more, my Luce, hang at my velvet girdle

\* The Latin *amigdalatum* is translated by *almond mylke* in MS. Bodl. 604, f. 43.—*Halliwel*.

"*Ryse of flesh*. Take ryse and waishe hem clene, and do hem in erthen pot with gode broth, and lat hem seeth wel. Afterward, take almannud mylkt, and do thereto, and color it with safroun and messe forth." Note, "Almannud mylke consisted of almonds ground, and mixed with milk, broth, or water."—*Warner's Antiquitates Culinarie*.

Almonds are productive of a diametrically opposite effect to that suggested in the text, for "Dioscorides saith that the sweete almond helpeth the stomach if it be eaten new with the skinne, but it grieveth the head, and norisheth dimnes, and kindleth the service of Venus, and breedeth sleepe, and letteth drunkennesse"—*Batman on Bartholome*.

Again. "The eating of six or eight bitter almonds fasting, is said to stave a man from drunkenness that day"—*Dodoneus*.

† The 4to and folio read *debash'd*. *debosh'd* has the same meaning as *debauch'd*. The word occurs in *The Wandering Jew*, 1640.

"The more I strive to love my husband, the more his *deboish'd* courses begets my hate."

Again, in *Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617, p. 27.

"—for most commonly some knave or *deboisht* fellow lurch the fooles their sons," &c.

It is also used in our author's "Prince d'Amour."

‡ So late as 1753 targets were erected in Finsbury Fields, during the Easter and Whitsun holidays.

A book wrapped in a green dimity bag,  
And squire thy untooth'd aunt to an exercise \*

LUCY. Nothing but strict laws and age will tame  
you.

Y. PAL. What money hast thou, Luce ?

LUCY. Ay, there's your business.

Y. PAL. It is the business of the world. Injuries  
Grow to get it ; justice sits for the same end ;  
Men are not wise without it, for it makes  
Wisdom known ; and to be a fool, and poor,  
Is next t' old aches and bad fame ; 'tis worse  
Than to have six new creditors, they each  
Twelve children, and not bread enough to make  
The landlord a toast, when he calls for ale  
And rent. Think on that, and rob thy aunt's trunks  
Ere she hath time to make an inventory.

PERT. A cunning pioneer ; he works to th' bottom.

LUCY. Hast thou no taste of heav'n ? wert thou  
begot

In a prison, and bred up in a galley ?

Y. PAL. Luce, I speak like one that hath seen  
the book

Of fate : I'm loath, for thy sake, to mount a coach  
With two wheels, whilst the damsels of the shop  
Cry out, a goodly straight chined gentleman !  
He dies for robbing an attorney's cloak-bag  
Of copper seals, foul night-caps, together  
With his wife's bracelet of mill-testers.†

LUCY. There, sir! [*Flings him a purse.*]  
'Tis gold ! my pendants, carcanets,‡ and rings :

\* An act of divine worship. "Good Sir John,  
I'm in your debt for your last exercise ;  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you."

*Shakespeare.*

† Mill-sixpences.—Milled coin was introduced into this  
country during the sixteenth century, "Fortie mark mill-  
sixpences."—*Citie Match*, 1639.

‡ A necklace set with stones or strung with pearls. From  
the old French word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*.

My christ'ning caudle-cup and spoons\*  
 Are dissolved into that lump Nay, take all!  
 And, with it, as much anger as would make  
 Thy mother write thee illegitimate.  
 See me no more ! I will not stay to bless  
 My gift, lest I should teach my patience suffer  
 Till I convert it into sin. [Exit.

Y. PAL. Temptations will not thrive. This  
 baggage sleeps  
 Cross-legg'd, and the devil has no more power  
 O'er that charm, than dead men o'er their lewd heirs.  
 I must marry her, and spend my revenue  
 In cradles, pins, and soap : † that's th' end of all  
 That 'scape a deep river and a tall bough.

MEA. Pallatine, how much ?

PERT. Honourable Pall !

Y. PAL. Gentlemen, you must accept, without  
 gaging  
 Your corporal oaths, to repay in three days.

PERT. Not we, Pall, in three jubilees ; fear not !

Y. PAL. Nor shall you charge me with loud  
 vehemence,  
 Thrice before company, to wait you in  
 My chamber such a night ; for then, a certain  
 Drover of the south comes to pay you money.

MEA. On our new faiths !

\* It was once the custom for the sponsors to offer as a present to the child *apostle spoons* ; so-called, by reason of the figures of the apostles being carved on the handles. The more wealthy or ostentatious gave the whole twelve ; others less so contented themselves with the four Evangelists, or with presenting one spoon only, which figured any saint whom the child was named after.

These apostle spoons are still to be found in the cabinets of the curious, and when they occur for sale, usually, if well preserved, realize large sums

† So in *The Lover's Progress*, A. 4.

“ Must I now  
 Have sour sauce after sweet meats ! and be driven  
 To levy half a crown a-week, besides  
 Clouts, *sope*, and candles, for my heir apparent.”



PERT. On our allegiance, Pall!

Y. PAL. Go then—shift, and brush your skins  
well: d' you hear?

Meet me at the new play, fair and perfum'd:  
There are strange words hang on the lips of rumour.

PERT. Language of joy, dear Pall!

Y. PAL. This day is come to town,  
The minion of the womb, my lads,  
My elder brother, and he moves like some  
Assyrian prince; his chariots measure leagues:  
Witty as youthful poets in their wine;  
Bold as a centaur at a feast, and kind  
As virgins that were ne'er beguil'd with love.  
I seek him now; meet and triumph!

MEA. } King Pall!— *Exeunt omnes.*  
PERT. }

## SCENE II.

*Enter Sir MORGLAY THWACK, ELDER PALLATINE,  
new and richly clothed, buttoning themselves.*

ELD. PAL. Sir Morglay, come! the hours have  
wings, and you  
Are grown too old t' overtake them. The town  
Looks, methinks, as it would invite the country  
To a feast.

THWACK. At which sergeants and their yeomen  
Must be no waiters, Pallatine, lest some  
O' the guests pretend business. How dost like me?

ELD. PAL. As one, old women shall no more avoid  
Than they can warm furs or muskadel.

THWACK. Pallatine, to have a volatile ache,  
That removes oftner than the Tartars' camp,  
To have a stitch that sucks a man awry,  
'Till he shew crooked as a chesnut bough,  
Or stand in the deform'd guard of a fencer;  
To have these hid in flesh, that has liv'd sinful  
Fifty long years, yet husband so much strength

As could convey me hither, fourscore miles,  
On a design of wit and glory, may  
Be register'd for a strange northern act.

ELD. PAL. I cannot boast those noble maladies  
As yet ; but time, dear knight, as I have heard,  
May make man's knowledge bold upon himself.  
We travel in the grand cause. These smooth rags,  
These jewels too, that seem to smile ere they  
Betray, are certain silly snares, in which  
You lady-wits, and their wise compeers-male,  
May chance be caught.

*Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE.*

Y. PAL. Your welcome, noble brother,  
Must be hereafter spoke, for I have lost,  
With glad haste to find you, much of my breath.

ELD. PAL. Your joy becomes you ; ' it hath  
courtship in't.

Y. PAL. Sir Morglay Thwack ! I did expect to  
see

The archer Cymbeline, or old king Lud  
Advance his falchion here again, ere you,  
'Mongst so much smoke, diseases, law, and noise.

THWACK. What your town gets by me, let 'em  
lay up

For their orphans, and record in their annals.  
I come to borrow where I'll never lend,  
And buy what I'll never pay for.

Y. PAL. Not your debts ?

THWACK. No, sir, though to a poor Brownist's  
widow ; \*

\* The Brownists at this time seem to have been the constant objects of popular satire. The founder of the sect was Robert Brown, a knight's son of Rutlandshire, and educated at Cambridge. He was afterwards Pastor of Aychurch in Northamptonshire, and spent great part of his life in several prisons, to which he was committed for his steady adherence to the opinions which he entertained. He died in jail at Northampton,

Though she sigh all night, and have the next  
morning

Nothing to drink but her own tears.

ELD. PAL. Nor shalt thou lend money to a sick  
friend.

Though the sad worm lie mortgag'd in his bed  
For the hire of his sheets.

Y. PAL. These are resolves  
That give me newer wonder than your cloathes.  
Why in such shining trim, like men that come  
From rifled tents, loaden with victory ?

ELD. PAL. Yes, brother, or like eager heirs new  
dipp'd  
In ink, that seal'd the day before in haste,  
Lest parchment should grow dear. Know, youth,  
we come

To be the business of all eyes, to take  
The wall of our St. George on his feast-day.

THWACK. Yes, and then embark at Dover, and do  
The like to St. Dennis : all this, young sir,  
Without charge too, I mean, to us ; we bring  
A humorous odd philosophy to town,  
That says, pay nothing.

Y. PAL. Why, where have I liv'd ?

ELD. PAL. Brother, be calm, and edify ; but first  
Receive a principle ; never hereafter,  
From this warm breathing, till your last cold sigh,  
Will I disburse for you again ; never !

Y. PAL. Brother mine, if that be your argument  
I deny the major.

THWACK. Resist principles ?

ELD. PAL. Good faith, though you should send  
me more epistles  
Than young factors in their first voyage write

in the year 1630, or, according to others, 1634, when he was  
not less than 80 years of age. See also the notes of Dr Gray  
and Mr Steevens, to *Twelfth Night*, A. 3. S 2

Unto their short-hair'd friends , than absent lovers  
 Pen near their marriage week, t' excuse the slow  
 Arrival of the license and the ring,  
 Not one clipp'd penny should depart my reach.

Y. PAL. This doctrine will not pass , How shall  
 I live ?

ELD. PAL. As we intend to do, by our good wits.

Y. PAL. How, brother, how ?

ELD PAL. Truth is a pleasant knowledge ;  
 Yet you shall have her cheap. Sir Morglay here,  
 My kind disciple, and myself, have leas'd  
 Out all our rents and lands for pious uses.

Y. PAL. What, co-founders ! give legacies ere  
 death !

Pallatine the pious, and Saint Morglay !  
 Your names will sound but ill i'th' kalendar.  
 How long must this fierce raging zeal continue !

ELD. PAL. 'Till we subsist here no more by our  
 wit.

Then we'll renounce the town, and patiently  
 Vouchsafe to re-assume our mother earth,  
 Lead on our ploughs into their rugged walks  
 Again, grope our young heifers in the flank,  
 And swagger in the wool [that] we shall borrow  
 From our own flocks.

THWACK. But, ere we go, we may,  
 From the vast treasure purchas'd by our wit,  
 Leave here some monument to speak our fame.  
 I have a strong mind to re-edify  
 The decays of Fleet-Ditch ; from whence I hear  
 The roaring vestals late are fled, through heat  
 Of persecution.

Y. PAL. What a small star have I,  
 That never yet could light me to this way !  
 Live by our wits !

ELD. PAL. So live, that usurers  
 Shall call their monies in, remove their bank

T<sup>r</sup> Ordinaries, Spring-garden, and Hyde-park,  
 Whilst their glad sons are left seven for their  
 chance,

At hazard,\* hundred,† and all made at sent ; ‡  
 Three motley cocks o' th' right Derby strain,  
 Together with a foal of Beggibrigge.§

THWACK. Sir, I will match my Lord Mayor's  
 horse, make jockies

Of his hench-boys, and run 'em through Cheapside.

ELD. PAL. What beauties, girls of feature, govern  
 now

I'th' town ? 'tis long since we did traffic here  
 In midnight whispers, when the dialect  
 Of love's loose wit is frighted into signs,  
 And secret laughter stifled into smiles ;

\* *At hazard, sin - a hundred, and all made at sent* ] Folio  
 edit

Hazard is a game played with dice. "Seven's the main — the caster throws five and that's his *chance*, and so hath five to seven ; if the caster throw his own chance he wins all the money was set for him, but if he throw seven which was the main, he must pay as much money as is on the board, if again, seven be the main, and the caster throws eleven that is a *nick*, and sweeps away all the money on the table ; but if he throws a *chance*, he must count which will come first ; lastly, if seven be the main, and the caster throws *ames-ace*, *deuce-ace*, or *twelve* he is out, but if he throw from four to ten he hath a chance, though they are accounted the worst chances on the dice, as seven is reputed the best and easiest main to be flung" — *Cotton's Compleat Gambler*, Lond., 12mo, 1710

† Meaning, perhaps, Piquet, a game at Cards—"the usual set is an hundred"—*ib.*

‡ *at sent.* ] Query *cent*, a game mentioned in *The Dumb Knight*. A 4 S 1 vol. IV and corruptedly written *sant* S.

This game is frequently mentioned in ancient writers, and is usually spelt *sant*, probably the manner in which the French word *cent* was then pronounced. In Gervas Markham's *Famous Whore*, or, *Noble Courtizan*, 1609, 4to. Sign. D 4. it is called *mount cent*.

"Were it *mount cent*, primero, or at chesse

I wan with most, and lost still with the lesse." (

§ The fol reads *peggybrige* Perhaps the name of some famous horse. S.

When nothing's loud, but the old nurse's cough.  
Who keeps the game up, ha ! who mislead now ?

THWACK. Not sir, that if we woo, we'll be at charge

For looks ; or if we marry, make a jointure.  
Entail land on woman ! entail a back,  
And so much else of man, as nature did  
Provide for the first wife.

ELD. PAL. I could keep thee,  
Thy future pride, thy surfeits, and thy lust,  
I mean in such a garb as may become  
A Christian gentleman, with the sole tithe  
Of tribute I shall now receive from ladies

THWACK. Your brother and myself have seal'd  
To covenants. The female youth o' th' town are his ;  
But all from forty to fourscore mine own.

A widow, you'll say, is a wise, solemn, wary  
Creature. Though she hath liv'd to th' cunning  
Of dispatch, clos'd up nine husbands' eyes,  
And have the wealth of all their testaments,  
In one month, sir,

I will waste her to her first wedding-smock,  
Her single ring, bodkin, and velvet muff.

Y. PAL. Your rents expos'd at home, for pious  
uses

Must expiate your behaviour here. Tell me,  
Is that the subtle plot you have on heaven ?

THWACK. The worm of your worship's conscience  
would appear

As big as a conger ; but a good eye  
May chance to find it slender as a grig.

Y. PAL. Amazement knows no ease, but in  
demands.

Pray tell me, gentlemen, to all this vast  
Designment which so strikes my ear, deduct  
You nought from your revenue, nought that may,  
Like fuel, feed the flame of your expense ?

ELD. PAL. Brother, not so much as will find a Jew

Bacon to his eggs : These gay tempting weeds,  
These eastern stones of cunning foil, bespoke  
'Gainst our arrival here, together with  
A certain stock of crowns in either's purse,  
Is all the charge that from our proper own  
Begins or furthers the magnifque plot ;  
And of these crowns not one must be usurp'd  
By you.

THWACK. No relief, but wit and good counsel !

ELD. PAL. The stock my father left you, if your care

Had purpos'd so discreet a course, might well  
Have set you up i' th' trade ; but we spend light,  
Our coach is yet unwheel'd. Sir Morglay, come,  
Let's suit those Friesland horse with our own  
strain.

Y. PAL. Why, gentlemen, will the design keep horses ?

THWACK. May be sir, they shall live by their wits too.

Y. PAL. Their masters are bad tutors else. Well,  
How you'll work the ladies, and weak gentry here  
By your fine gilded pills, a faith that is  
Not old may guess without distrust. But, sirs,  
The city, take't on my experiment,  
Will not be gull'd.

THWACK. Not gull'd ! they dare not be  
So impudent : I say they shall be gull'd ;  
And trust, and break, and pawn their charter too.

Y. PAL. Is it lawful, brother, for me to laugh,  
That have no money ?

ELD. PAL. Yes, sir, at yourself.

Y. PAL. You that have tasted nature's kindness,  
arts, and men ;  
Have shin'd in moving camps ; have seen

Courts in their solemn business, and vain pride ;  
 Convers'd so long i' th' town here, that you know  
 Each sign and pebble in the streets ; for you,  
 After a long retirement, to lease forth  
 Your wealthy, pleasant lands, to feed John Crump,  
 The cripple, widow Needy, and Abraham  
 Sloth, the beadsman of More-dale ! Then, forsooth,  
 Persuade yourselves to live here by your wits !

THWACK. Where we ne'er cheated in our youth,  
 To cozen in our age we [now] resolve.

ELD. PAL. Brother, I came  
 To be your wise example in the arts  
 That lead to thriving glory, and supreme life ;  
 Not through the humble ways wherein dull lords  
 Of lands, and sheep do walk ; men that depend  
 On the fantastic winds, on fleeting clouds,  
 On seasons more uncertain than themselves,  
 When they would hope or fear : But you are warm  
 In another's silk, and make your tame ease  
 Virtue, call it content, and quietness !

THWACK. Write letters to your brother, do ; and  
 Be foresworn in every long parenthesis,  
 For twenty pound sent you in butcher's silver.

ELD. PAL. Rebukes are precious, cast them not  
 away. [*Exeunt Elder Pallatine, Thwack.*]

Y. PAL. Neither of these philosophers were born  
 To above five senses ; why then should they  
 Have hope to do things greater, and more new  
 I' th' world, than I ? This devil, plenty, thrusts  
 Strange boldness upon men. Well, you may laugh  
 With so much violence, till it consume  
 Your breath. Though sullen want, the enemy  
 Of wit, have sunk her low, if pregnant wine  
 Can raise her up, this day she shall be mine.\* [*Exit.*]

\* See alteration from folio edition at end of the play



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter the* LADY AMPLE, ENGINE, GINET.

AMP. My guardian hors'd ! this evening say'st thou, Engine ?

ENG. It's an hour, madam, since he smelt the town.

AMP. Saw'st thou his slender empty leg in th' stirrup ?

His ivory box on his smooth ebon staff  
New civetted, and tied to's gouty wrist ?  
With his warp'd face close button'd in his hood,  
That men may take him for a monk disguis'd,  
And fled post from a pursuivant ?

ENG. Madam, beware, I pray ! lest th' age and cunning

He is master of, prepare you a revenge,  
And such as your fine wit shall ne'er entreat  
Your patience to digest. To-morrow night  
Th' extremest minute of your wardship is  
Expir'd ; and we, magicians of the house,  
Believe this hasty journey he hath ta'en  
Is to provide a husband for your sheets.

AMP. And such a one as judgment and mine eyes  
Must needs dislike, that's composition may  
Grow up to his own thrifty wish.

ENG. Madam,  
Your arrow was well aim'd : I call him master  
But I am servant unto truth, and you.

AMP. He choose a husband, fit to guide and sway  
My beauty's wealthy dowry, and my heart !  
I'll make election to delight myself :  
What composition strictest laws will give,  
His guardianship may take from the rich bank

My father left, and not devour my land.

GIN. Your ladyship has liv'd six years beneath  
His roof, therefore may guess the colour  
Of his heart, and what his brains do weigh.  
But Engine, madam, is your humble creature.

AMP. I have bounty, Engine ;  
And thou shalt largely taste it, when the next  
Fair sun is set, for then my wardship ends.

[*Knocking within*  
That speaks command, or haste. Open the door ']

*Enter* LUCY.

Lucy ! weeping, my wench ? melting thine eyes,  
As they had trespass'd against light, and thou  
Would'st give them darkness for punishment ?

LUCY. Undone, madam, without all hope,  
But what your pity will vouchsafe to minister.

AMP. Hast thou been struck by infamy, or com'st  
A mourner from the funeral of love ?

LUCY. I am the mourner, and the mourn'd ;  
Dead to myself, but left not rich enough  
To buy a grave. My cruel aunt hath banish'd me  
Her roof, expos'd me to the night, the winds,  
And what the raging elements on wand'ers lay,  
Left naked, as first infancy or truth.

GIN. I could ne'er endure that old, moist-ey'd  
lady ;  
Methought she pray'd too oft.

AMP. A mere receipt  
To make her long-winded, which our devout  
Physicans now prescribe to defer death.  
But, Lucy, can she urge no cause for this  
Strange wrath, that you would willingly conceal ?

LUCY. Suspicions of my chastity, which Heaven  
Must needs resist as false, though she accus'd me  
Even in dream, where thoughts commit  
By chance, not appetite.

AMP. What ground had her suspect ?

LUCY. Young Pallatine, that woo'd my heart  
Until he gather'd fondness where he planted love,  
Was fall'n into such want, as eager blood  
And youth could not endure, and keep the laws  
Inviolatè. I, to prevent my fear,  
Sold all my jewels, and my trifling wealth,  
Bestow'd them on him : and she thinks a more  
Unholy consequence attends the gift.

AMP. This, Luce, is such apostacy in wit,  
As nature must degrade herself in woman to  
Forgive. Shall love put thee to charge ? couldst  
Thou permit thy lover to become thy pensioner ?

ENG. Her sense will now be tickled till it ache.

AMP. Thy feature and thy wit are wealth enough  
To keep thee high in all those vanities  
That wild ambition, or expensive pride,  
Perform in youth ; but thou invert'st their use :  
Thy lover, like the foolish adamant,  
The steel, thou fiercely dost allure, and draw  
To spend thy virtue, not to get by it.

LUCY. This doctrine, madam, is but new to me.

AMP. How have I liv'd, think'st thou ? E'en by  
my wits.

My guardian's contribution gave us gowns ;  
But cut from th' curtains of a carrier's bed :  
Jewels were wore, but such as potters' wives  
Bake in the furnace for their daughters' wrists :  
My woman's smocks so coarse, as they were spun  
O'th' tackling of a ship.

GIN. A coat of mail,  
Quilted with wire, was soft sarsnet to 'em.

AMP. Our diet scarce so much as is prescrib'd  
To mortify : two eggs of emmets, poach'd,  
A single bird, no bigger than a bee,  
Made up a feast.

GIN. He had starv'd me, but that

The green-sickness took away my stomach.

AMP. Thy disease, Ginet, made thee in love with mortar,

And thou eat'st him up two foot of an old wall.

ENG. A privilege my master only gave  
Unto her teeth, none else o' th' house durst do't.

AMP. When, Lucy, I perceiv'd this straiten'd life,  
Nature, my steward, I did call t' account,  
And took from her exchequer so much wit  
As has maintained me since. I led my fine  
Trim-bearded males in a small subtle string  
Of my soft hair ; made 'em to offer up  
And bow, and laugh'd at the idolatry.

GIN. A jewel for a kiss, and that half ravish'd.

LUCY. I feel I am inclin'd t' endeavour in  
A calling · madam, I'd be glad to live.

AMP. Know, Luce, this is no hospital for fools !  
My bed is yours, but on condition, Luce,  
That you redeem the credit of your sex ;  
That you begin to tempt, and when the snare  
Hath caught the fowl, you plume\* him till you get  
More feathers than you lost to Pallatine.

LUCY. I shall not waste my hours in winding silk,  
Or shelling peascods with your ladyship.

AMP. Frosts on my heart ! what, give unto a  
suitor !

Know, I would fain behold that silly monarch,  
Bearded man, that durst woo me with half  
So impudent a hope.

ENG. Madam, you are  
Not far from the possession of your wish.  
There is no language heard, no business now  
In town, but what proclaims th' arrival here,  
This morn, of th' elder Pallatine, brother  
To him you nam'd, and with him such an old

\* Latham says, it "is when a hawk ceaseth a fowle, and pulleth the feathers from the body."

Imperial buskin knight as th' isle ne'er saw.

AMP. What's their design ?

ENG. They will immure themselves  
With diamonds, with all refulgent stones  
That merit price . ask 'em, who pays ? why, ladies.  
They'll feast with rich Provençal wines, who  
pays ?

Ladies They'll shine in various habit, like  
Eternal bridegrooms of the day, ask 'em  
Who pays ? Ladies Lie with those ladies too,  
And pay 'em but with issue male, that shall  
Inherit nothing but their wit, and do  
The like to ladies, when they grow to age

LUCY. My ears received a taste of them before.

AMP. Engine, how shall we see them ?  
Bless me, Engine, with thy kind voice.

ENG. Though miracles are ceas'd,  
This, madam, 's in the power of thought and time.

AMP. I would kiss thee, Engine, but for an odd  
Nice humour in my lips ; they blister at  
Inferior breath. This ring, and all my hopes  
Are thine : dear Engine, now project, and live.

GIN. I'd lose my wedding to behold these  
Dagonets \*

AMP. My guardian's out o' town. Let us triumph  
Like Cæsars, till to-morrow night ; thou know'st  
I'm then no more o' th' family. I would,  
Like a departing lamp, before I leave  
You in the dark, spread in a glorious blaze.

ENG. Madam, command the keys, the house, and  
me.

\* Sir Dagonet was the Squire of King Arthur, in the old romance of *Morte D' Arthur*. See the notes of Mr Theobald, Dr Johnson, Mr Warton, and Mr Steevens on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*, A. 3, S. 2.

"Dagon" has been used by Chaucer and others in the sense of "a slip or piece of blanket"—Hence, "Dagonet" may have been in use to signify "an adventurer, clothed in rug."

AMP. Spoke like the bold Cophetua's\* son.  
 Let us contrive within to tempt 'em hither :  
 Follow, my Luce, restore thyself to fame.

[*Exeunt Engine, Ample, Ginct.*  
*Young Pallatine beckons Lucy from between the*  
*hangings, as she is going.*

Y. PAL. Luce ! Luce !

LUCY. Death on my eyes ! how came you hither ?

Y. PAL. I'm, Luce, a kind of peremptory fly,  
 Shift houses still to follow the sun-beams .

I must needs play in the flames of thy beauty.

LUCY. Y' have us'd me with a Christian care ;  
 have you not ?

Y. PAL. Come, I know all. I have been at thy  
 Aunt's house, and there committed more disorder  
 Than a storm in a ship, or a cannon bullet  
 Shot through a kitchen among shelves of pewter.

LUCY. This madness is not true, I hope.

Y. PAL. Yes, faith ; witness a shower of malm-  
 sey lees, dropt  
 From thy aunt's own urinal on this new morion †

LUCY. Why, you have seen her then ?

Y. PAL. Yes, and she looks like the old slut of  
 Babylon

Thou hast read of. I told her she must die,  
 And her belov'd velvet hood be sold

To some Dutch brewer of Ratcliffe, to make  
 His *yeu frouce*‡ slippers

LUCY. Speak low ! I am deprived

\* Though the name of this monarch is known to us, I believe we are all ignorant respecting his royal progeny. S.

This line gives additional support to the conjecture that there must have been an old play upon the subject of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, besides the old ballads, one of which is to be found in Percy's *Reliques* i. 202. edit 1812. Cophetua's son was perhaps one of the characters in the Play C

† Morion properly means a helmet.

‡ This ought to be spelt *Jongvrouw*, which in Dutch means a young woman C.

By thy rash wine of all atonement now,  
Unto her after legacies or love.

Y. PAL. My Luce, be magnified ; I am all plot,  
All stratagem ! My brother is in town :  
My Lady Ample's fame hath caught him, girl .  
I'm told he means an instant visit hither.

LUCY. What happiness from this ?

Y. PAL. As he departs  
From hence, I have laid two instruments, Meager  
And Pert, that shall encounter his long ears  
With tales less true than those of Troy ; they shall  
Endanger him, maugre his active wits,  
And mount thee, little Luce, that thou may'st reach  
To dandle fate, to soothe them till they give  
Us leave to make or alter destinies.

LUCY. You are too loud ; whisper your plots  
within. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter* ENGINE, ELDER PALLATINE, THWACK.

ENG. You call and govern, gentlemen, as if  
Your business were above your haste ; but know  
You where you are ?

ELD. PAL. Sir Tyrant Thrift dwells here :  
The Lady Ample is his ward ; she is  
Within, and we must see her. No excuses ;  
She is not old enough to be lock'd up  
To say\* new perukes, or purge for rheum.

THWACK. Tell her, that a young devout knight,  
made grey  
By a charm, t'avoid temptation in others,  
Would speak with her.

ENG. I shall deliver you both.  
These tigers hunt their prey with a strange nostril.  
Come unsent for so aptly to our wish — *[Exit.]*

\* To essay, to try on

ELD. PAL. But this, Sir Morglay, will not do.  
In troth you break our covenants.

THWACK. Why, hear me plead.

ELD. PAL. From forty to fourscore, the written  
law

Runs so : this lady's in her nonage yet,  
And you to press into my company,  
Where visitations are decreed mine own,  
Argues a heat that my rebukes must cool.

THWACK. What should I do ? wouldst have me  
keep my chamber  
And mend dark lanterns ? invent steel mattocks,  
Or weigh gunpowder ? solitude leads me  
To nothing less than treason : I shall conspire  
To dig and blow up all, rather than sit still.

ELD. PAL. Follow your task ! you see how early I  
Have found this young inheritrix : go seek  
The aged out ; bones unto bones, like cards  
Ill pack'd ; shuffle yourselves together, till  
You each dislike the game.

THWACK. 'Tis the cause I  
Come for : a wither'd midwife, or a nurse  
Who draws her lips together, like an eye  
That gives the cautionary wink, are those  
I would find here, so they be rich and fat.

*Enter GINET.*

GIN. My lady understands your haste, and she  
Herself consults now in affairs of haste :  
But yet will hastily approach to see  
You, gentlemen, and then in haste return. [*Exit.*

ELD. PAL. What's this, the superscription of a  
packet ?

THWACK. Now does my blood wamble. You !  
sucket-eater !\*

[*Offers to follow her, Pallutine stays him.*

\* Eater of sweetmeats.



ELD. PAL. These covenants, knight, will never  
 be observ'd ;  
 I'll sue the forfeiture, leave you so poor,  
 'Till, for preferment, you become an eunuch,  
 And sing a treble in a chauntry, knight.

*Enter LADY AMPLE, LUCY, GINET : Elder Pallatine,  
 and Thwack, address to kiss them, and are thrust  
 back.*

AMP. Stay, gentlemen. Good souls ! they have  
 seen, Lucy,  
 The country turtle's bill, and think our lips,  
 I' th' town and court, are worn for the same use.

LUCY. Pray how do the ladies there ? poor  
 villagers,  
 They churn still, keep their dairies, and lay up  
 For embroidered mantles against the heir's birth.

AMP. Who is begot i' th' Christmas holidays.

ELD. PAL. Yes, surely, when the spirit of  
 Mince-pie reigns in the blood.

AMP. What ? penny gleek\* I hope's  
 In fashion yet, and the treacherous foot  
 Not wanting on the table frame, to jog  
 The husband, lest he lose the noble, that  
 Should pay the grocer's man for spice and fruit.

LUCY. The good old butler shares too with his  
 lady  
 In the box, bating for candles that were burnt  
 After the clock struck ten.

THWACK. He doth indeed.

\* Gleek · A game at cards. The number of persons playing must be three, neither more nor less, and most frequently they play at farthing, half-penny, or penny Gleek, which in play will amount considerably. The ace is called *Tib*, the knave *Tom*, the four of trumps *Tiddy*. A *mournival* of aces is eight, of kings six, of queens four, and a *mournival* of knaves two apiece. A *gleek* of aces is four, of kings three, of queens two, and of knaves one apiece from the other two gamesters."—*The Compleat Gamester*.

Poor country madams, th'are in subjection still,  
The beasts, their husbands, make 'em sit on three  
Legg'd stools, like homely daughters of an hospital,  
To knit socks for their cloven feet.

ELD. PAL. And when these tyrant husbands, too,  
grow old,  
As they have still th' impudence to live long,  
Good ladies, they are fain to waste the sweet  
And pleasant seasons of the day in boiling  
Jellies for them, and rolling little pills  
Of cambric lint to stuff their hollow teeth.

LUCY. And then the evenings, warrant ye, they  
Spend with Mother Spectacle, the curate's wife,  
Who does inveigh 'gainst curling and dyed cheeks,  
Heaves her devout impatient nose at oil  
Of jessamine, and thinks powder of Paris more  
Prophane than th' ashes of a Romish martyr.

AMP. And in the days of joy and triumph, sir,  
Which come as seldom to them as new gowns,  
Then, humble wretches! they do frisk and dance  
In narrow parlours to a single fiddle,  
That squeaks forth tunes like a departing pig.

LUCY. Whilst the mad hinds shake from their  
feet more dirt  
Than did the cedar roots, that danc'd to Orpheus.

AMP. Do they not pour their wine too from an  
Ewer, or small gilt cruce, like orange-water kept  
To sprinkle holiday beards?

LUCY. And when a stranger comes, send seven  
Miles post by moon-shine for another pint!

ELD. PAL. All these indeed are heavy truths;  
but what  
Do you, th' exemplar madams of the town?  
Play away your youth, as our hasty gamesters  
Their light gold, not with desire to lose it,  
But in a fond mistake that it will fit  
No other use.

THWACK. And then reserve your age,  
As superstitious sinners ill-got wealth,  
Perhaps for th' church, perhaps for hospitals.

ELD. PAL. If rich, you come to court, there learn  
to be

At charge to teach your paraquetoës French;  
And then allow them their interpreters,  
Lest the sage fowl should lose their wisdom on  
Such pages of the presence, and the guard,  
As have not past the seas.

THWACK. But if y' are poor,  
Like wanton monkeys chain'd from fruit,  
You feed upon the itch of your own tails.

LUCY. Rose vinegar to wash that ruffian's mouth!

AMP. They come to live here by their wits, let  
them use 'em.

LUCY. They have so few, and those they spend  
so fast,

They will leave none remaining to maintain them.

ELD. PAL. You shall maintain us; a community,  
The subtle have decreed of late: you shall  
Endow us with your bodies and your goods;  
Yet use no manacles, call'd dull matrimony,  
To oblige affection against wise nature,  
Where it is lost, perhaps, through a disparity  
Of years, or justly through distaste of crimes,

AMP. Most excellent resolves!

ELD. PAL. But if you'll needs marry,  
Expect not a single turf for a jointure;  
Not so much land as will allow a grasshopper  
A salad.

THWACK. I would no more doubt t' enjoy  
You two in all variety of wishes,  
Wer't not for certain covenants that I lately  
Sign'd to in my drink, than I would fear usury  
In a small poet, or a cast corporal.

AMP. You would not?

THWACK. But look to your old widows !  
 There my title's good, see they be rich too,  
 Lest I should leave their twins upon the parish,  
 To whom the deputy o' th' ward will deny  
 Blue coats at Easter, loaves at funerals,  
 'Cause they were sons of an old country wit.

AMP. Why all for widows, sir ? can nothing that  
 Is young affect your mouldy appetite ?

THWACK. No in sooth, damsels at your years are  
 wont  
 To talk too much over their marmalade ,  
 They can't fare well, but all the town must hear't :  
 Their love's so full of praises, and so loud,  
 A man may with less noise lie with a drum.

AMP. Think you so, sir ?

THWACK. Give me an old widow, that commits  
 sin  
 With the gravity of a corrupt judge ;  
 Accepts of benefits i' th' dark, and can  
 Conceal them from the light.

[AMPLE takes ELDER PALLATINE apart.]

AMP. Pray, sir, allow me but your ear aside.  
 Though this rude Clym o'th Clough presume,  
 In his desires more than his strength can justify,  
 You should have nobler kindness than to think  
 All ladies relish of an appetite,  
 Bad as the worst your evil chance hath found.

ELD. PAL. All are alike to me ; at least, I'll make  
 Them so, with thin persuasions, and a short  
 Expense of time.

AMP. Then I have cast away  
 My sight ; my eyes have look'd themselves into  
 A strong disease : but they shall bleed for it.

ELD. PAL. Troth, lady mine, I find small remedy.

AMP. Why came you hither, sir ? She, that  
 shall sigh  
 Her easy spirits into wind for you,

Must not have hope the kindness of your breath  
Will e'er recover her.

LUCY. What do I hear? Hymen defend !  
But three good corners to your little heart,  
And two already broiling on love's altar !  
Does this become her, Ginet ? speak.

GIN. As age, and half a smock would become me.

THWACK. Th'ast caught her, Pallatine: insinuate  
rogue !

LUCY. Love him ! you must recant, or the small  
god

And I shall quarrel, when we meet i' th' clouds.

THWACK. 'Slight, see how she stands ! speak to her.

ELD. PAL. Peace, knight ! it is apt cunning that  
we go :

Disdain is like to water pour'd on ice,\*

Quenches the flame awhile to raise it higher.

LUCY. Engine, shew them their way.

*Enter ENGINE.*

ENG. It lies here, gentlemen !

ELD. PAL. There needs small summons. We are  
gone ! But d' you hear,

We will receive no letters, we, though sent  
By th' incorporeal spy your dwarf, or Audry  
Of the chamber, that would deliver them  
With as much caution, as they were attachments  
Upon money newly paid.

THWACK. Nor no message  
From the old widow your mother, if you  
Have one, no, though she send for me when she  
Is giving up her testy ghost ; and lies  
Half drown'd in rheum, those floods of rheum in  
which

\* I sprinkle water on her passion's fire ;  
Disdain allays love's flame to raise it higher.

Her maids do daily dive to seek the teeth  
She cough'd out last.

[*Exeunt Engine, Elder Pullatine, Thurark.*]

LUCY. 'Las ! good old gentleman,  
We shall see him shortly in as many night-caps  
As would make sick Mahomet a turban  
For the winter.

AMP. Are they gone, Luce ?

LUCY. Not like the houns, for they'll return again  
Ere long. O, you carry'd your false love rarely !

AMP. How impudent these country fellows are !

LUCY. He thinks y'are caught, he has you  
between's teeth,  
And intends you for the very next bit  
He means to swallow.

AMP. Luce, I have a thousand thoughts  
More than a kerchief can keep in : Quick, girl,  
Let us consult, and thou shalt find what silly snipes  
These witty gentlemen shall prove, and in  
Their own confession too, or I'll cry flounders else ;  
And walk with my petticoat tuck'd up like  
A long maid of Almaineny. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, MEAGER, PERT ; the  
two last being new cloath'd*

Y. PAL. Don Meager, and Don Pert, you neither  
found  
These embroider'd skins in your mother's womb ·  
Surely nature's wardrobe is not thus lac'd !

PERT. We flourish, Pall, by th' charter of thy  
smiles,  
A little magnified with shew, and thought  
Of our new plot.

MEA. The chamber's bravely hung '

PERT. To thy own wish, a bed and canopy  
Prepar'd all from our number'd pence. If it  
Should fail, Meager and I must creep into  
Our quondam rags ; a transmigration, Pall,  
Which our divinity can ill endure.

MEA. If I have more left t' maintain a large  
stomach,  
And a long bladder, than one comely shilling,  
Together with a single ounce of hope,  
I am the son of a carman.

Y. PAL. Do you suspect my prophecies,  
That am your mint, your grand exchequer ?

PERT. Pall, no supicions, Pall ; but we, that  
embark  
Our whole stock in one vessel, would be glad  
To have all pirates o' shore, and the winds  
In a calm humour.

MEA. How fares th' intelligence ?

Y. PAL. I left 'em at the Lady Ample's house.  
This street they needs must pass, if they reach  
home.

PERT. O I would fain project 'gainst the old  
knight,  
Can we not share him too ?

Y. PAL. This wheel must move alone.  
Sir Morglay Thwack's too rugged yet,  
He'd interrupt the course ; a little more  
O' th' file will smooth him fit to be screw'd up.

PERT. Shrink off, Pall ! I hear 'em.

*Enter THWACK, ELDER PALLATINE.*

ELD. PAL. Th' hast not the art of patient lei-  
sure, to  
Attend the aptitude of things. Wouldst thou  
Run on, like a rude bull, on every object that  
Doth heat the blood ? This cunning abstinence  
Will make her passions grow more violent.

THWACK. But, Pallatine, I do not find I have  
The cruelty, or grace, to let a lady  
Starve for a warm morsel.

[PERT and MEAGER take the ELDER PALLATINE aside.

Y. PAL. [*apart and watching*] Now, my fine Pert  
PERT. Sir, we have business for your ear; it may  
Concern you much, therefore 'tis fit it be  
Particular.

ELD. PAL. From whom?

MEA. A young lady, sir.  
It is a secret will exact much care  
And wisdom i' th' delivery: you should  
Dismiss that gentleman.

ELD. PAL. A young lady! good!  
All the best stars i' th' firmament are mine.  
Our coach attends us, knight, i' th' bottom of  
The hither street. You must go home alone.

THWACK. I'll sooner kill a serjeant, choose my  
jury  
In the city, and be hang'd from a tavern bush!

ELD. PAL. Will't ruin all our destinies have  
built?

THWACK. Come, what are those sly silk-worms  
there, that creep  
So close into their wool, as they would spin  
For none but their dear selves? I heard 'em name  
a lady.

ELD. PAL. You heard them say then, she was  
young; and  
What our covenants are, remember!

THWACK. Young, how young?  
She left her worm-seed, and her coral whistle  
But a month since: do they mean so?

ELD. PAL. Morglay, our covenants is all I ask.

THWACK. May be she hath a mind to me, for  
there's



A reverend humour in the blood, which thou ne'er  
Knew'st : perhaps she would have boys begot  
Should be deliver'd with long beards. Till thou  
Arrive at my full growth, thou'lt yield the world  
Nought above dwarf or page.

ELD. PAL. Our covenants still, I cry !

THWACK. Faith, I'll stride my mule to-morrow,  
And away to the homely village in the north.

ELD. PAL. Why so ?

THWACK. Alas, these silly covenants, you know,  
I seal'd to in my drink ; and certain fears  
Lurk in a remote corner of my head,  
That say the game will all be your's.

ELD. PAL. But what success canst thou expect,  
since w' have  
Not yet enjoy'd the city a full day ?

THWACK. I say, let me have woman : be she  
young  
Or old, grandam or babe. I must have woman.

ELD. PAL. Carry but thy patience like a gentle-  
man,  
And let me singly manage this adventure.  
It will to-morrow cancel our old deeds,  
And leave thee to subscribe to what thy free  
Pleasure shall direct.

THWACK. We'll equally enjoy  
Virgin, wife, and widow ; the younger kerchief  
with  
The aged hood.

ELD. PAL. What I have said, if I had leisure  
now  
I'd ratify with oaths of thy own choosing.

THWACK. Go, propagate ! fill the shops with thy  
notch'd

Issue, that, when our money's spent, we may  
Be trusted, break, and cozen in our own tribe.

ELD. PAL. Leave me to fortune.

THWACK. D' you hear, Pallatine ?  
Perhaps this young lady has a mother.—

ELD. PAL. No more : good night !

[*Exit Thwack.*]

I have obey'd you, gentlemen ; no ears  
Are near us, but our own. What's your affair ?

MEA. We'll lead you to the lady's mansion, sir ,  
'Tis hard by.

ELD. PAL. Hard by !

PERT. So near, that if your lungs be good,  
You may spit thither. That is the house

ELD. PAL. These appear gentlemen,  
And of some rank. I will in !

[*Exeunt Elder Pallatine, Meager, Pert.*]

Y. PAL. So, so ! the hook has caught him by  
the gills ;

And it is fasten'd to a line will hold

You, sir, though your wits were stronger than your  
purse.

Sir Morglay Thwack's gone home . his lodging I  
Have learn'd, and there are certain gins prepar'd  
In which his wary feet may chance to be  
Insнар'd, though he could wear his eyes upon his  
toes.

I must follow the game close. He is enter'd,  
And, ere this, amaz'd at the strange complexion  
Of the house ; but 'twas the best our friendship  
And our treasure could procure. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter ELDER PALLATINE, MEAGER, and PERT, with  
lights.*

ELD. PAL. Gentlemen, if you please, lead me no  
further !  
I have so little faith to believe this

The mansion of a lady, that I think  
 'Tis rather the decays of hell : a sad  
 Retirement for the fiend to sleep in  
 When he is sick with drinking sulphur.

PERT. Sir, you shall see this upper room is  
 hung.

ELD. PAL. With cobwebs, sir, and those so large  
 they may  
 Catch and ensnare dragons instead of flies,  
 Where sit a melancholy race of old  
 Norman spiders, that came in with th' Conqueror.

MEA. This chamber will refresh your eyes, when  
 you  
 Have cause to enter it.

*[Leads him to look in 'tween the hangings.]*

ELD. PAL. A bed and canopy !  
 There's shew of entertainment there indeed .  
 There lovers may have place to celebrate  
 Their warm wishes, and not take cold. But, gentle-  
 men,

How comes the rest of this blind house so nak'd,  
 So rumous, and deform'd ?

PERT. Pray, sir, sit down !  
 If you have seen aught strange, or fit for wonder,  
 It but declares the hasty shifts to which  
 The poor distressed lady is expos'd  
 In pursuit of your love. She hath good fame,  
 Great dignity, and wealth, and would be loth  
 To cheapen these by making her dull family  
 Bold witnesses of her desires with you :  
 Therefore t' avoid suspicion, to this place  
 Sh'ath sent part of her neglected wardrobe.

MEA. And will, ere time grows older by an hour,  
 Gild all this homely furniture at charge  
 Of her own eyes ; her beams can do it, sir.

ELD. PAL. My manners will not suffer me to  
 doubt.

PERT. We hope so too. Besides, though every  
one  
That hath a heart of's own, may think his pleasure;  
We should be loth your thoughts should throw  
mistakes

On us, that are the humble ministers  
Of your kind stars : for sure, though we look not  
Like men that make plantation on some isle  
That's uninhabited, yet you believe  
We would teach sexes mingle, to increase men.

MEA. Squires of the placket \* we know you  
think us.

ELD. PAL. Excuse my courage, gentlemen ; good  
faith

I am not bold enough to think you so.

PERT. Nor will you yet be woo'd to such mistake.

ELD. PAL. Not all the art nor flattery you have,  
Can render you to my belief worse than myself ;  
Panders and bawds ! Good gentlemen,  
I shall be angry, if you persuade me to  
So vile a thought.

PERT. Sir, you have cause,  
And, in good faith, if you should think us such,  
We would make bold to cut that slender throat.

ELD. PAL. How, sir ?

PERT. That very throat, through which the lusty  
grape,  
And savoury morsel in the gamester's dish,  
Steal down so leisurely with kingly gust.

MEA. Sir, it should open wide as th' widest  
oyster  
I'th' Venetian lake.

\* " Deliro, playing at a game of racket,  
Far put his hand into Florinda's placket,  
Keep hold, said shee, nor any farther go,  
Said he, just so, the placket well will do "

*Select Collection of Epigrams, 1665.*

ELD. PAL. Gentlemen, it should.  
It is a throat I can so little hide  
In such a cause, that I would whet your razor for't  
On my own shoe.

PERT. Enough, you shall know all !  
This lady hath a noble mind, but 'tis  
So much o'ermaster'd by her blood, we fear  
Nothing but death, or you, can be her remedy.

ELD. PAL. And she is young !

MEA. O, as the April bud.

ELD. PAL. 'Twere pity, faith, she should be cast  
away.

PERT. You have a soft and blessed heart, and to  
Prevent so sad a period of her sweet breath,  
Ourselves, this house, the habit of this room,  
The bed within,\* and your fair person, we  
Have all assembled in a trice.

ELD. PAL. Sure, gentlemen,  
In my opinion more could not be done,  
Were she inheritrix of all the east.

PERT. But, sir, the excellence of your pure fame,  
Hath given us boldness to make suit, that if  
You can reclaim her appetite with chaste  
And wholesome homilies, such counsel as  
Befits your known morality, you will  
Be pleas'd to save her life, and not undo her honour.

MEA. We hope you will afford her med'cine by  
Your meek and holy lectures, rather than  
From any manly exercise ; for such,  
In troth, sir, you appear to our weak sight.

ELD. PAL. Brothers and friends, a style more  
distant now  
Cannot be given : though you were in compass  
Thick as the Alps,\* I must embrace you both—  
Y' have hit the very centre, unto which  
The toils and comforts of my studies tend.

\* The quarto reads *aspen*.

PERT. Alas, we drew our arrow but by aim.

ELD. PAL. Why, gentlemen, I have converted  
more

Than ever gold or Aretine\* misled :  
I've disciples of all degrees in nature,  
From your little punk in purple, to your  
Tall canvas girl ; from your satin slipper,  
To your iron patten and your Norway shoe.

PERT And can you mollify the mother, sir,  
In a strong fit ?

ELD. PAL. Sure, gentlemen, I can,  
If books penn'd with a clean and wholesome spirit  
Have any might to edify. Would they  
Were here †

MEA. What, sir ?

ELD. PAL. A small library,  
Which I was wont to make companion to  
My idle hours ; where some, I take it, are  
A little consonant unto this theme.

PERT. Have they not names ?

ELD. PAL. A pill to purge phlebotomy,—A bal-  
samum  
For the spiritual back.—A lozenge against lust ;  
With divers others, † sir, which, though not penn'd  
By dull platonic Greeks, or Memphian priests,  
Yet have the blessed mark of separation  
Of authors silenc'd, for wearing short hair.

PERT. But, sir, if this chaste means cannot re-  
store  
Her to her health and quiet peace, I hope  
You will vouchsafe your lodging in yon bed,

\* An Italian poet, whose works were accompanied by lewd  
prints of which he was the inventor. They are mentioned in  
*Randolph's Muse's Looking Glass*. C.

† In the folio edition these lines are altered in this manner

"A pill to purge the pride of pagan patches,  
A lozenge for the lust of loytring love,  
And balsoms for the bites of Babel's beast.  
With many," &c.

And take a little pains. [*Points to the bed within.*]

ELD. PAL. Faith, gentlemen, I was  
Not bred on Scythian rocks : tigers and wolves  
I've heard of, but ne'er suck'd their milk ; and sure  
Much would be done to save a lady's longing.

MEA. 'Tis late, sir, pray uncase !

[*They help to uncloathe him.*]

PERT. Your boot ; believ't, it is my exercise.

ELD. PAL. Well, 'tis your turn to labour now,  
and mine

ANON. For your dear sakes, gentlemen, I profess—

PERT. My friend shall wait upon you to your  
sheets,

Whilst I go and conduct the lady hither ;  
Whom, if your holy doctrine cannot well  
Reclaim, pray hazard not her life ; you have  
A body, sir.

ELD. PAL. O think me not cruel.

[*Exeunt Meager, Elder Pallatine*]

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE.

PERT. Pall ! come in, Pall.

Y. PAL. Is he in bed ?

PERT. Not yet !

But stripping in more haste than an old snake  
That hopes for a new skin.

Y. PAL. If we could laugh  
In our coffin, Pert, this would be a jest  
Long after death. He is so eager in  
His witty hopes, that he suspects nothing.

PERT. O, all he swallows, sir, is melting conserve,  
And soft Indian plum. Meager, what news ?

*Enter* MEAGER.

MEA. Laid, gently laid ! he is all virgin sure,  
From the crown of's head to his very navel.

Y. PAL. Where are his breeches? speak! his hatband too;  
'Tis of grand price, the stones are rosial, and  
Of the white rock.

MEA. I hung 'em purposely  
Aside, they are all within my reach, shall I in?

Y. PAL. Soft! softly my false fiend: remember,  
rogue,  
You tread on glasses, eggs, and gouty toes.—

*[Meager takes out his hat and breeches: the pockets and hatband rifled. They throw them in again.\*]*

MEA. Hold, Pall! th' exchequer is thine own:  
we will

Divide when thou art gracious and well pleas'd.

Y. PAL. All gold! the stalls of Lombard-street  
pour'd into a purse!

PERT. These, dear Pall, are thy brother's goodly  
herds.

Y. PAL. Yes, and his proud flocks; but you see  
what they

Come to; a little room contains them all

At last. So, so, convey them in again:

Because he is my elder brother,

My mother's maidenhead and a country wit,

He shall not be expos'd to bare thighs, and a

Bald crown. What noise is that;

*[Knocking within; Pert looks at the door.]*

PERT. Death! there's old Snore  
The constable, his wife, a regiment of halberbs,  
And mistress Queasy too, the landlady  
That owns this house.

MEA. Bélike, th' ave heard, our friend  
The bawd, fled hence last night; and now they come

\* The stage direction of "they throw them in again," above inserted, is obviously in the wrong place, as the hat and breeches of the Elder Pallatine ought not to be returned until the Younger Pallatine has given the order for doing so.



To seize on moveables for rent.

Y. PAL. The bed within, and th' hangings that  
we hired

To furnish our design are all condemn'd .

My brother too, they'll use him with as thin

Remorse, as an old gamester would an alderman's  
hen.

PERT. No matter ! our adventure's paid. Follow,  
Pall, and I'll lead you a back way, where you  
Shall climb o'er tiles, like cats when they make love.

Y. PAL. Now I shall laugh at those that heap up  
wealth

By lazy method and slow rules of thrift .

I'm grown the child of wit, and can advance

Myself, by being votary to chance. *[Exeunt.]*

### ACT III SCENE I

*Enter* SNORE, MISTRESS SNORE, QUEASY, and  
WATCHMEN.

M SNORE. Days o' my breath, I have not seen  
the like ?

What would you have my husband do ? 'tis past  
One by Bow, and the bell-man has gone twice.

QUE. Good master Snore, you are the constable,  
You may do it, as they say, be it right or wrong.  
'Tis four years' rent, come Childermas-eve next.

SNORE. You see, neighbour Queasy, the doors are  
open ;

Here's no goods, no bawd left ; I'd see the bawd.

M SNORE. Aye, or the whores : my husband's  
the king's officer,

And still takes care, I warrant you, of bawds

And whores ; shew him but a whore at this time

O'night, good man, you bring a bed i'faith.

QUE. I pray, mistress Snore, let him search the parish.

They are not gone far, I must have my rent.

I hope there are whores and bawds in the parish.

M. SNORE. Search now! it is too late, a woman had

As good marry a colestaff\* as a constable,  
If he must nothing but search and search, follow  
His whores and bawds all day, and never comfort  
His wife at night. I pr'ythee, lamb, let us to bed.

SNORE. It must be late; for gossip Nock, the  
nailman,  
Had catechis'd his maids, and sung three catches  
And a song, ere we set forth.

QUE. Good mistress Snore, forbear your husband  
but  
To-night and let the search go on.

M. SNORE. I will not forbear; you might ha' let  
your house

To honest women, not to bawds. Fie upon you!

QUE. Fie upon me! 'tis well known I'm the  
mother

Of children 'scurvy fleak † 'tis not for naught  
You boil eggs in your gruel: and your man Sampson  
Owes my son-in-law, the surgeon, ten groats  
For turpentine, which you have promis'd to pay  
Out of his Christmas box.

M. SNORE. I defy thee.  
Remember thy first calling; thou set'st up  
With a peck of damsons and a new sieve,  
When thou brok'st at Dowgate corner, 'cause the  
boys

Flung down thy ware.

SNORE. Keep the peace, wife; keep the peace!

\* A strong pole on which men carried a burden between them

† *Scurvy*, mean. *Fleak*, a flounder - a little insignificant person.

M. SNORE. I will not peace : she took my silver  
thimble

To pawn, when I was a maid , I paid her  
A penny a month use.

QUE. A maid ! yes, sure ,  
By that token, goody Tongue, the midwife,  
Had a dozen napkins o' your mother's best  
Diaper, to keep silence, when she said  
She left you at Saint Peter's fair, where you  
Long'd for pig.\*

SNORE. Neighbour Queasy, this was not  
In my time : what my wife hath done since I  
Was constable, and the king's officer,  
I'll answer ; therefore, I say, keep the peace !  
And when w' have search'd the two back rooms,  
I'll to bed. Peace, wife ! not a word. [*Exeunt*

*Enter* ELD. PALLATINE, *cloathing himself in haste.*

ELD. PAL. 'Tis time to get on wings and fly .  
Here's a noise of thunder, wolves, women, drums,  
All that's confus'd, and frights the ear. I heard  
Them cry out bawds ! the sweet young lady is

\* Formerly the chief entertainments at fairs were *pigs* roasted in booths erected for that purpose. The practice continued until the beginning of the present century, if not later. It is mentioned in Ned Ward's *London Spy*, 1697 ; and when, about the year 1708, some propositions were made to limit the duration of Bartholomew Fair to three days, a poem was printed, intitled, "*The Pigs' Petition against Bartholomew Fair with their humble thanks to those unworthy preservers of so much innocent blood*" In Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, Mrs Ursula, the *Pig-roman*, is no inconsiderable character.

See *D'Avenant's poem on the long vacation in London*, fo. edit. 290.

" Now London's chief, on saddle new,  
Rides into Fare of Bartholomew .  
He twirls his cham, and looketh hig,  
As if to fright the head of pig,  
That gaping lies on greasy stall.  
Till female with great belly call.

Surpris'd sure, by the nice slave her husband,  
 Or some old frosty matron of near kin ;  
 And the good gentlemen sh' employ'd to me  
 Are tortur'd and call'd bawds. If I am ta'en,  
 I'll swear I purpos'd her conversion.

*Enter* SNORE, MISTRESS SNORE, QUEASY, and  
 WATCHMEN.

SNORE. Here's a room hung, and a fair bed  
 within :

I take it there's the he-bawd too.

QUE. Seize on the lewd thing !

I pray, master Snore, seize on the goods too.

M. SNORE. Who would not be a bawd ? they've  
 proper men

To their husbands ; and she maintains him  
 Like any parish deputy.

ELD. PAL. What are you ?

SNORE. I am the constable.

ELD. PAL. Good ; the constable !

I begin to stroke my long ears, and find  
 I am an ass · such a dull ass, as deserves  
 Thistles for provender, and saw-dust too  
 Instead of grains : O, I am finely gull'd.

M. SNORE. Truly, as proper a bawd, as a woman  
 Would desire to use.

ELD. PAL. Master constable,  
 Though these your squires o' th' blade and bill,  
 Seem to be courteous gentlemen, and well taught,  
 Yet I would know why they embrace me.

SNORE. You owe my neighbour, Mistress Queasy,  
 four years' rent.

QUE. Yes, and for three bed ticks, and a brass pot  
 Which your wife promis'd me to pay this term ;  
 For now, she said, sh' expects her country customers

ELD. PAL. My wife ! have I been led to the  
 altar too,

By some doughty deacon ? ta'en woman by  
 The pretty thumb, and given her a ring,  
 With my dear self, for better and for worse,  
 And all in a forgotten dream ? But for whom  
 Do you take me ?

SNORE. For the he-bawd.

ELD. PAL. Good faith, you may as soon  
 Take me for a whale, which is something rare,  
 You know, o' this side the bridge.

M. SNORE. 'Tis indeed ;  
 Yet our Paul was in the belly of one,  
 In my Lord Mayor's show ; and, husband, you  
 remember,  
 He beckoned you out of the fish's mouth,  
 And you gave him a pippin, for the poor soul  
 Had like to have choak'd for very thirst.

ELD. PAL. I saw it, and cry'd : out  
 O' th' city, 'cause they would not be at charge  
 To let the fish swim in a deeper sea.

M. SNORE. Indeed ! why I was but a tiny girl  
 then ;

I pray how long have you been a bawd here ?

ELD. PAL. Again ! how the devil  
 Am I chang'd since my own glass rendered me  
 A gentleman ? Well, master constable,  
 Though every stall's your worship's wooden throne,  
 Here you are humble, and o' foot, therefore  
 I will put on my hat ; pray reach it me !

*[Misses his diamond hatband.]*

Death ! my hatband ! a row of diamonds  
 Worth a thousand marks ! nay, it is time then  
 To doubt, and tremble too. My gold ! my gold !—  
 And precious stones ! *[Searches his pockets.]*

M. SNORE. Do you suspect my husband ?  
 He hath no need o' your stones, I praise Heaven !

ELD. PAL. A plague upon your courteous mid-  
 night leadlers !

Good silly saints, they are dividing now,  
 And ministering, no doubt, unto the poor.  
 This will decline the reputation of my wit,  
 Till I be thought to have a less head  
 Than a justice o' peace. If Morglay hear't,  
 He'll think me dull as a Dutch mariner.  
 No med'cine now from thought? Good; 'tis de-  
 sign'd.

SNORE. Come along! 'tis late.

ELD. PAL. Whither must I go?

QUE. To the compter, sir, unless my rent be  
 paid.

SNORE. And for being a bawd!

ELD. PAL. Confin'd in wainscot walls too,  
 Like a liquorish rat, for nibbling  
 Unlawfully upon forbidden cheese!  
 This, to the other sauce, is aloes and myrrh.  
 But, master constable, do you behold this ring?  
 It is worth all the bells in your church-steeple,  
 Though your sexton and side-men\* hung there too,  
 To better the peal.

SNORE. Well, what's your request?

ELD. PAL. Marry, that you will let me go to fetch  
 The bawd, the very bawd that owes this rent;  
 Who being brought, you shall restore my ring,  
 And believe me to be an arrant gentleman,  
 Such as, in's scutcheon, gives horns, hounds, and  
 hawks,  
 Hunting nags, with tall eaters in blue coats,  
*Sans* number.

QUE. Pray let him go, Master Snore.

We'll stay and keep the goods!

M. SNORE. Yes, let him, husband;

\* i. e., Sidesmen — Unpaid Assistants to the Churchwardens,  
 and elected from among the congregation. The sexton is  
 a paid servant. To couple the two classes is somewhat out  
 of order

For I would fain see a very he-bawd.

SNORE. Come, neighbours, light him out !  
[*Ereunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE, LADY AMPLE, PERT,  
LUCY, GINET, ENGINE, *with lights.*

AMP. A forest full of palms, thy lover, Luce,  
Merits in garlands for his victory.

I'm wild with joy ! why, there was wit enough  
In this design to bring a ship o' fools \*

To shore again, and make them all good pilots.

Y. PAL. Madam, this gentleman deserves to share  
In your kind praise : he was a merry agent  
In the whole plot, and would exalt himself  
To your ladyship's service. If you please,  
For my humble sake, unto your lip too.

[*Pert salutes her.*]

AMP. Sir, you are friend to Pallatine,  
And that entitles you unto much worth.

PERT. The title will be better'd, madam, when  
I am become a servant to your beauty.

LUCY. Why, your confederate Pert is courtly too,  
He will out-tongue a favourite of France !  
But didst thou leave thy brother surfeiting  
On lewd hopes ?

Y. PAL. He believes all womankind  
Dress'd and ordain'd for th' mercy of his tooth,

AMP. And now lies stretch'd in his smooth  
slippery sheets ?

\* Alluding to an allegorical poem, translated from the Dutch by Alexander Barclay, priest and chaplain in the College of St Mary, Otery, in the County of Devon—Published by Pynson—Folio, 1508. A reprint has just been completed under the editorship of Thomas Hill Jamieson, Esq., keeper of the Library of the Faculty of Advocates.

Y. PAL. O, like a wanton snake on camomile ,  
And rifled to so sad remains of wealth,  
That, if his resolution still disdain  
Supplyment from his lands, and he resolve  
To live here by his wits, he will, ere long,  
Betroth himself to raddish-women for their roots,  
Pledge children in their sucking-bottles,  
And, in dark winter mornings, rob small school-  
boys  
Of their honey and their bread.

PERT. Faith, Meager and I us'd him with as much  
Remorse as our occasions could allow.  
'Las, he must think we shreds of time  
Have our occasions too '

Y. PAL. What, madam, need he care ?  
For let him but prove kind unto his bulls,  
Bring them their heifers when their crests are high ;  
Stroke his fair ewes, and pimp a little for  
His rams, they straight will multiply , and then  
The next great fair prepares him fit again  
For th' city's view, and our surprise.

AMP. Why this, young gentleman, hath relish  
in't :

Yet when you understand the dark and deep  
Contrivements which myself, Engine, and Luce,  
Have laid for this great witty villager,  
To whom you bow, as foremost of your blood ;  
You will degrade yourselves from all prerogatives  
Above our sex, and all those pretty marks  
Of manhood, your trim beards, singe off with tapers,  
As a just sacrifice to our supremacy.

LUCY. If Sir Tyrant Thrift, your phlegmatic  
guardian,  
Leave but this mansion our's till the next sun,  
We'll make your haughty brother tremble at  
The name of woman, and blush behind a fan,  
Like a yawning bride, that hath foul teeth.



ENG. Madam, 'tis time you were abed, for sure,  
 besides  
 The earnest invitation which I left,  
 Writ in his chamber, these afflictions will  
 Disturb his rest, and bring him early hither  
 To recover his sick hopes.

*Enter MEAGER.*

Y. PAL. Meager? what news? Madam, the  
 homage  
 Of your lip again: a man o' war, believ't,  
 One that hath fasted in the face of's foe;  
 Seen Spinola\* intrench'd; sometimes hath spread  
 His butter at the State's charge; sometimes too  
 Fed on a salad that hath grown upon  
 The enemy's own land. but, pardon me,  
 Without or oil, or vinegar.

AMP. Sir, men in choler may do any thing.

MEA. Your ladyship will excuse his new plenty,  
 It hath made him pleasant.

Y. PAL. Meager! what news? how do our spies  
 prosper?

MEA. Sir, rare discoveries! I've trac'd your  
 brother:

\* The Marquis of Spinola conducted the celebrated siege of Ostend. In 1611 there was published at Cologne "Sumptibus Joannis Kinckij" Engravings of the Victorious progress of Spinola under the title "Victoriæ auspiciis excellentissimi Ambrosii Spinulæ Marchionis à Benafero, Equitis Velleris Aurei, &c., Ducis Universi Exercitus, Regis, Hispaniæ Potentissimi Philippi III. et Serenissimi Archiducis Alberti ab Austria Belgi Principis Tabulis Cæneis delineata." Small 4to with folding plates. The second engraving in this very rare collection is of Ostend, with the date 1604, and the last is a splendid and beautifully engraved print of the arrival of Spinola at the Hague, 7th February 1608, containing a representation of his reception by the "Graff Mauritz." The engravings are seventeen in number. He invested Bergen in 1623, but without success, for after remaining before it for some time he found himself obliged to raise the siege.

You shall hear more anon

GIN. Your ladyship forgets how early your  
Designs will waken you

ENG. Madam, I'd fain be  
Bold too, to hasten you unto your rest.

AMP. 'Tis late, indeed ; the silence of the night  
And sleep be with you, gentlemen !

[*Exeunt Ample, Ginet, Engine.*]

Y PAL. Madam, good night ! but our heads  
never were

Ordain'd to so much trivial leisure

As to sleep You may as soon entreat

A sexton sleep in's belfry when the plague reigns ;  
An aged sinner in a tempest, or

A jealous statesman when his prince is dying.

LUCY. Pray, dismiss your friends. I would speak  
with you.

Y. PAL. Men o' the puissant pike, follow the  
lights ! [*Exeunt Meager, Pert.*]

LUCY. Pall, you are as good-natur'd to me, Pall,  
As the wife of a silenc'd minister  
Is to a monarchy \* or to lewd gallants,  
That have lost a nose.

Y. PAL. And why so, Dame Luce ?

LUCY. So many yellow images at once  
Assembled in your fist, and jewels too of goodly  
price ;

All this free booty got in lawful war,  
And I no tribute, Pall ?

Y. PAL. What need it, Luce ? a virgin may live  
cheap ;  
Th' are maintained with as small charge, as a wren  
With maggots in a cheesemonger's shop.

LUCY. Well, Pall, and yet you know all my  
extremes :

How for a little taffeta to line a mask,

\* Qy Monarch

I'm fain to mollify my mercer  
 With a soft whisper, and a tim'rous blush ;  
 To sigh unto my millner for gloves,  
 That they may trust, and not complain unto my  
     aunt,  
 Who is as jealous of me as their wives ; and all  
 Through your demeanour, Pall . whose kind  
     ness, I  
 Perceive, will raise me to such dignity,  
 That I must teach children in a dark cellar,  
 Or work coifs in a garret for crack'd groats  
 And broken meat.

Y. PAL. Luce, I will give thee, Luce, to buy—

LUCE. What, Pall?

Y. PAL. An ounce of ars'nic to mix in thy aunt's  
     caudles.

This aunt I must see cold and grinning, Luce,  
 Seal'd t' her last wink, as if she clos'd her eyes  
 T' avoid the sight of feathers, coaches, and short  
     cloaks.

LUCY How many angels of your family  
 Are there in heaven ? but few, I fear ; and how  
 You'll be the first that shall entitle them  
 To such high calling, is to me a doubt.

Y. PAL. Why, is there never a pew there, Luce,  
 But for your coughing aunt and you ?

LUCE. Hadst thou eyes like flaming beacons,  
     crook'd horns,  
 A tail three yards long, and thy feet cloven,  
 Thou couldst not be more a fiend than thou art now ;  
 But to advance thy sins with being hard,  
 And costive unto me !

Y. PAL. You lie, Luce ! you lie !

[*Flings her a purse.*]

There's gold ; the fairies are thy mintmen, girl ;  
 Of this thou shalt have store enough to make  
 The hungry academics mention thee

In evening lectures, with applause and prayer.  
A foundress thou shalt be.

LUCY. Of hospitals,  
For your decayed self, Meager and Pert,  
Those wealthy usurers, your poor friends.

Y. PAL. A nunnery, Luce, where all the female  
issue  
Of our decayed nobility shall live  
Thy pensioners : it will preserve them from  
Such want, as makes them quarter arms with th'  
city,

And match with saucy haberdashers' sons,  
Whose fathers lived in allies and dark lanes,

LUCY. Good night, Pall ! your gold I'll lay up,  
though but

T' encounter the next surgeon's bill ; yet know,  
Our wits are ploughing too, and in a ground  
That yields as fair a grain as this.

Y. PAL. Farewell, and let me hear thy aunt is  
stuck

With more bay leaves and rosemary than a  
Westphalia gammon. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Enter ELDER PALLATINE, and THWACK dressing himself.*

ELD. PAL. Quick, dispatch, knight ! thou art as  
tedious in  
Thy dressing as a court bride · two ships might  
Be rigg'd for the Straits in less space than thou  
Careenest that same old hulk. Can it be thought  
That one so fill'd with hope and wise designs  
Could be subdu'd with sleep ? what ! dull, and  
drowsy ?  
Keep earlier hours than a roost hen in winter ?

THWACK. Pallatine, the designs grew all dream,  
 magic,  
 And alchymy to me. I gave it lost !  
 Clove to my soft pillow like a warm Justice,  
 And slept there with less noise than a dead lawyer  
 In a monument.

ELD. PAL. This is the house ; dispatch, that I  
 may knock.

THWACK. 'Slight, stay ; thou think'st I've the  
 dexterity  
 Of a spaniel, that with a yawn, a scratch  
 On his left ear, and stretching his hind legs,  
 Is ready for all day. O, for the Biscayn sleeve,  
 And Bulloign hose I wore when I was shrieve  
 In eighty-eight !

ELD. PAL. Faith, thou art comely, knight ;  
 And I already see the town girls melt,  
 And thaw before thee.

THWACK. We must be content.  
 Thou know'st all men are bound to wear their limbs  
 I' th' same skin that nature bestows upon them,  
 Be it rough or be it smooth ; for my part,  
 If she to whom you lead me now like not  
 The grain of mine, I will not flea myself  
 T' humour the touch of her ladyship's fingers.

ELD. PAL. Well, I had thought t' have carried  
 it with youth ;  
 But, when I came to greet her beauties with  
 The eyes of love and wonder, she despis'd me,  
 Rebuk'd those haughty squires, her servants, that  
 Convey'd me thither in mistake, and cried,  
 She meant the more authentic gentleman,  
 The rev'rend monsieur, she !

THWACK. The rev'rend monsieur ?  
 Why, does she take me for a French Dean ?

ELD. PAL. Her confessor, at least : her secrets  
 are

Thine own, but, by what charms attain'd,  
Let him determine that has read Agrippa.

THWACK. Charms ! yes, sir, if this be a charm ?  
or this— *[Leaps and frisks.]*

Or here again, t' advance th' activity  
Of a poor old back ?

ELD. PAL. No apo, Sir Morglay,  
After a year's obedience to the whip,  
Is better qualified.

THWACK. Limber and sound, sir !  
Besides, I sing Little Musgrove ; and then  
For the Chevy Chase,† no lark comes near me  
If she be ta'en with these, why at her peril be't.

ELD. PAL. Come, sir, dispatch ! I'll knock, for  
here's the house.

THWACK. Stay, stay ! this lane, sure, has no  
great renown ;  
The house too, if the moon reveal't aright,  
May, for it's small magnificence be left,  
For aught we know, out of the city map.

ELD. PAL. Therein consists the miracle ; and  
when

The doors shall ope, and thou behold how lean  
And ragged every room appears, till thou hast  
Reach'd the sphere where she, illustrious, moves,  
Thy wonder will be more perplex'd ; for, know,  
This mansion is not her's, but a concealed  
Retirement, which her wisdom safely chose  
To hide her loose love.

THWACK. Give me a baggage that has brains !  
But, Pallatine,

Did not I at first persuade thee, those two  
Trim gentlemen, her squires, might happily

\* Cornelius Agrippa, who wrote *De Occulta Philosophia Libri tres*. (Col. 1533) He was born at Cologne 14 September 1486, and died either at Lyons or Grenoble 1535

† See both ballads in Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*

Mistake the person unto whom the message was  
Dispos'd, and that myself was he?

ELD. PAL. Thou didst! and thou hast got,  
knight, by this hand,

I think, the Mogul's niece: she cannot be  
Of less descent, the height and strangeness of  
Her port denote her foreign, and of great blood.

THWACK. What should the Mogul's niece do here?

ELD. PAL. 'Las, thy ears are buried in a wool sack;  
Thou hear'st no news! 'tis all the voice in court  
That she is sent hither in disguise to learn  
To play on the guitar, and make almond-butter.  
But whether this great lady that I bring  
Thee to, be she, is yet not quite confirm'd.

THWACK. Thou talk'st o' th' high and strange  
comportment that  
Thou found'st her in.

ELD. PAL. Right, sir! she sat on a rich Persian  
quilt,  
Threading a carcanet of pure round pearl,  
Bigger than pigeons' eggs.

THWACK. Those I will sell

ELD. PAL. Her maids, with little rods of rose-  
mary,  
And stalks of lavender, were brushing ermines'  
skins.

THWACK. Furs for the winter! I'll line my  
breeches with them.

ELD. PAL. Her young smooth pages lay round  
at her feet,  
Cloath'd like the Sophy's sons, and all at dice.  
The caster six wedges\* a cubit long,  
Cries one; another comes a tun of pistolets,†  
And then is cover'd with an argosy  
Laden with indigo and cochineal.

THWACK. This must be the great Mogul's niece.

\* Gages

† Spanish pistoles.

ELD. PAL As for her grooms, they all were  
planted on  
Their knees, carousing their great lady's health  
In perfum'd wines ; and then straight qualified  
Their wild voluptuous heats with cool sherbet,  
The Turk's own julep.

THWACK. Knock, Pallatine !  
Quick, rogue ! I cannot hold. Little thought I  
The Thwacks of the north should inoculate  
With the Moguls of the south. [*Pallatine knocks.*

*Enter SNORE.*

ELD. PAL. Speak softly, master constable ; I've  
brought  
The very he-bawd.

SNORE. Blessing on your heart, sir !  
My watch are above at Trea Trip\* for a

\* Sometimes spelt Tre-trip and usually Tray-trip. A game the nature of which is by no means clear. Stevens imagined it a game at cards, and Tyrwhitt a game at tables. Hawkins was of opinion that it was what was called Scotch Hop, an amusement of the lower classes, and he refers to Twelfth Night, Act II, Scene 5 Tyrwhitt's conjecture is the best, as it is verified by the following extract from Machiwell's Dogge, 1617, small 4to, signature B —

“ But leaving cardes, lett's go to dice awhile  
To passage, trei-tripe, hazard, or mum-chance,  
But subtile mates will simple minds beguile  
And blinde their eyes, with many a blinking glaunce  
Of cogges and stoppis, and such like devilish trickes,  
Full many a purse of gold and silver pickes  
And therefore first for Hazard, hee that list  
And passeth not, puts many to a blanke,  
And trippe without a traye makes hard I wist,  
To sitte and mourne among the sleeper's ranke  
And for mum-chance, howe'er the chance doe fall,  
You must be mum for fear of marring all ”

Halliwell, in his dictionary of Archaic Words, referring to “Taylor's Motto,” 1622, confirms Tyrwhitt in his supposition, that “Tray-Tiap” means “a game at dice.”—See Jasper Mayne's “City Match,” 1639, Act II., Scene IV —*Dodsley's Old Plays*, Vol IX, p 260, London 1825, 8vo In the fifth act of the present drama, Tea-Tiap is again referred to as played all



Black pudding and a pound o' Suffolk cheese ;  
They'll ha' done straight : pray fetch him to me,  
I'll call them down, and lead him to a by-room.

THWACK. Pallatine ! what's he ?

ELD. PAL. The lady's steward, sir,  
A sage philosopher, and a grave pander.  
One that hath writ bawdy sonnets in Hebrew,  
And those so well, that if the rabbins were  
Alive, 'tis thought he would corrupt their wives.  
Follow me, knight !

THWACK. Pallatine,  
Half the large treasure that I get is your's.

ELD. PAL. Good faith, my friend, when you are  
once possess'd  
Of all, 'tis as your conscience will vouchsafe.

THWACK. Dost thou suspect ? I'll stay here till  
thou fetch  
A bible and a cushion, and swear kneeling.

ELD. PAL. My faith shall rather cozen me.  
Walk in  
With this philosopher.—No words, for he's  
A Pythagorean,\* and professes silence.  
My ring, master constable.—

[SNORE gives him his ring, then exit with Thwack.  
Here yet my reputation's safe : should he  
Have heard of my mischance, and not accompanied  
With this defeat upon himself, his mirth  
And tyranny had been 'bove human sufferance.  
Now for the Lady Ample ; she, I guess,  
Looks on me with strong fervent eyes : she's rich,  
And, could I work her into profit, 'twould  
Procure my wit immortal memory.  
But to be gull'd ! and by such trifles too,  
Dull humble gentlemen, that ne'er drunk wine  
night with a lanthorn on a stall, for "ale, cheese, and pudding "  
See page 202.

\* Alluding to the seven years' silence imposed by Pythagoras  
on his disciples.

But on some coronation-day, when each  
 Conduit pisses claret at the town charge.  
 Well, though 'tis worse than steel or marble to  
 Digest, yet I have learn'd, one stop in a career  
 Taints not a rider with disgrace,  
 But may procure him breath to win the race  
[*Exit.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE, ENGINE, MEAGER,  
 PERT; *Pallatine richly clouth'd.*

ENG. Your brother's in the house, the letter  
 which

I sent to tempt him hither wrought above  
 The reach of our desires. My lady, sir,  
 He does believe is sick to death, and all  
 In languishment for his dear love.

Y. PAL. Pert and Meager, though you have both  
 good faces,  
 They must not be seen here: there is below  
 A brother o' mine, whom, I take it, you  
 Have us'd not over tenderly.

MEA. 'Slight, he must needs remember us

PERT. We'll sooner stay t' outface a basilisk.\*

\* "A distinction must be taken between the basilisk (or cockatrice) of Scripture, and that which is so-called by modern naturalists. Under the name of basilisk is at present designated a genus of reptiles of the *Saurian* order, which exhibit many affinities with the *iguanes* and *monitors*. No animal, perhaps, has been the subject of so great a number of prejudices as the one now under consideration. The most ancient authors have spoken of the basilisk as of a serpent which had the power of striking its victim dead by a single glance, others have pretended that it could not exercise this faculty unless it first perceived the object of its vengeance before it was itself perceived by it. Aldrovandus, and several other writers, have given figures of it. They have represented it with eight feet, a crown on the head, and a hooked and re-curved beak. Pliny assures us that the serpent named Basilisk

Whither shall we go ?

Y. PAL. To Snore, the constable Morglay is still

A prisoner in his house ; take order for's  
Release, as I projected ; but, d' you hear ?  
He must not free him till I come.

PERT. Pall, will the dull ruler of the night, Pall,  
Obey thy edict ?

Y. PAL. His wife will, and she's his constable,  
Name me but to her, and she does homage.

MEA. Enough, we will attend thee there

ENG. This way, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Engine, Pert, Meager.*]

*Enter ELDER PALLATINE.*

ELD. PAL. What's this ? an apparition, a ghost  
embroider'd ?

Sure he has got the devil for his tailor.

Y. PAL. Good morrow, brother, morrow !

ELD. PAD. You are in glory, sir ; I like this  
flourishing !

The lily, too, looks handsome for a month ;  
But you, I hope, will last out the whole year

Y. PAL. What flourishing ? O sir, belike you  
mean

My cloathes : th' are rags, coarse homely rags,  
believ't ;

Yet they will serve for th' winter, sir, when I  
Ride post in Sussex ways.

ELD. PAL. This gaiety denotes  
Some solitary treasure in the pocket,  
And so you may become a lender too.

has a voice so terrible, that it strikes terror into all other species—that it thus chases them from the spot which it inhabits, and of which it retains the sole and undisputed dominion ”  
—*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom*, vol. ix. p. 226 *Basilisk*, in Greek, signifies “ Royal.”

You know I'm far from home.

Y. PAL. I'll lend nothing but good counsel and wit

ELD. PAL. Why sure you have no factors, sir, in  
Delph,

Leghorn, Aleppo, or th' Venetian Isles,  
That by their traffick can advance you thus ;  
Nor do you trade i' th' city by retail  
In our small wares : all that you get by law  
Is but a doleful execution after arrest ,  
And, for your power in court !

I know, your stockings being on, you are  
Admitted in the presence.

Y. PAL. What does this infer, brother ?  
Men of design are chary of their minutes ,  
Be quick and subtle.

ELD. PAL. The inference is  
You prosper by my documents ; and what  
You have achiev'd must be by your good wits.

Y. PAL. If you had had a sibyl to your nurse,  
You could not, sir, have aim'd nearer the truth.  
I saw your ears and bags were shut to all  
Intents of bounty, therefore was enforc'd  
Into this way : and 'twas at first somewhat  
Against my conscience too

ELD. PAL. If not to vex  
The zealous spirit in you, I would know why ?

Y. PAL. Good faith I've search'd records, and  
cannot find

That Magna Charta does allow a subject  
To live by his wits . there is no statute for't.

ELD. PAL. Your common lawyer was no anti-  
quary.

Y. PAL. And then, credit me, sir, the canons of  
The church authorize no such thing.

ELD. PAL. You have met with a dull civilian too.

Y. PAL. Yet, brother, these impediments cannot  
Choke up my way ; I must still on !

ELD. PAL. And you believe the stories of young heirs

Enforc'd to sign at midnight, to appease  
The sword-man's wrath, may be out-done by you ?

Y. PAL. I were unkind else to my own good parts.

ELD. PAL. And that your wit has power to tempt  
from the

Severe, grave bench, the aldermen themselves ;  
To rifle where you please, for scarfs, feathers,  
And for race nags ?

Y. PAL. It is believ'd, sir, in a trice.

ELD. PAL. And that your wit can lead our  
rev'rend matrons,  
And testy widows of fourscore, to seal,  
And in their smocks, for frail commodities\*  
To elevate your punk.

Y. PAL. All this, sir, is so easy,  
My faith would swallow 't, though 't had a sore  
throat

ELD. PAL. Give me thy hand ! This day I'll  
cut off the entail  
Of all my lands, and disinherit thee.

Y. PAL. Will you, Sir ? I thank ye.

ELD. PAL. But mark me, brother : for there's  
justice in't  
Admits of no reproof : what should you do  
With land, that have a portion in your brain  
Above all legacies or heritage ?

Y. PAL. I conceive you.

ELD. PAL. O, to live here i' th' fair metropolis  
Of our great isle, a free inheritor

\* Wares taken in payment by needy persons, who borrowed money of usurers. "Commodity" also means "interest" The interpretation of this sentence may be that "even during the night, Palatine could cause the old ladies to rise from bed to lend him money on his personal bond, or to seal a bond in security to a low, unconscientious money-lender, for the advantage of his temporary mistress

Of ev'ry modest, or voluptuous wish  
 Thy young desires can breathe ; and not oblig'd  
 To th' plough-man's toils, or lazy reaper's sweat ;  
 To make the world thy farm, and ev'ry man,  
 Less witty than thyself, tenant for life ;  
 These are the glories that proclaim a true  
 Philosophy and soul in him that climbs  
 To reach them with neglect of fame and life.

Y. PAL. He carries it bravely ! As he had felt  
 Nothing that fits his own remorse but know,  
 Sir Eagle, th' higher that you fly, the less  
 You will appear to us, dim-sighted fowl,  
 That flutter here below. Brother, farewell !  
 They say the lady of this house groans for  
 Your love : the tame sick fool is rich, let not  
 Your pride beguile your profit. [Exit.

ELD. PAL. I suspect him. Not all the skill I  
 have,  
 In reason or in nature, can pronounce  
 Him free from the defeat upon my gold  
 And jewels ; 'twas like a brother. But for  
 His two confederates, though I should meet  
 Them in a mist, darker than night, or southern  
 fens  
 Produce, my eyes would be so courteous sure,  
 To let me know them.

*Enter* LADY AMPLE, *carried in as sick on a couch* ;  
 LUCY, ENGINE, GINET.

ENG. Room ! more air ! if heavenly ministers  
 Have leisure to consider or assist  
 The best of ladies, let them shew it now !

LUCY. How do you, madam ? Oh, I shall lose  
 The chief example of internal love,  
 Of gentle grace and feature, that the world  
 Did ever shew, to dignify our sex.

ENG. Work on ! I must stand centinel beneath.

ELD. PAL. Is her disease grown up to such extremity ? [Exit.

Then it is time I seem to suffer too,  
Or else my hopes will prove sicker than she

LUCY. More cruel than the panther on his prey !  
Why speak you not ? No comfort from your lips ?

You, sir, that are the cause of this sad hour.

GIN. He stands as if his legs had taken root ;  
A very mandrake.\*

ELD. PAL. How comes it, lady, all these  
Beauties that but yesterday did seem to teach  
The spring to flourish and rejoice, so soon  
Are wither'd from our sight ?

AMP. It is in vain t'inquire the reason of  
That grief, whose remedy is past. Had you  
But felt so much remorse, or softness in  
Your heart, as would have made you nobly just  
And pitiful, the mourners of this day  
Had wanted then their dead to weep upon.

ELD. PAL. Am I the cause ? Forbid it, gentle  
Heaven !

The virgins of our land, when this is told,  
Will raze the monumental building where  
My buried flesh shall dwell, and throw my dust  
Before the sportive winds, till I am blown  
About in parcels, less than eye-sight can  
Discern.

LUCY. She listens to you, sir.

ELD. PAL. If I am guilty of neglect,  
Give me a taste of duty, name how far  
I shall submit to love : the mind hath no  
Disease above recovery, if we have courage  
To remove despair.

\* A very mandrake See vol 1, p. 39.

AMP. O, sir, the pride and scorns with which  
you first  
Did entertain my passions and regard,  
Have worn my easy heart away : my breast  
Is emptier than mine eyes, that have distill'd  
Their balls to funeral dew. It is too late.

LUCY. Ginet, my fears have in them too much  
prophecy ;  
I told thee she would ne'er recover.

GIN. For my poor part, I wish no easier bed  
At night, than the cold grave where she must lie !

AMP. Luce, Luce ! intreat the gentleman to sit.

LUCY. Sit near her, sir, you hear her voice  
grows weak.

AMP. That you may see your scorns could not  
persuade  
My love to thoughts of danger or revenge,  
The faint remainder of my breath I'll waste  
In legacies ; and, sir, to you, you shall  
Have all the laws will suffer me to give.

ELD. PAL. Who, I ? sweet saint, take heed of  
your last deeds ;  
Your bounty carries cunning murder in't :  
I shall be kill'd with kindness, and depart  
Weeping, like a fond infant, whom the nurse  
Would soothe too early to his bed.

LUCY. Nay, sir, no remedy ; you must have all.  
Though you procur'd her death, the world shall not  
Report she died beholden to you.

GIN. Go to her, sir, she'll speak with you again.

AMP. Sir, if mine eyes, in all their health and  
glory,  
Had not the power to warm you into love,  
Where are my hopes, now they are dim, and have  
Almost forgot the benefit of light ?

ELD. PAL. Not love ! lady ! Queen of my heart !  
What oaths or execrations can persuade your faith



From such a cruel jealousy ?

AMP. I'd have some testimony, sir ; if but  
T' assure the world, my love, and bounty at  
My death, were both conferr'd on one that shew'd  
So much requital, as declares he was  
Of gentle human race.

ELD. PAL. What shall I do ?  
Prescribe me dangers now, horrid as those  
Which midnight fires beget in o'ergrown cities,  
Or winter's storms produce at sea ; and try  
How far my love will make me venture to  
Augment th' esteem of your's.

AMP. That trial of your love which I request,  
Implies no danger, sir : 'tis not in me  
T' urge any thing, but what your own desires  
Would chuse.

ELD. PAL. Name it ! like eager mastiffs, chain'd  
From the encounter of their game, my hot  
Fierce appetite diminisheth my strength.

AMP. 'Tis only this : for fear some other should  
Enjoy you when I'm cold in my last sleep,  
I would entreat you to sit here, grow sick,  
Languish, and die with me.

ELD. PAL. How ! die with you ?  
[*Takes Lucy aside.*  
'Twere fit you hasten'd her to write down all  
She can bestow, and in some form of law.  
I fear she's mad ; her senses are so lost,  
She'll never find them to her use again.

LUCY. I pray, sir, why ?

ELD. PAL. Did you not hear what a fantastic suit  
She makes, that I would sit and die with her ?

LUCY. Does this request seem strange ? You will  
Do little for a lady, that deny to bring her  
Onward her last journey ; or is't your thrift ?  
Alas, you know, souls travel without charge.

ELD. PAL. [*Aside*] Her little skull is tainted too.

AMP. Is he not willing, Luce ?

ELD. PAL. My best, dear lady, I am willing to  
Resign myself to any thing but death.

Do not suspect my kindness now : in troth,  
I've business upon earth will hold me here  
At least a score or two of years ; but, when  
That's done, I am content to follow you.

AMP. If this persuasion cannot reach at your  
Consent, yet let me witness so much love  
In you, as may enforce you languish and  
Decay for my departure from your sight.

LUCY. Can you do less than languish for her death ?  
Sit down here, and begin. True sorrow, sir,  
If you have any in your breast, will quickly  
Bring you low enough.

ELD. PAL. Alas, good ladies, do you think my  
languishment  
And grief is to begin upon me now ?  
Heaven knows how I have pined and groan'd, since  
first

Your letter gave me knowledge of the cause.

LUCY. It is not seen, sir, in your face.

ELD. PAL. My face ! I grant you ; I bate\* inwardly :  
I'm scorch'd and dry'd, with sighing, to a mummy :  
My heart and liver are not big enough  
To choke a daw. A lamb laid on the altar for  
A sacrifice, hath much more entrails in't.

LUCY. Yet still your sorrow alters not your face.

ELD. PAL. Why no ; I say, no man that ever was  
Of nature's making, hath a face moulded  
With less help for hypocrisy than mine.

GIN. Great pity, sir !

ELD. PAL. Though I endur'd the diet† and the flux,

\* Contend Diminish—

“ Hys countenance did he never bate  
But kept hym styll in a state ”

*Archæologia*, xxi 74.

† See ante, p. 5.

Lay seven days buried up to th' lips, like a  
 Diseas'd sad Indian, in warm sand,\* whilst his  
 Afflicted female wipes his salt foam off  
 With her own hair, feeds him with buds of guacum†  
 For his salad, and pulp of salsa‡ for  
 His bread: I say, all this endur'd, would not  
 Concern my face Nothing can decline that.

AMP. Yet you are us'd, sir, to bate inwardly?

ELD. PAL. More than heirs unlanded, or unjoin-  
 tur'd wives.

*Enter ENGINE.*

ENG. What shall we do? Sir Tyrant Thrift's  
 come home!

ELD. PAL. Sir Tyrant Thrift!

LUCY. My lady's guardian, sir.

AMP. He meets th' expected hour just to my wish

LUCY. What! hath he brought a husband for my  
 lady?

ENG. There is a certain one-legg'd gentleman,  
 Whose better half of limbs is wood; for whom  
 Kind nature did provide no hands, to prevent  
 Stealing; and, to augment his gracefulness,  
 He's crooked as a witch's pin.

LUCY. Is he so much wood?

ENG. So much, that if my lady were in health,  
 And married to him, as her guardian did propose,  
 We should have an excellent generation  
 Of bed-staves.

LUCY. When does he come?

ENG. To-night, if his slow litter will consent;  
 For they convey him tenderly, lest his

\* Dr. Graham, a celebrated quack of the end of last century,  
 adopted "Earth-bathing" for the cure of various diseases. He  
 was also famous for his "Celestial bed," a bed in which water  
 took the place of feathers, and which was intended to counter-  
 act sterility

† *Guarucum*.—A physical wood, attenuant and aperient.

‡ Query, *Sassafras*!—A tree, the wood of which is medicinal

Sharp bones should grate together. Sir Pallatine,  
I wish you could escape my master's sight.

ELD. PAL. Is he coming hither ?

ENG. He's at the door ! My lady's sickness was  
No sooner told him, but he straight projects  
To proffer her a will of his own making .

He means, sir, to be heir of all. If he  
Should see you here, he would suspect my loyalty,  
And doubt you for some cunning instrument,  
That means to interrupt his covetous hopes.

ELD. PAL. Then I'll be gone.

ENG. No, sir ; he needs must meet you in  
Your passage down : besides, it is not fit  
For you, and your great hopes, with my dependency  
On both, to have you absent when my lady dies .  
I know you must have all. Sir, I could wish  
That we might hide you here.—

Draw out the chest within ! that's big enough  
To hold you. It were dangerous to have  
My lady's guardian to find you, sir !

*[They draw in a chest.]*

ELD. PAL. How ! laid up like a brush'd gown,  
under lock  
And key ! By this good light, not I.

LUCY. O sir, if but to save the honour of  
Your mistress' fame ! What will he think to see  
So comely, and so straight a gentleman  
Converse here with a lady in her chamber ?  
And in a time that makes for his suspicion too,  
When he's from home.

ELD. PAL. I hate inclosure, I ;  
It is the humour of a distress'd rat.

GIN. It is retirement, sir ; and you'll come forth  
Again so sage !

AMP. Sir Pallatine !

LUCY. Your lady calls, sir ! To her, and be kind.

AMP. Will you permit the last of all my hours

Should be defil'd with infamy, proclaim'd  
By lewder tongues to be unchaste, ev'n at  
My death ? What will my guardian guess to find  
You here ?

ELD. PAL. No more, I'll in ! but think on't,  
gentle lady ;  
First to bate inwardly, and then to have  
My outward person shut thus and enclos'd  
From day-light, and your company ; I say,  
But think, if't be not worse than death.

*[He enters the chest.]*

AMP. Lock him up, Luce, safe as thy maidenhead

*Enter Sir TYRANT THRIFT.*

THRIFT. Engine, where's my charge, Engine, my  
dear charge ?

ENG. Sick, as I told you, sir ; and lost to all  
The hope that earthly med'cine can procure.  
Her physicians have taken their last fees,  
And then went hence, shaking their empty heads,  
As they had left less brain than hope.

THRIFT. Alas, poor charge ! come, let me see  
her, Engine.

LUCY. At distance, sir, I pray ; for I have heard  
Your breath is somewhat sour with overfasting, sir,  
On holiday eyes.

THRIFT. Ha ! what is she, Engine ?

ENG. A pure goodsoul, one that your ward desir'd,  
For love and kindred's sake, t' have near her at  
Her death ; she'll outwatch a long rush candle,  
And reads to her all night "the Posie of  
Spiritual flowers."

THRIFT. Does she not gape for legacies ?

ENG. Fie, no ! there's a cornelian ring, perhaps,  
She aims at, cost ten groats ; or a wrought snock  
My lady made now 'gainst her wedding, sir ;  
Trifles, which maids desire to weep upon

With funeral tales, after a midnight posset.

THRIFT. Thou saidst below, she hath made me her heir.

ENG. Of all, ev'n to her slippers and her pins.

AMP. Luce, methought, Luce, I heard my guardian's voice !

ENG. It seems her senses are grown warm again ; Your presence will recover her.

THRIFT. Will it recover her ? then I'll be gone.

ENG. No sir ; she'll straight grow cold again.

On ! on ! she looks that you would speak to her.

THRIFT. Alas, poor charge ! I little thought to see This doleful day.

AMP. We all are mortal, sir.

THRIFT. I've taken care and labour to provide A husband for thee ; he's in's litter now, Hastening to town : a fine young gentleman, Only a little rumped in the womb, With falls his mother took after his making.

AMP. Death is my husband now ! but yet I thank

You for your tender pains, and wish you would Continue it ; in quiet, governing my legacies. When I am past the power to see it, sir, You shall enjoy all.

THRIFT. This will occasion more church building, And raising of new hospitals : there were Enow before ; but, charge, you'll have it so.

AMP. I'll make, sir, one request ; which I have hope You'll grant, in thankfulness to all my bounty.

THRIFT. O, dear charge ! any thing : your cousin here Shall witness the consent and act.

AMP. Because I would not have my vanities Remain, as fond examples, to persuade An imitation in those ladies that

Succeed my youthful pride i' th' town ; my plumes,  
Fantastic flowers, and chains, my haughty rich  
Embroideries, my gaudy gowns, and wanton jewels,  
I have lock'd within a chest.

LUCY. There, sir, there the chest stands !

AMP. And I desire it may be buried with me.

THRIFT. Engine, take care, Engine, to see it done.

AMP. Now sir, I beseech you leave me ; for 'twill  
But make my death more sorrowful, thus to  
Continue my converse with one I so much love,  
And must forsake at last

THRIFT. Alack, alack ! bury her to-night, Engine.

ENG. Not, sir, unless she dies. Her ancestors  
Have sojourn'd long here in St Barthol'mew's,  
And there's a vault i' th' parish church, kept only  
For her family : she must be buried there.

THRIFT. Ay, Engine, ay ! and let me see ; the  
church,

Thou know'st, joins to my house : a good prevention  
From a large walk ; 'twill save the charge of torch-  
light

ENG. What funeral guests ? the neighbours, sir,  
will look

To be invited.

THRIFT. No more than will suffice

To carry down the corpse ; and, thou know'st,  
Engine,

She is no great weight.

ENG. And what to entertain them, sir ?

THRIFT. A little rosemary, which thou mayst steal  
From th' Temple garden ; and as many comfits  
As might serve to christen a watchman's bastard :  
'Twill be enough.

ENG. This will not do ; your citizen  
Is a most fierce devourer, sir, of plums :  
Six will destroy as many as can make  
A banquet for an army.

THRIFT. I'll have no more, Engine,  
I'll have no more ! nor, d'ye hear, no burnt wine.  
I do not like this drinking healths to th' memory  
O' th' dead ; it is prophane.

ENG. You are obey'd :  
But, sir, let me advise you now, to trust  
The care and benefit of all your fate  
Presents you in this house, to my discretion ;  
And get you instantly to horse again.

THRIFT. Why, Engine ? speak !

ENG. In brief, you know, that all  
The writings which concern your ward's estate  
Lie at her lawyer's, fifteen miles from hence.  
Your credit, he not knowing, sir, she's sick,  
Will eas'ly tempt them to your own possession :  
Which, once enjoy'd, y' are free from all litigious  
suits

His envy might incense her kindred to.

THRIFT. Enough, Engine ; I am gone !

ENG. If you should meet the crooked lover in  
His litter, sir, as 'tis in your own road,  
You may persuade him move like a crab, backward ;\*  
For here's no mixture but with worms.

THRIFT. 'Tis well thought on, Engine ! farewell,  
Engine !

Be faithful, and be rich.

ENG. My breeding and  
Good-manners, sir, teach me t' attend your bounty.

THRIFT. But, Engine, I could wish she would  
Be sure to die to-night.

ENG. Alas, good soul ! I'll undertake  
She shall do any thing to please you, sir.

[Exit Thrift.]

AMP. Engine, thou hast wrought above the power

\* "You yourself, sir, should be as old as I am,  
If, like a crab you could go backward."

Shakespeare

Crabs move, not backward but sideways



Of accident, or art.

ENG If you consider't with a just  
And lib'ral brain : first, to prevent  
Th' access and tedious visits of the fiend,  
His love-sick monster ; and then rid him hence  
Upon a journey, to preserve this house  
Empty, and free to celebrate the rest  
Of our designs.

LUCY. This, Engine, is thy holiday.

*[Lucy knocks at the chest.]*

What ho ! Sir Pallatine, are you within ?

ELD. PAL. Is Sir Tyrant Thrift gone ? open,  
lady, open !

LUCY. The casement, sir I will ; a little to  
Increase your witship's allowance of air ;

*[Opens a wicket at the end of the chest.]*

But th' troth, for liberty of limbs, you may  
As soon expect it in a galley, sir,  
After six murders and a rape.

ELD. PAL. How, lady of the lawn !

LUCY. Sir Launcelot,  
You may believe't, if your discreet faith please.  
This tenement is cheap ; here you shall dwell,  
Keep home and be no wanderer.

ELD. PAL. The pox take me if I like this ! Sure,  
when

Th' advice of th' ancients is but ask'd they'll say  
I am now worse than in the state of a bawd.

ENG. D' you know this lady, sir ?

ELD. PAL. The Lady Ample !

Her veil's off too, and in the lusty garb  
Of health and merriment. Now shall I grow  
As modest as a snail, that in's affliction  
Shrinks up himself and's horns into his shell,  
Asham'd still to be seen.

AMP. Could'st thou believe,  
Thou bearded babe, thou dull engenderer !

Male rather in the back than in the brain ,  
That I could sicken for thy love ? for th' cold  
Society of a thin northern wit.

ELD. PAL. [*Sings.*] *Then Trojans wail, with great  
remorse,  
The Greeks are locked i' th' wooden horse.\**

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE.

LUCY. Pall, come in, Pall, 'tis done ! the spacious  
man

Of land is now contented with his own length.

AMPLE Your brother's come to see you, sir.

ELD. PAL. Brother ! Mad girls these ! could'st  
thou believe't, sirrah ?

I am coffin'd up, like a salmon pie,  
New sent from De'nshire, for a token. Come,  
Break up the chest !

Y. PAL. Stay, brother ! whose chest is it ?

ELD. PAL. Thou'lt ask more questions than a  
constable

In's sleep : pr'ythee dispatch !

Y. PAL. Brother, I can

But mark the malice and the envy of  
Your nature : I am no sooner exalted  
To rich possessions and a glorious mien,  
But straight you tempt me to a forfeiture  
Of all ;—to commit felony, break open chests !

ELD. PAL. O, for dame Patience, the fool's  
mistress !

Y. PAL. Brother, you have pray'd well, Heaven  
send her you !

You must forsake you own fair fertile soil,  
To live here by your wits !

LUCY. And dream, sir, of  
Enjoying goodly ladies, six yards high,  
With satin trains behind them, ten yards long.

\* Two lines of an ancient ballad

AMP. Cloth'd all in purple, and embroidered with  
Embossments wrought in imagery; the works  
O' th' ancient poets drawn into similitude,  
And cunning shape.

GIN. And this attain'd, sir, by your wits!

Y. PAL. Nothing could please your haughty  
palate  
But the muskatelli, and Frontiniac grape!  
Your Turin and your Tuscan veal, with red  
Legg'd partridge of the Genoa hills.

ENG. With your broad liver o' th' Venetian goose,  
Fatten'd by a Jew, and your aged carp,  
Bred i'th' Geneva lake.

AMP. LUCY. GIN. All this maintain'd, sir, by  
your wits.

ENG. And then your talk'd, sir, of you snails  
ta'en from  
The dewy marble quarries of Carrara,  
And sous'd in Lucca oil; with cream of Switzerland,  
And Genoa paste.

Y. PAL. Your angelots of Brie;\*  
Your Marsolini, and Parmasan of Lodi,  
Your Malamucka melons, and Sicilian dates;  
And then to close your proud voluptuous maw,  
Marmalade made by the cleanly nuns of Lisbon.†

AMP. LUCY. GIN. And still thus feasted by your  
wits!

ELD. PAL. Deafen'd with tyranny! is there no  
end?

\* Skinner, in his *Etymologicon*, voce *angelot*, says, that the cheese known by that name is brought from Normandy, and he supposes it to have been so called from some person of the name of *Angelot* or *Angelo*, who first made, and perhaps impressed it with his own name or mark.

† This obtains still. The manufacture, however, has always been confined to one convent at Lisbon, which, until Napoleon's invasion, had long been celebrated for its antique gates of pure silver. A prize of such value was too attractive to escape the rapacity of the avaricious Corsican.

AMP Yes, sir, an end of you: you shall be now  
Convey'd into a close dark vault; there keep  
My silent grandsire company, and all  
The music of your groans engross to your own ears

ELD. PAL. How! buried, and alive!

Y. PAL. Brother, your hand!

Farewell, I'm for the north: the fame of this,  
Your voluntary death, will there be thought  
Pure courtesy to me; I mean to take  
Possession, sir, and patiently converse  
With all those hinds, those herds, and flocks,  
That you disdain'd in fullness of your wit.

LUCY. Help, Pall, to carry him! he takes it  
heavily.

ELD. PAL. I'll not endure't —fire! murder! fire!  
Treason! murder! treason! fire!

AMP. Alas, you are not heard!  
The house contains none but ourselves.

*[Exeunt, carrying out the chest.]*

## SCENE II

*Enter THWACK, PERT, MEAGER.*

PERT. We bring you, sir, commends from  
Pallatine.

THWACK. I had as lieve y' had brought it from  
the devil,  
Together with his horns boil'd to a jelly,  
For a cordial against lust.

MEA. We mean the younger Pallatine; one, sir,  
That loves your person, and laments this chance,  
Which his false brother hath exposed you to.

PERT. And, as we told you, sir, by his command,  
We have compounded with the constable;  
In whose dark house y' are now a prisoner.  
But, sir, take't on my faith, you must dishuise,  
For gold is a restorative, as well

To liberty as health.\*

THWACK. And you believe,  
It seems, that your small, tiny officer  
Will take his unction in the palm, as lovingly  
As your exalted grandee, that awes all  
With hideous voice and face?

PERT. Even so the moderns render it.

THWACK. But, gentlemen, you ask a hundred  
pounds;  
'Tis all I've left.

PERT. Sir, do but think  
What a prodigious blemish it will be  
Both to your ingenuity and fame,  
To be betray'd by one that is believ'd  
No wittier than yourself, and lie imprison'd  
For a bawd.

THWACK. Sir, name it not! you kill me through  
the ear.  
I'd rather, sir, you'd take my mother from  
Her grave, and put her to do penance in  
Her winding-sheet. There is the sum!

MEA. I'll in, sir, and discharge you. [*Exit Meuger.*]

THWACK. These carnal mulcts and tributes are  
design'd  
Only to such vain people as have land.  
Are you and your friend landed, sir?

PERT. Such land as we can share, sir, in the map.

THAWCK. Lo' you there now! These live by  
their wits.

Why should not I take the next key I meet,

\* Anthony Wood says, that Dr William Butler, the great physician of Cambridge, coming to visit Francis Tresham "*as his fashion was, gave him a piece of very pure gold to put in his mouth; and upon taking out that gold, Butler said he was poisoned.*" 1 Athenæ Oxon 329. Potable gold appears to have been a considerable article in the *Materia Medica*. In *Baker's Practise of the new and old physick*, 1599, p. 440. &c, it is esteemed a specific in a vast number of disorders—See note page 72 of vol 1.

And open this great head, to try if there  
Be any brains left, but sour curds and plum-  
broth?

Cozen'd in my youth! cozen'd in my age!  
Sir, do you judge, if I have cause to curse  
This false inhuman town. When I was young,  
I was arrested for a stale commodity  
Of nut-crackers, long-gigs, and casting-tops: '  
Now I am old, imprison'd for a bawd.

PERT. These are sad tales.

THWACK. I will write down to th' country, to  
dehort†

The gentry from coming hither, letters  
Of strange dire news; you shall disperse them, sir.

PERT. Most faithfully.

THWACK. That there are Lents,  
Six years long, proclaim'd by th' State:  
That our French and Deal Wines are poison'd so  
With brimstone by the Hollander, that they  
Will only serve for med'cine to recover  
Children of the itch, and there is not left  
Sack enough to mull for a parson's cold.

PERT. This needs must terrify.

THWACK. That our theatres are raz'd down; and  
where  
They stood, hoarse midnight lectures preach'd by  
wives  
Of comb-makers, and midwives of Tower-wharf.

PERT. 'Twill take impregnably.

THWACK. And that a new plantation, sir, mark me,  
Is made i' th' Covent Garden, from the sutlery  
O' th' German camps and the suburbs of Paris;  
Where such a salt disease reigns, as will make

\* Query —May not this mean?—"for a common prostitute who had stood in the Pillory, convicted of snaring birds with a 'gig' (or decoy made of goose feather-), and of cheating at dice play."

† Dissuade

Sassafras dearer than unicorn's horn.\*

PERT. This cannot chuse but fright the gentry hence,

And more impoverish the town, than a  
Subversion of their fair of Barthol'mew,  
The absence of the terms and court.

THWACK. You shall, if my projections thrive,  
In less, sir, than a year,  
Stable your horses in the new exchange,  
And graze them in the old.

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE, MEAGER, QUEASY,  
SNORE, MISTRESS SNORE.

PERT. Jog off! there's Pall, treating for your liberty.

Y. PAL. The canopy, the hangings, and the bed,  
Are worth more than your rent: Come, y' are over-  
paid!

Besides, the gentleman's betray'd; he is no bawd!

SNORE. Truly a very civil gentleman;  
'Las, he hath only roar'd, and sworn, and curs'd,  
Since he was ta'en: no bawdry, I'll assure ye.

M. SNORE. Gossip Queasy, what a good 'yer †  
would ye have?

QUE. I am content, if you and I were friends.

Y. PAL. Come, come, agree; 'tis I that ever  
bleed,  
And suffer in your wars.

M. SNORE. Sweet Master Pallatine, hear me but  
speak!

Have I not often said, Why, neighbour Queasy,  
Come to my house; besides, your daughter Mall,  
You know, last pompion-time, dined with me  
thrice!

When my child's best yellow stockings were miss-  
ing,

\* See vol. 1, p. xlix.

† *Goodger*—A devil.

And a new pewter porringer, mark'd with P. L.

SNORE. Ay ! for Elizabeth Snore.

M. SNORE. The pewterer that mark'd it was my uncle.

QUE Why, did my daughter steal your goods ?

M. SNORE. You hear me say nothing ; but there is

As bad as this, I warrant you, learnt at  
The bakehouse. I'll have an oven o' mine own shortly.

Y. PAL. Come, no more words ! there's to reconcile you,

In burnt wine and cake. Go, get you all in !  
I'm full of business and strange mystery.

[*Exeunt Snore, Mistress Snore, Queasy.*]

MEA. A hundred, Pall : 'twas all his store . it lies  
Here, my brave boy, warm and secure in pouch.

PERT. We'll share't anon.—What need you  
blush, Sir Morglay,

Like a maid newly undone in a dark  
Entry ? There are disasters, sure, as bad  
As your's recorded in the city annals.

THWACK. Your brother is a gentleman  
Of a most even and blessed composition, sir ;  
His very blood is made of holy-water,  
Less salt than almond-milk.\*

Y PAL. My silly apprehensions were despis'd ;  
Y' would be his disciple, and follow him  
In a new path, unknown to his own feet.  
Yet I've walk'd in it since, and prosper'd, as  
You see, without or land or tenement.

THWACK. 'Tis possible to live b' our wits ! that is  
As evident as light ; no human learning  
Shall advise me from that faith.

Y. PAL. Sir Knight, what will you give worthy  
my brain

\* See ante, p. 120



And me, if, after a concealment of  
 Your present shame, I can advise you how  
 T' achieve such store of wealth and treasure as  
 Shall keep you here, th' exemplar glory of the town,  
 A long whole year, without relief or charge  
 From your own rents ? This, I take it, was  
 The whole pride, at which, some few days since,  
 Your fancy aim'd.

THWACK. This was, sir, in the hours of haughti-  
 ness

And hope ; but now—

Y. PAL. I'll do 't, whilst my poor brother, too,  
 Low, and declin'd, shall see and envy it.

THWACK. Live in full port ? observ'd and  
 wonder'd at ;

Wine ever flowing in large Saxon romekins \*  
 About my board ? with your soft sarsnet smock  
 At night, and foreign music to entrance ?

Y. PAL. All this, and more than thy invention  
 Can invite thee to.

THWACK. I'll make thee heir of my estate !  
 Take my right hand, and your two friends  
 For witnesses.

Y. PAL. Enough ! hear me with haste :—  
 The Lady Ample's dead ! Nay, there are things  
 Have chanc'd since your concealment far more fit  
 For wonder, sir, than this. Out of a silly piety,  
 T' avoid a thirst of gold and gaudy pride  
 I th' world, sh'ath buried with her in a chest,  
 Her jewels and her clothes : besides, as I'm  
 Inform'd by Luce, my wise intelligence,  
 Five thousand pounds in gold ; a legacy,  
 Left by her aunt, more than her guardian knew.

THWACK. Well, what of this ?

Y. PAL. Yourself and I, join'd, sir, in a most  
 firm

\* Drinking cups—goblets

And loyal league, may rob this chest.

THWACK. Marry, and will !

Y. PAL. Then, when your promise is but ratified,  
Take all the treasure for your own expense !

THWACK. Come, let us go ! my fingers burn till  
they

Are telling it ; the night will grow upon's !

Only you and I, I'll not trust new faces.

Dismiss these gentlemen !

Y. PAL. At the next street, sir.

THWACK. This is at least a girn \* of fortune, if  
Not a fair smile. I'm still for my old problem,  
Since the living rob me, I'll rob the dead.

Y. PAL. On, my delicious Pert ; now is the time  
To make our purses swell, and spirits climb.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE, AMPLE, LUCY,  
ENGINE, *with a torch.*

Y. PAL. Engine, draw out the chest, and ope the  
wicket ;

Let us not hinder him the air, since 'tis  
Become his food.

ELD PAL. Who's there ? what are you ? speak !

AMP. A brace of mourning virgins, sir, that had  
You died in love, and in your wits, would now  
Have brought roses and lilies, buds of the brier,  
And summer pinks, to strew upon your hearse.

ELD. PAL. Then you resolve me dead !

\* "Girn" in Scotland and in the northern parts of England, is nearly equivalent to "grin," although a "girn" is more broadly expressed, such as that a caged wild beast, when disturbed or near starvation point, might indicate "Girn," in Scotch, also means "a snare for birds"

LUCY. 'Twere good that you would so resolve yourself.

Y. PAL. She counsels you to wise and severe thoughts :

Why, you are no more mortified\* than men  
That are about to dance the morrice.†

ELD. PAL. Ladies, and brother too, whom I begin

To worship now for tenderness of heart,  
Can you believe I am so leaden, stupid,  
And so very a fish, to think you dare  
Thus murder me in bravery of mirth ?  
You have gone far : part of my suff'rance I  
Confess a justice to me.

AMP. O, do you so ?

Have your heart and brain met upon that point,  
And render'd you silly to your own thoughts ?

ELD. PAL. Somewhat mistaken i' th' projection of  
My journey hither. Three hours in a chest,  
Among the dead, will profit more than three  
Years in a study, 'mongst fathers, school-men,  
And philosophers.

Y. PAL. And y' are persuaded now, that there  
is, relative  
To th' maintaining of a poor younger brother,  
Something besides his wits ?

ELD. PAL. 'Tis so conceiv'd.

AMP. And that we ladies of the town, or court,  
Have not such waxen hearts, that ev'ry beam  
From a hot lover's eye can melt them through  
Our breasts !

\* Teazed.

† The Morris is a very ancient dance, in which the performers were accustomed to be dressed in grotesque costume, with bells, &c., each having a short stick which was used in the various evolutions of the dance. It is, even now, danced in some provincial villages, where old customs have not yielded to "progress," and some relics of happiness may still be stumbled on

ELD. PAL. Faith, 'tis imagin'd too!

LUCY. That though th' unruly appetites of some  
Perverted few of our frail sex have made  
Them yield their honours to unlawful love,  
Yet there is no such want of you male sinners,  
As should constrain them hire you to't with gold.

ELD. PAL. Y' have taught me a new music. I  
am all  
Consent and concordance !

ENG. And that the nimble packing hand, the  
swift  
Disorder'd shuffle, or the slur , or his more  
Base employment, that with youth and an  
Eternal back, engenders for his bread ;  
Do all belong to men, that may be said  
To live, sir, by their sins, not by their wits ?

ELD. PAL. Sir, whom I love not, nor desire to  
love,  
I am of your mind too

Y. PAL. Madam, a fair conversion : 'tis now fit  
I sue unto you for his liberty.

AMP. Alas, he hath so profited in this  
Retirement, that I fear he will not willingly  
Come out.

ELD. PAL. O lady, doubt it not ; open the chest !

AMP. A little patience, sir.

*Enter GINET.*

GIN. Madam, we are undone ; your guardian is  
At door, knocking as if he meant to wake  
All his dead neighbours in the church.

AMP. So soon return'd ! It is not midnight yet.

ENG. I know the bait that tempts him back with  
such  
Strange haste , and have, according to your will,  
Provided, Madam, to betray his hopes.

AMP. Excellent Engine !

ENG. This key conveys you through the chancel to  
The house gallery : my way lies here ! I'll let  
Him in, and try how our design will relish.

[*Exit Engine.*]

AMP. Come, sir, it is decreed in our wise counsel,  
You must be laid some distance from this place.

ELD. PAL. Pray save your labour, madam ! I'll  
come forth.

AMP. No, sir, not yet.

ELD. PAL. Brother, a cast of your voice.

Y. PAL. She hath the key, brother : 'tis but an  
hour's

Dark contemplation more.

ELD. PAL. Madam, hear me speak.

AMP. Nay, no beginning of orations now ;  
This is a time of great dispatch and haste :  
We have more plots than a general in a siege.

[*Exeunt, carrying out the chest.*]

*Enter THRIFT, ENGINE.*

ENG. None of the writings, sir ! and yet perplex  
Yourself with so much speed in a return ?

THRIFT. The lawyer was from home ; but, En-  
gine, I  
Had hope to have prevented by my haste,  
Though not her fun'ral, yet the fun'ral of  
The chest. Ah, dear Engine, tell me but why  
So much pure innocent treasure should be  
Thus grown into a dark forgetfulness.

ENG. I thought I had encounter'd his intents.  
All, sir, that law allow'd her bounty to  
Bestow, is your's ; but for the chest, trust me,  
'Tis buried, sir : the key is here, sir, of no use.

THRIFT. Hah, Engine, give it me !

ENG. And, sir, to vex your meditation more,  
Though not with manners, yet with truth ; know  
there

Is hidden in that chest a plenteous heap  
Of gold, together with a rope of most  
Inestimable pearl, left by her late  
Dead aunt, by will, and kept from your discovery.

THRIFT. Is this true, Engine?

ENG. That precise chit, Luce, her cousin puritan,  
Was at th' interr'ing of't; conceal'd it till  
The fun'ral forms were past, and then, forsooth,  
She boasted that it was a pious means  
To avoid covetous desires i' th' world.

THRIFT. These fun'ral tales, Engine, are sad  
indeed;  
Able to melt an eye, though harder than that heart,  
Which did consent to so much cruelty upon  
The harmless treasure.

ENG. I mourn within, sir, too.

THRIFT. Give me the key that leads me from  
my house  
Unto the chancel door.

ENG. 'Tis very late, sir; whither will you go?

THRIFT. Never too late to pray. My heart is  
heavy.

ENG. Where shall I wait you, sir?

THRIFT. At my low gall'ry door; I may chance  
stay long.

ENG. This takes me more than all the kindness  
fortune  
Ever shew'd me; a decent transmutation.  
I am no more your steward, but your spy. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE, PERT, MEAGER, SNORE,  
and WATCHMEN.

Y. PAL. There, there's more money for your  
watch. Methinks

Th' have not drunk wine enough ; they do not chirp.

SNORE. Your wine mates\* them, they understand it not ;

But they have very good capacity in ale ;

Ale, sir, will heat 'em more than your beef brewis.†

Y. PAL. Well, let them have ale, then.

SNORE. O sir, 'twill make 'em sing like the silk-knitters

Of Cock Lane.

Y. PAL. Meager ! go you to Sir Tyrant Thrift's house.

Luce and the lady are alone. They will  
Have cause to use your diligence ; make haste !

MEA. Your dog tied to a bottle shall not out-run me. [Exit.]

Y. PAL. Pert, stay you here with master constable ;  
And, when occasion calls, see that you draw  
Your lusty bill-men forth, bravely advanc'd  
Under the colours of queen Ample and  
Myself, her general.

PERT. If ale can fortify, fear not. Where's Sir Morglay ?

Y. PAL. I'm now to meet him i' th' church-yard.  
Th' old blade

Skulks there like a tame filcher, as he had  
Ne'er stol'n 'bove eggs from market-women ;  
Robb'd an orchard, or a cheese loft.

SNORE. We'll wait your worship in this corner.

Y. PAL. No stirring, till I either come or send.

SNORE. Pray, sir, let's not stay long : 'tis a cold night,

And I have nothing on my bed at home,  
But a thin coverlet, and my wife's sey‡ petticoat :

\* Stupifies, confounds ; puzzles.

† The liquor in which meat is boiled, with bread soaked in it. So *Getu* in *The Prophetess*, "What an inundation of *brewis* shall I swim in !" — S. Called in Scotland "*breu* "

‡ Silk Also, a kind of woollen stuff.

She'll ne'er sleep, poor soul, till I come home  
To keep her warm.

Y. PAL. You shall be sent for straight.  
Be merry, my dull sons o' th' night, and chirp. [*Exit.*

SNORE. Come, neighbour Runlet ! sighing pays  
no rent,  
Though the landlady be in love. Sing out !  
*They sing a catch in four parts.*

With lanthorn on stall ; at Tea Trip\* we play  
For ale, cheese, and pudding, till it be day :  
And for our breakfast, after long sitting,  
We steal a street pig, o' th' constable's getting.

*Enter* ENGINE.

ENG. Sir, draw down your Watch into the church  
And let 'em lie hid close by the vestry-door.

PERT. Is he there already ?

ENG. Fat carriers, sir, make not more haste to  
bed

Nor lean philosophers to rise. I've so  
Prepar'd things, that he'll find himself mistaken.

PERT. Close by the vestry-door ?

ENG. Right, sir !

I'll to my lady, and expect th' event of your surprize.

PERT. Follow master constable ! one and one,  
All in a file. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* THRIFT, with a candle.

THRIFT. I cannot find where they have laid her  
coffin ;  
But there's the chest. I'll draw it out, that I  
May have more room to search and rifle it.  
The weight seems easy to me, though my strength  
Be old. How long, thou bright all-powerful mineral,

\* See page 171.



Might'st thou lie hid, ere the dull dead, that are  
Entomb'd about thee here, could reach the sense  
To turn wise thieves, and steal thee from oblivion?—

[*Opens it, and finds a halter.*]

How! a halter! what fiend affronts me with  
This emblem? Is this the rope of orient pearl?

*Enter PERT, SNORE, WATCHMEN.*

PERT. Now I have told you, Master Constable,  
The entire plot. Mark but how like that chest  
Is to the other, where the elder Pallatine  
Lies a perdu. Engine contriv'd them both.

THIRIFT. Ha! what are these? the constable and  
watch?

PERT. Seize on him for no less than sacrilege.

THIRIFT. Why, neighbours, gentlemen!

PERT. Away with him!

SNORE. We shall know now who stole the  
wainscot cover

From the font, and the vicar's surplice.

PERT. Alas, grave sir, become a forfeiture  
To th' king, for sacrilege!

THIRIFT. Hear me but speak.

SNORE. No, not in a cause against the king.

Pert. Lead to's own house! he shall be pris'ner  
there,  
And lock'd up safe enough.

THIRIFT. Undone for ever! [Exit.

*Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE, THWACK, with an iron  
crow and dark lanthorn.*

THWACK. Why, this was such a firk of piety,\*  
I ne'er heard of: bury her gold with her!  
'Tis strange her old shoes were not interr'd too,  
For fear the days of Edgar should return,  
When they coin'd leather.

\* Trick or quirk; -freak.

Y. PAL. Come, sir, lay down your instrument !

THWACK. Why so ?

Y. PAL. I'm so taken with thy free, jolly nature,  
I cannot for my heart proceed to more  
Defeat upon thy liberty ; all that  
I told thee were rank lies

THWACK. How ! no treasure trovar ? \*

Y. PAL. Not so much as will pay for that small  
candle light

We waste to find it out.

THWACK. I thank you, sir.

[Flings down the crow of iron.]

Y. PAL. You shall have cause, when you hear  
more. To this

Dark region, sir, solemn, and silent, as  
Your thoughts must be ere they are mortified,  
Have I now brought you, to perceive what an  
Immense large ass—under your favour, knight—  
You are to be seduc'd to such vain stratagems,  
By that more profound fop, your friend, my brother.

THWACK. How had I been serv'd, if I had  
brought my scales

Hither to weigh this gold ? But on ! Your brother,  
Whose name, let me tell you first, sounds far worse  
To me than does a serjeant to a young  
Indebted lover, that's arrested in his coach,  
And with his mistress by him.

Y. PAL. You are believ'd. But will you now  
confirm

Me to your grace and love, if I shall make't

\* Or more properly *treasure trove*, "derived," as the excellent commentator Blackstone observes, "from the French word *trouver*, to find, and called in Latin *thesaurus inventus*, which is, where any money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion, is found hidden in the earth, or other private place, the owner thereof being unknown ; in which case the treasure belongs to the king ; but if he that find it be known, or afterwards found out, the owner, and not the king, is entitled to it."—*Commentaries*, vol. I., p. 295.

Appear, that, in a kind revenge of what  
You suffer'd, sir, I've made this false, and great  
Seducer of mankind, to suffer more ?

THWACK. The Legend, Talmud, nor the Alcoran,\*  
Have not such doubtful tales as these . but make't  
Appear ; I would have evidence.

Y. PAL. Then, take't on my religion, sir, he was  
Laid up in durance for a bawd, before  
He betray'd you to the same preferment.

THWACK. Shall this be justified when my disgrace  
Comes to be known ? wilt thou then witness it ?

Y. PAL. With a deep oath ! And, sir, to tempt  
more of

Your favours on poor me, that ever mourn'd  
For all your sufferings, know you shall now  
See him enclos'd in a blind chest ; where he  
Lies bath'd, sir, in a greater sweat than ere  
Corneliust took in his own tub.

THWACK. Here, amongst sepulchres and melan-  
choly bones,

Let me but see't, and I will die for joy.  
To make thee instantly my heir.

Y. PAL. You shall ! and yet, ere the sun rise,  
find him

Enthral'd too in a new distress.

THWACK. Dost want money † bring me to parch-  
ment and

A scriv'ner, I'll seal out two pound of wax.

[ *Young Pallatine knocks at the chest.*

Y. PAL. You, sir, my near'st ally, are you asleep ?

ELD. PAL. O brother, art thou come † quick, let  
me forth !

\* *The Legend* is the well-known golden legend : *The Talmud* is a book of the Jewish law, devised by their rabbins, and of great authority among them.

† The inventor of the sweating-tub used in the cure of the Lues Venerea. See in " *Platonic Lovers*," p. 57, ante.

Y. PAL. Here is a certain friend of yours, presents  
His loving visit, sir. [Opens the wicket.]

ELD. PAL. Sir Morglay Thwack !  
I had rather have seen my sister naked.

THWACK. What, like a bashful badger, do you draw  
Your head into your hole again ? come, sir,  
Out with that sage noddle that has contriv'd  
So cunningly for me, and your dear self.

ELD. PAL. Here ! take my eyelids, knight, and  
sew 'em up :  
I dare not see thy face.

THWACK But what think you  
Of a new journey from the north, to live  
Here by your wits ; or midnight visits, sir,  
To the Mogul's niece ?

ELD. PAL. I have offended, knight !  
Whip me with wire, headed with rowels of  
Sharp Ripon spurs :\* I'll endure any thing  
Rather than thee

THWACK. We have, I thank your bounteous brain,  
Been entertain'd with various concerts, sir,  
Of whispering lutes, to soothe us into slumbers ;  
Spirits of Clare † to bathe our temples in ;  
And then the wholesome womb of woman too,  
That never teen'd : all this for nothing, sir !

Y. PAL. Come ! I'll let him forth.

THWACK Rogue ; if thou lov'st me !  
Nay, let him be confin'd thus, one short month,  
I'll send him down to country fairs for a  
New motion ‡ made b' a German engineer.

\* *Ripon* is a town in the county of York, still celebrated for the excellence of the *spurs* made there. *Ripon spurs* are also mentioned in *Ben Jonson's Staple of News*, A. 1. S. 3

"Your box ? why there's an angell, if my *spurs*  
Be not right *Ripon*."

† *Clarry* A wine made with grapes, honey, and aromatic spices. Halliwell observes. "Wine mixed with honey and spices, and afterwards strained, was called *clarry*."

‡ Puppet.

Y. PAL. 'Las, he is my brother.

THWACK. Or for a solitary ape,  
Led captive thus by th' Hollander, because  
He came aloft for Spain, and would not for the  
States.\*

Y. PAL. Sir Morglay, leave your lanthorn  
here, and stay  
My coming at you door; I'll let him out!  
But for the new distress I promis'd on  
His person, take it on my manhood, sir,  
He feels it strait.

THWACK. Finely ensnar'd again, and instantly?

Y. PAL. Have a good faith, and go.

[*Exit Thwack.*

ELD. PAL. Dear brother, wilt thou give me  
liberty?

Y. PAL. Upon condition, sir, you kiss these  
hilts;

Swear not to follow me, but here remain  
Until the Lady Ample shall consent

To' th' freedom I bestow. [*He kisses the hilts.*

ELD. PAL. 'Tis done! a vow inviolate!

[*He opens the chest and lets him out.*

Y. PAL. Now silence, brother! not one curse,  
nor thanks. [*Exit Younger Pullatine.*

\* These sort of tricks are still taught to horses, dogs, and monkeys, and are publicly exhibited. So in *Rom. Allen*, Will Small-shanks says to Captain Face,

"-----Now, sir,

What can you do for the great Turk

What can you do for the Pope of Rome?

Hark! he stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not

What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah!"

Again, in D'avenant's *Poem On the Long Vacation*, describing the diversions of Bartholomew Fair, he mentions the

"Ape led captive still in chaine,

Till he renounce the Pope and Spaine."

Induction to *Bartholomew Fair* "nor a juggler with a well educated ape, to come over the chain for a King of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still for the Pope and the King of Spain."

ELD. PAL. Fate and a good star speed me!  
 though I have  
 Long since amaz'd myself e'en to a marble,  
 Yet I have courage left to ask, what this  
 Might mean? Was ever two-legg'd man thus us'd?

*Enter PERT, SNORE, and WATCHMEN.*

PERT. Pall and his friend are gone: I must not  
 stay  
 His sight; but after you have seized upon him  
 Lead him a prisoner to the lady too. [*Exit Pert.*

SNORE. Warrant ye, though he were Gog or  
 Hildebrand.\* [*They lay hold on him.*

ELD. PAL. How now! what mean you, sirs?

SNORE. Yield to the constable!

ELD. PAL. 'Tis yielded, sir, that you are con-  
 stable,  
 But where have I offended?

SNORE. Here, sir; you have committed sacrilege,  
 And robb'd an alderman's tomb, of himself  
 And his two sons kneeling in brass.

ELD. PAL. How! flea monuments of their brazen  
 skins!

SNORE. Look; a dark lanthorn, and an iron crow;  
 Fine evidence for a jury!

ELD. PAL. I like this plot; the Lady Ample and  
 My brother have most rare triumphant wits.  
 Now, by this hand, I am most eagerly  
 In love with both. I find I have deserv'd all,  
 And am resolv'd t' hug them and their designs,  
 Though they afflict me more and more. Whither  
 must I go?

SNORE. Away with him! Saucy fellow! Examine  
 The king's constable? [*Exeunt.*

\* Pope Gregory the Seventh.

## SCENE III.

*Enter* YOUNGER PALLATINE, THWACK, AMPLE,  
LUCY, MEAGER.

MEA. I am become your guardian's gaoler, lady,  
He's safe lock'd in the parlour, and there howls,  
Like a dog that sees a witch flying.

THWACK. I long to hear how my wise tutor  
thrives  
I' th' new defeat.

AMP. 'Tis well you are converted;  
Believe't, that gentleman deserves your thanks

THWACK. Lady, seal my conversion on your lip;  
'Tis the first leading kiss that I intend  
For after chastity. [*Kisses her.*]

Y. PAL. Luce, see you make the proposition  
good,  
Which I shall give my brother from this lady,  
Or I'll so swaddle your small bones.

LUCY. Sweet Pall, thou shalt. Madam, you'll  
please to stand  
To what I lately mention'd to your own desire.

AMP. To every particle and more.

*Enter* PERT.

PERT. Your brother's come! this room must be  
his prison.

Y. PAL. Way, Luce, away! stand in the closet,  
madam,  
That you may hear us both, and reach my call.

THWACK. I'll stay and see him.

Y. PAL. No, knight! You are decreed Sir Tyrant's  
judge:  
Go that way, sir, and force him to compound.

THWACK. I'll fine him soundly.  
Till's purse shrink like a bladder in the fire.

[*Exeunt Ample, Lucy, Thwack, Meager, Pert.*]

*Enter SNORE, ELDER PALLATINE*

SNORE. Here, sir! This is your gaol ; too good  
for such  
A great offender.

ELD. PAL. Sacrilege ! very well :  
Now all the pulpit-cushions, all the hearse-clothes  
And winding-sheets, that have been stol'n about  
The town this year, will be laid to my charge.

Y. PAL. Pray leave us, master constable, and  
look  
Unto your other bondman in the parlour.

[*Exit Snore.*  
ELD. PAL. This is the wittiest offspring that our  
name  
E'er had ; I love him beyond hope or lust.  
My father was no poet, sure ; I wonder  
How he got him.

Y. PAL. I know you curse me now.

ELD. PAL. Brother, in troth, you lie ! and whoe'er  
believes it.

Y. PAL. Indeed you do ; conjurors in a circle,  
That have rais'd up a wrong spirit, curse not  
So much, nor yet so inwardly.

ELD. PAL. I've a great mind to kiss thee.

Y. PAL. You have not, sure ?

ELD. PAL. I shall do't, and eat up thy lips so far,  
Till th'ast nothing left to cover thy teeth.

Y. PAL. And can you think all the afflictions you  
Endur'd were merited ? First, for misleading  
Morglay, your old friend ; then, neglect of me,  
And haughty overvaluing yourself ?

ELD. PAL. Brother, I murmur not, the traps  
that you  
Have laid were so ingenious, I could wish  
To fall in them again.

Y. PAL. The Lady Ample, sir,



There, is the great contriver, that hath weav'd  
These knots so intricate and safe : 'las, I  
Was but her lowly instrument.

ELD. PAL. Ah, that lady ! Were I a king, she  
should

Sit with me under my best canopy ;  
A silver sceptre in her hand, with which  
I'd give her leave to break my head for ev'ry fault  
I did commit.

Y. PAL. But say I bring this lady, sir, unto  
Your lawful sheets ; make her your bosom wife :  
Besides the plenty of her heritage,  
How would it sound, that you had conquer'd her  
Who hath so often conquer'd you ?

ELD. PAL. Dear brother, no new plots.

Y. PAL. Six thousand pounds, sir, is your yearly  
rent ;  
A fair temptation to a discreet lady.  
Luce hath fill'd both mine ears with hope ; besides,  
I heard her say, she ne'er should meet a man,  
That she could more subdue with wit and govern  
ment

ELD. PAL. That I'll venture.

Y. PAL. Well, my first bounty is your freedom,  
sir ;  
For th' constable obeys no law but mine.  
And now, madam, appear !

*Enter AMPLE, LUCY.*

AMP. Y're welcome 'mongst the living, sir.

ELD. PAL. Lady, no words. If y'have but so  
much mercy  
As could secure one that your eyes affect——

AMP. Why, you're grown arrogant again ; d' you  
think  
They are so weak to affect you ?

ELD. PAL. I have a heart so kind unto myself,

To wish they could ; O we should live——

AMP. Not by our wits.

ELD. PAL. No, no ; but with such soft content ;  
Still in conspiracy how to betray ourselves  
To new delights : keep harmony with no  
More noise than what the upper motions\* make ;  
And this so constant too ; turtles themselves,  
Seeing our faith, shall slight their own, and pine  
With jealousy.

AMP. Luce, the youth talks sense now !  
No med'cine for the brain, like to captivity  
In a dark chest.

Y PAL. O madam, you are cruel !

AMP. Well, my sad convertite, joy yet at this :  
I've often made a vow to marry on  
That very day my wardship is expir'd :  
And two hours since that liberty begun.

LUCY. Nay, hear her out ! Your wishes are so  
saucy, sir.

AMP. And, know, my glory is dispatch. My  
ancestors  
Were of the fiery French, and taught me love  
Hot eagerness and haste.

ELD. PAL. Let me be rude a while ;  
Lie with your judgment, and beget  
Sages on that. My dearest, chiefest lady.

AMP. Your brain's yet foul, and will recoil again.

ELD. PAL. No more ! I'll swallow down my  
tongue.

AMP. If, sir, your nature be so excellent,  
As your kind brother hath confirm'd to Luce  
And me, follow, and I'll present you straight  
With certain writings you shall seal to, hood-wink'd,  
And purely ignorant of what thy are.  
This is the swiftest, and the easiest test,  
That I can make of your bold love : do this,

\* The orbs in their courses. S.

Perhaps I may vouchsafe to marry you.  
The writings are within.

ELR. PAL. Lead me to trial, come!

AMP. But, sir, if I should marry you, it is  
In confidence, I have the better wit,  
And can subdue you still to quietness,  
Meek sufferings, and patient awe.

ELD. PAL. You rap<sup>d</sup> me, still a-new.

Y. PAL. In, Luce! Our hopes grow strong and  
giantly. [*Exeunt*]

*Enter* THRIFT, SNORE, MISTRESS SNORE, QUEASY,  
GINET.

GINET. To him, Mistress Snore; 'tis he has kept  
Your husband from his bed so long, to watch  
Him for a church-robbery.

M. SNORE. Ah, thou Judas! I thought what  
thou'dst come to!

Remember the warrant thou sent'st for me  
Into Duck-lane, 'cause I call'd thy maid, Trot,  
When I was fain t' invite thy clerk to a Fee pie,  
Sent me b' a temple cook, my sister's sweetheart.

QUE. Nay, and remember who was brought to  
bed

Under thy coach-house wall, when thou denied'st  
A wad<sup>d</sup> of straw, and would'st not join thy halfpenny  
To send for milk for the poor chrisme!

SNORE. Now you may sweeten me with sugar-  
loaves

At new-year's-tide, as I have you, sir.

*Enter* THWACK, PERT, MEAGER, ENGINE.

THWACK. We'll teach you to rob churches!  
'sight, hereafter

We of the pious shall be afraid to go  
To a long exercise, for fear our pockets should

\* Erupture.

† Bundle

‡ Babe. See vol. I., p. 79.

Be pick'd. Come, sir ; you see already how  
The neighbours throng to find you ; will you con-  
sent ?

'Tis but a thousand pounds apiece to these  
Two gentlemen, and five hundred more t' Engine ;  
Your crime is then conceal'd, and yourself free.

MEA. No, he may choose ; he'll trust to th' kind-  
hearted law.

PERT. Let him, and to dame Justice too ; who,  
though  
Her ladyship be blind, will grope hard, sir,  
To find your money-bags.

ENG. Sir, you are rich ; besides, you know what  
you  
Have got by your ward's death ; I fear you will  
Be begg'd at court,\* unless you come off thus.

THIRIFT. There is my closet key ; do what you  
please.

ENG. Gentlemen, I'll lead you to it ; follow me !

THWACK. D' you use to find such sums as these  
beneath

An oak after a long march ? I think, sure,  
The wars are not so plentiful.

PERT. We think so too.

THWACK. Y' had better trail a bodkin, gentle-  
men,  
Under the Lady Ample, than a pike

\* In Dekker's *Honest Whore*, Act I Scene II., Fastigo says :  
" If I feel not his guts, beg me for a fool." Dodsley's *Old  
Plays*, vol. III, p. 231. Lon. 1825, 8vo. The explanation of  
this species of begging will be found in Blackstone. By the  
old common law there is a writ *de idiota inquirendo* to inquire  
whether a man be an idiot or not ; which must be tried by a  
jury of twelve men, and if they find him, *paras Idiota*, the  
profits of his lands and the custody of his person may be granted  
by the king to some subject who has interest enough to obtain  
them." No doubt Sir Tyrant was perfectly alive to the danger  
he ran from having made a fool of himself, and had no desire to  
become the subject of such an enquiry.

Under a German General.

PERT. We'll in for th'money, sir, and talk anon.  
*[Exeunt Engine, Pert, Meuger.]*

*Enter* ELDER PALLATINE, YOUNGER PALLATINE,  
 AMPLE, LUCY.

Y. PAL. Sir Tyrant Thrift, here is your ward  
 come from  
 The dead, to indict you for a robbery  
 Upon her ghost.

THRIFT. Hah ! is she alive, too ?

LUCY. Yes, and her wardship out before y' have  
 proffer'd her  
 A husband sir ; \* so the best benefit  
 Of all your guardianship is lost.

AMP. In seven long years you could not, sir,  
 provide  
 A man deform'd enough to offer me  
 For your own ends.

THRIFT. Cozen'd of wealth, of fame ! Dog,  
 Engine ! *[Exit Thrift.]*

THWACK. We must have you enclos'd again : y'  
 are very  
 Forward with the lady.

ELD. PAL. I will be, sir,  
 Until she groan : this priest stays somewhat long.

\* This refers to that power which a guardian, by law, was entitled to exercise over his ward ; it was taken away, together with all the other oppressive circumstances attending the feudal system, by the stat. 12 Charles II , c. 24. Before that time, Blackstone observes, " while the infant was in ward, the guardian had the power of tendering him or her a suitable match, without *disparagement* or inequality ; which, if the infants refused, they forfeited the value of the marriage, *valorem maritagi*, to their guardian, that is, so much as a jury would assess, or any one would, *bona fide*, give to the guardians for such an alliance, and if the infants married themselves without the guardian's consent, they forfeited double the value, *duplicem valorem maritagi*."

THWACK. How's this ? troth I shall forgive thee then heartily.

AMP. I've ta'en him i' th' behalf of health ; to chide

And jeer for recreation sake · 'twill keep  
Me, sir, in breath, now I am past growing.

ELD. PAL Hark, knight ! here's relish for your ears. I chose

None of your dull country madams, that spend  
Their time in studying receipts to make  
March-pane \* and preserve plums ; that talk  
Of painful child-birth, servants' wages, and  
Their husband's good complexion, and his leg

THWACK. New wonders yet !

ELD. PAL. What was that, mistress, which I seal'd  
to, hood-wink'd ?

A simple trial of my confidence and love ?

AMP. Your brother has it ; 'tis a gift to him  
Of one fair manor, 'mongst those many that you  
Have in possession, sir ; and in this bond  
Y' are witness to three thousand pounds I give to  
Luce.

LUCY. Yes, sir, for Pall and I must marry too

Y. PAL. I were an eunuch else, and th' world  
should know 't.

ELD. PAL Thou could'st not have betray'd me  
to a bounty

I more love. Brother, give thee joy !

*[Thwack takes Younger Pallatine aside.]*

THWACK You are the cause of all these miracles,  
Therefore I desire you to be my heir :

By this good day you must ; for I've ta'en order,  
Though I love your wit, you shall not live by it.

Y. PAL. My kind thanks, sir, the poor man's  
gratitude.

M. SNORE. Give you joy, sweet Master Pallatine,

\* A confection made of Pistachio nuts, almonds, sugar, &c.

And your brother too.

QUE. And send you more such wives  
Every year : as many as shall please heaven.

SNORE. 'Tis day. I'll not to bed, sir, now ; my  
Watch

Shall be drunk at your worship's wedding.

Y. PAL. They shall, and there is gold enough to  
keep

Them so until thy reign be out.

*Enter PERT, MEAGER, ENGINE, with money-bags.*

PERT. Loaden with composition, Pall.

MEA. 'Tis for your sake we groan under these  
burdens.

Y. PALL. The offal of Sir Tyrant's trunks,  
Brother.

Pray know these gentlemen ; they owe you more  
Money than they mean to pay now.

ELD. PAL. I remember 'em . but no words, my  
cavaliers,

And you are safe. Where shall we dine to-day ?

Y. PAL. At Lucy's aunt's ; we'll make her  
costive beldamship

Come off \* when she beholds a goodly jointure,  
And our fair hopes

ELD. PAL. First, to the church, lady ;  
I'll make your skittish person sure. Some of  
Your pleasant arts upon me may become  
A wise example, and a moral too ;  
Such as their haughty fancy well befits,  
That undertake to live here by their wits.

*[Exeunt omnes.*

\* To come off, was a phrase formerly much used. It signifies to pay, as is very clearly proved from the instances produced by Steevens, Farmer, and Tyrwhitt, in their notes to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 4, S. 3.

## EPILOGUE.

The Office of an Epilogue is now  
To smooth and stroke the wrinkles from each brow ,  
To guide severer judgments (if we could  
Be wise enough) until they thought all good,  
Which they perhaps dislike ; and, sure, this were  
An over-boldness, rais'd from too much fear.  
You have a freedom, which we hope you'll use,  
T' advance our youthful poet, and his muse,  
With a kind doom ; and he'll tread boldly then,  
In's best new comic socks, this stage again.



The following are the principal alterations and interpolations of "The Wits," which occur in the revived play as printed in the folio edition of 1673. The new Prologue indicates how the taste of the times, become more degenerate, required something besides mere poetry to attract an audience.

#### PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE.

WIT, which is all the gold a poet has,  
Can seldom far by any standard pass.  
Nor can great pow'r by any stamp enjoin  
Wit to the world as universal coin.  
For though most nations oft have enmity,  
And in most things: yet always all agree,  
And ev'n like subjects of one pow'r submit,  
That all may differ in the price of wit.  
'Tis by allay, like gold, more current made.  
But poets, join'd with statesmen, should persuade  
You, our free-states, and all great states t' agree  
How much allay in gold and wit should be.  
Pure wit, like ingots wrought without allay,  
Will serve for hoard, but not for common pay.  
Th' allay's coarse metal makes the finer last;  
Which else would in the peoples' handling waste.  
So country jigs and farces mixt among  
Heroic scenes make plays continue long.  
But there are some who would the world persuade,  
That gold is better when the stamp is bad;  
And that an ugly ragged piece of eight  
Is ever true in metal and in weight:  
As if a gunny\* and lovis† had less  
Intrinsic value for their handsomeness.  
So diverse, who outlive the former age,  
Allow the coarseness of the plain old stage;  
And think rich vests and scenes are only fit  
Disguises for the want of art and wit.

\* Guineas were first coined in the reign of Charles II

† Louis d' Or, value about twenty shillings sterling.

Since wit's extrinsic value amongst all  
 Has seasons, money-like, to rise and fall ;  
 And since our poet found his did begin  
 To lessen, he, prince-like, did call it in.  
 And then he quickly melted it again :  
 For what is hotter than a poet's brain ?  
 He hopes the second stamp has brought it forth  
 With decoration and will raise the worth.  
 Or it, at least, by being mill'd, does get  
 Form so exact as none shall counterfeit.  
 For as in dearth of money, states grow bold  
 With laws, and suffer coiners of false gold ;  
 So you, our states, in want of wit, he says,  
 Permit some public coiners of false plays.  
 If glist'ring shows, or jingling sounds you pass  
 For current plays, we justly pay you brass  
 Well, gentlemen ! let him to others give  
 His wit for gold ; I by your silver live.  
 I'm of your party and these shifts abhor :  
 Poets are princes but are very poor.  
 He may, at last, endeavour to enjoin  
 You, as his subjects, to take leather coin.

The Younger Pallatine's Soliloquy at close of the  
 first Act is thus altered in the folio :—

Sure neither of these wondrous wits were born  
 To more than to five senses, yet they aim  
 To do far greater things and newer in  
 The world than I. Well, they are strangely wise,  
 And I am but the Lady Fortune's fool,  
 Whom she, perhaps, does for her pride or sport,  
 Keep gaudily sometimes ; and then condemns  
 Me to her usual livery ; and yet,  
 Though but her fool, if my design succeeds,  
 I'll turn to solid gold their airy dream :  
 They by their wits shall live, and I by them.

The following is introduced immediately after  
 Lady Ample and Lucy go out, at the end of the  
 first Scene of the second Act.

*Enter SNORE, Mrs SNORE, Mrs QUEASY*

QUE. Master Snore, pray hear me! you are Constable.

SNORE. Lord, neighbour Queasy, what need this? D'y'e think

I do not know my own office?

QUE. Who you? I warrant you,  
As well as the proudest of 'em, and no man  
Is more hearty to the poor; for no man  
Gives 'em more good counsel, to forbear coming  
Near the parish, for the good of us all.

SNORE. Well, well, be brief;  
I protest I'm so full of weighty matters,  
That my head grows e'en too big for my hat.  
You must be brief, neighbour Queasy, I say,  
In short, you must be brief.

M. SNORE. My husband has but too much of the king's  
business.

QUE. Alas, I know't! but you being as I said,  
In your office.

SNORE. Again? will you still go a mile about  
To my office, before you come next door  
To the matter? where is the warrant?  
Come, give me the warrant.

QUE. Pray stay; 'tis wrapt up  
In a clean handkerchief, and I'll be sworn  
'Tis of the best sort of warrants; the justice's  
Own hand is to't. I scorn but t' have the best,  
And from the best. I am sure it cost me  
A round shilling.

SNORE. Let me see, let me see. Well! 'twill serve turn.

QUE. My rent has been long due, and you must get  
Into the house to search for harlotry people——  
Nay but gossip, hear me a little.

SNORE. O wretched authority! must thou ever  
Have thy ears open, and thy eyes ne'er shut?  
Still all noise and no sleep? no rest in office?

M. SNORE. Bodikins! Can't you hear a neighbour speak?

QUE. You may say to the old houswife; why, mistress,  
(For you must give good words) my neighbour Queasy  
Has forborne you day after day; she has  
Children and you have none. The baggages

About you are able to earn their own living,  
And, to say truth amongst our selves,  
Too easily ; the more's the shame.

SNORE. What's all this to the matter ?

M. SNORE. Gossip Queasy, had I my husband's office,  
I would not for the versal world endure you.

Truly, truly you have too many words

Husband, you only need to say, Mistress,

(For the truth is, she goes like any Lady)

You know that my neighbour Queasy has still

Forborne and forborne, and has had good words

After good words, but where is the money to make

The pot boil ? her husband is a weak

And sickly man with getting many children .

And you are able to work for your living ;

Nay, they say your maids work day and night ;

And for my part——

SNORE. Your part is too long.

M. SNORE. How ? what a murrain ails you, trow ' may  
not

One make use of one's own tongue for a neighbour ?

I knew what's what before you were my husband.

SNORE. O parish, parish ! how art thou mistaken ?

Thou buildst schools to breed poor children to Latin,

The Pope's language ; but I say, and say't again,

Come, fall to work ; and build me schools to breed

Old women to speak no language.

QUE. Truly, gossip, your husband's in the right ;

There's no care taken of women in years.

M. SNORE. Faith they shall never breed me to be old

Whilst I live, nor to be dumb till I'm dead.

SNORE. Wife, wife, be patient, wife ! D'you think

I am to serve no more warrants but this ? I have

Four more for searches, impossible searches :

I am to search for four of the most dangerous

And the most invisible knaves that ever

Carried a dark lanthorn.

M. SNORE. Nay, thou hast a hard task, that's the truth  
oft !

SNORE. One of 'em (somewhat deaf, as I am told,

For I have spies) has lodg'd above twelve months

In a belfry. The second has corrupted

A tankard-bearer, and lies in a conduit.  
 The third to change his complexion is turn'd  
 Chimney-sweeper, and skulks all days in chimneys,  
 And at night trains horse and foot under ground.  
 The fourth (if spies may be believ'd) does lye  
 At anchor in a sculler on the Thames :  
 I shall know where ; and will prove to his face  
 (In spite of Sathan) that he lies not there  
 To bob for griggs, but to bob for the people.

M SNORE. Nay, for those under ground, or on the  
 water,  
 I know not what to think ; but if there be  
 Any knaves above ground, thou'lt find 'em out  
 I'faith ; that I'll say for thee.

QUE. If any man in town can do't, he'll do't ;  
 And bring 'em face to face, alive or dead,  
 To make their answer to the law.

M. SNORE, Well gossip ; if the harlot pays no rent,  
 Shall my husband carry her to prison ?

QUE. In truth I know not what to say. I would  
 Be loth to be too cruel ; for the woman  
 (Bating her overcourteousness in bringing  
 Youth together) does seem an honest woman,  
 And keeps a very orderly house.

M. SNORE. Berlady, and that's a good thing.

QUE. No flesh comes there o' Sundays ; powder'd or  
 Not powder'd : no I warrant ye, though ne'er  
 So brave ; nor apprentices but on holidays,  
 When their hands are rid of their masters' business.

M SNORE And none can live without some recreation.

SNORE. She shall have recreation too in Bridewell.

QUE. Nay, pray Master Snore, let her labour on  
 In her calling, else she can't pay her rent.

M. SNORE. Husband, that's very true ; rent must be  
 paid.

SNORE. Well, neighbour Queasy, go home with my  
 wife,  
 And when 'tis late and dark I'll serve the warrant.

[*Ex. several ways.*]

In Act three, Scene one, after "We'll search  
 the two back rooms, and then to bed," instead of

Snore saying: "Peace, wife! not a word," and making his exit with Mrs Snore, Mrs Queasy, and Watchmen, the Scene is still continued with the same characters, thus:

M SNORE. Well, I'll make thee know that none  
But a sow would have thought of that pig.

SNORE. Bunting, in very deed,  
You are too blame, she's an honest man's wife;  
'Twas ever said Christopher Queasy was  
An honest man. He takes pains to get children  
For the good of the Common-wealth.

M. SNORE. Marry come up!  
There be others take pains as well as he.

SNORE. Prithce be quiet, wife! I do confess  
Thou art a great pains-taker.

M. SNORE. Takes pains, quoth he?

SNORE. I say, go to! no more words! go to, I say.

M. SNORE. I will not go to! bid me go to?

SNORE. How now, housewife? do you slight au-  
thority?

Behold this staff! in very truth, I shall  
Swaddle you with the king's wand of office.

M. SNORE. Strike a married woman! I defy thee!  
For though thou art my husband, thou shalt know  
That I'm a married woman.

SNORE. What, quarrel with the king's watch, Goody-  
Hector? [Goes to strike her.]

QUE. Woe to us, when constables break the peace!

SNORE. I'll make her know authority.

QUE. Neighbour Snore, pray hear reason; would you  
have

Authority over your own wife? [He makes at his wife  
again.]

M. SNO. Do, do! kill the child I mean to go withal!

QUE. Hold, hold, neighbour Snore!

MRS. SNO. Thou a husband? bear witness, Gossip  
Queasy,

That he strikes a married woman.

QUE. Nay I hope, he has murder'd you. If there  
Be law in the land I'll follow't against him  
When you are dead; therefore take comfort.

M. SNORE. Nay, I've my death's wound.

QUE. Out, alas! where is it?

M. SNO. Truly, gossip, I think—in my crupper.

QUE. You a constable? y'are a cuckoldly cut-throat!  
How do you, gossip? Th'art a murderer!

I ever said, that if cruel Cain were

A constable, he look'd like thee.

SNORE. Will you turn traitor too against authority?

QUE. Do, tyrant, do! kill thy whole parish!

SNORE. In truth, I shall also find out your crupper

QUE. Mine? do thy worst for all thy power! my  
crupper?

SNORE. I shall find it, if thou provokest me more.

QUE. Out tyrant! strike thy wife? The comfort is  
That thy reign lasts but a year.

SNORE. Thou she-satan! wilt thou tempt authority?

QUE. Do, kill me too! th'ast a Judas face. My husband  
Compar'd to thee, looks like any justice.

M. SNO. Your husband, goody tripe, compar'd to mine?

QUE. How now, mistress! i' faith I cry you mercy!  
Are you so quickly come to life again?

M. SNO. Yes, seeing how ill you would use me  
After my death. My husband look like a constable,  
And yours like a justice? I will try, housewife,  
How your face will look, when I've flea'd off  
Your tawny mask: my nails are whetted for't

QUE. Are they so sharp!

'Tis well I'm provided for a good occasion.

You'll find mine have not been pared

This twelve month. *[They fight at arms length.]*

M. SNORE. Why husband! art not ashamed not to  
part us?

SNORE. During my reign, I'll sometimes be for the  
peace,

And sometimes for the liberty of

The subject. They shall be mad if they please.

*[Exit SNORE.]*

M. SNORE. Hold, Gossip Queasy, hold! By my consent  
Let's not be mad, because he'd have us so.

QUE. Beshrew your heart for putting me out of breath.  
But I'll follow him as fast as I can,  
That he may help me to my rent.

Again, after the exit of the Elder Pallatine, which closes the third Act in the original edition, this Scene is tacked on, and with it the Act is made to end.

*Enter* CONSTABLE, and EIGHT WATCHMEN

SNORE. Here has been goodly care taken to-night  
Of the king's bus'ness. Eight of our Watch are missing.  
Call 'em over !

1. Francis Fumble !

2. Here.

1. Barnaby Belch !

3. Here.

1. Simon Sleep !

ALL. Not here.

SNORE. Put down Simon Sleep. There have been  
complaints

Against that Simon Sleep ; neighbours, he is  
To blame in his own house. He snorts so loud  
That he wakes half the Parish.

1. Indeed his wife has often told him of it,  
With tears in her eyes, but, alas  
'Twould not do

SNORE I've excus'd him because he is my kinsman ;  
Yet, under the rose, the kindred comes only  
By a bastard daughter of my grandmother's.

1. Bryan Bunm !

4. Here.

1. Anthony Ale !

5. Here.

1. Timothy Tost !

6. Here.

1. Leonard Lazy !

7. Here.

1. Gregory Grumble !

8. Here.

1. Nathanael Nod !

ALL. Not here.

SNORE. Nathanael Nod's too ancient to look after  
State-matters in winter nights. He must c'en  
Give up his lanthorn.

1. He has been a good Watchman :



The parish should maintain him now he's old.

SNORE. The Common-wealth should do't; for I am sure  
That the last Coronation day he drunk  
Out an eye heartily in the king's service.

1. Old Nat Nod is a very hearty man;  
And will be loth to give over a loser:  
He may perhaps drink out another winter.

SNORE. No, no, he's gone, he's gone! and neighbours  
We must all go; for when we have drunk  
Our full measure, as they say, we must e'en  
Lye down and sleep with our forefathers.

1. He has yet an eye left.

SNORE. An ill one, poor man. He sleeps as he walks.  
'Tis not long since he lighted his young wife,  
And led her so much out of the right way,  
That she came not home above a week after.

1. But truly, sir, he often asked her pardon.

SNORE. You always excuse Nod: the Common-wealth  
Must be better serv'd; he shall watch no more.

1. Then farewell a true subject! Old as he is,  
He will ring all night, once every year, for  
Queen El'zabeth's birth-day; and he had like  
To have been hang'd for't.

SNORE. Come, come, 'twas his own fault · he wore his  
beard  
Too long, and the bell rope caught hold of it.

*Enter ELDER PAL.*

Who goes there?

ELD. PAL. Master constable, you'll excuse my care  
Which wakes me for the Common-wealth; I could  
Not chuse but come back and enquire a little  
After your pris'ner; who I hope is safe.

SNORE. I've chosen for his guard four men of blood,  
The leanest of our watch, and youngest too,  
Whose wrath ne'er lets 'em sleep but at a sermon.

ELD. PAL. My man shall be at your house in the  
morning  
With a med'cine of money lest you should  
Be sick with watching.

SNORE. E'en what you please, as a means of prevention;  
If your man pass that way, or so; but, sir, I would

Be loth to trouble him. I think I'm well.  
 I've known the time when my poor Watch and I  
 Danc'd a round with our rug-gowns, in the snow,  
 Till we lookt like a cluster of white bears.

ELD. PAL. You and your Watch were the Dutch  
 painter's sketch  
 Who drew the Berwood and his dancing bears ;  
 For I remember all those beasts were white.

SNORE. What are these ?

*Enter FIDDLERS with Instruments under their Cloaks.*

ELD. PAL. By the long spreading of their cloaks  
 I take 'em for men of melody loaden with music.

SNORE. Stand ! stand !

ELD. PAL. What are you ?

SNORE. Peace, sir, a whole age  
 Of experience is short enough t<sup>o</sup> examine  
 Some kind of shrewd fellows. Sir, they may be  
 Most dang'rous thieves ?

ELD. PAL. How sir, thieves ?

SNORE. Yes, for aught I know.

ELD. PAL. If these are thieves, 'tis but in stealing  
 Tunes from the Theatres which they spoil in taverns.

SNORE. What are you ? whence come you ? whither  
 go you ?

Answer all this together, and at once :  
 For I shall quickly trap you if you falter  
 In long speeches.

FIDLER. We have been playing at a wedding.

SNORE. The bold knave avoids my questions :  
 And tells me what he has been doing, as if we men  
 Of justice, ever tir'd with business, would be troubled  
 With what he has been doing.

ELD. PAL. Sir, these are the firkers of the city fiddles.

SNORE. Say you so, sir ? well boys, I hope to see  
 Old England merry again. Look, look, my wife  
 And my neighbour Queasy !

*Enter Mrs SNORE, QUEASY.*

ELD. PAL. They come to chide you and your rambling  
 Watch for keeping late hours.

M. SNORE. Truly, my mouse, I cannot sleep without  
 'Tis better to be wife to three justices, [thee.

Than to one constable.

QUEAS. Ay, ay, constables sit in the cold streets  
To do justice to wanderers ; but justices  
Do it to their wives in warm beds.

M. SNORE. Alack-a-day ! here are fiddlers ! poor souls !  
They put me in mind of my wedding night.

SNORE. And me of a dance. I'll dance presently.

ELD. PAL. Well spoken, though but seldom done, by  
men  
Of your long staff.

ELD. PAL. Y'ave a hopeful old husband, he deserves  
A singular patent for all the profits  
Belonging to the myst'ry of the morrice.  
After this dance you need no other charm :  
Make haste, take him to bed whilst he is warm.

*[Exeunt Eld. Pal. one way, they the other way.]*

And, as if "the groundlings" could not have  
enough of these popular characters—Snore, his wife,  
and Mrs Queasy, the following dialogue comes in  
in the last Scene of the 4th Act, just after Mrs  
Snore has said, "I'll have an oven of my own !"

QUE. Will you prove this before the Widow Bran,  
Our baker's mother ?

M. SNORE. I prove ? what should I prove ? Lord what  
a fending  
And proving there is in your company !

SNORE. Your tongue cuts out more bad work in a  
minute,  
Than these hands of authority can make up in a month.

M. SNORE. Why, what have I said ?

QUE. You said, my girl, Mary Queasy by name,  
Did find your uncle's yellow stockings in  
A porringer ; nay, and you said she stole them ;  
And by the same good token that your uncle  
Was a pewterer : and of this I'll take  
My book-oath : and I've a clerk to my cousin,  
And mayhaps can have law without money.

SNORE. What say you ? hah ! can you have law with-  
out money ?  
Do you rob young clerks of their masters' fees ?

That's fine, i'faith. You have law without money?  
Come now before my staff, and swear to that.

QUE. What shall I swear? I scorn to swear untruths.  
And I'd have you know I'm of the law's side.

SNORE. You! who you? when you speak slightly  
of it,  
As if 'twere a poor thing which may be had without  
money?

QUE. Did I say so? y'are in authority  
And may speak what you please for a year, but,  
If you die out of office you will dearly  
Answer this in th' other world.

M. SNORE. Ay, you wish my poor husband in heaven

QUE. Know, I scorn to be so uncharitable

Y. PAL. Come, gossips must agree! the very mention  
Of law and money does ever breed quarrels.

SNORE. Sir, we who sit in office  
All night, must never hear of money, lest  
We should be tempted in the dark.

QUE. Who should tempt you in the dark? d'you mean  
me?  
I am an honest woman, and tempt nobody.

Y. PAL. Make peace, Mistress Snore! Be you the  
constable.

M. SNORE. Neighbour Queasy! pray hear me.  
'Troth thou art as froward with sitting up late  
As any child. I said your daughter came  
Too much to the bake-house, whereby there was  
Something missing, whereby, nay prithee mark,  
I said your daughter was to blame to keep  
Evil company, for I love Mary, I  
Care not who knows it, not I: and I'd fain  
Give her good counsel.

SNORE. My wife tells you the very words she spoke.

M. SNORE. Come prithee send Mary to me.

QUE. Why truly I am somewhat thick of hearing:  
But if that which you said were all, my daughter  
Can take good counsel as well as another.

Y. PAL. Come, no more words! there's to reconcile  
you——

In burnt wine and cakes. Go, get you all in!

[*Ex. SNORE, Mrs SNORE, QUEASY.*]

With this quatrain the Younger Pallatine concludes the Act :—

Methinks blind fortune ushers me too fast ;  
But if she finds the way to bring me rich  
From thence where this unaged treasure lies,  
The poets shall confess that she has eyes.

Once more ; in the fifth Act, after the Watch have sung the Catch, " With Lanthorn on stalls," Snore has this Scene :—

*Enter YOUNGER PALLATINE.*

Y. PAL. Chirping my birds of night ? who could expect  
So sweet a concert of old nightingales ?  
You sing as if you perchd in tavern bushes.  
SNORE, Sir, we can sing, and sing without a fiddle ,  
And we can cough in tune too I have seen  
Mad boys in my days, and have sung all night  
With them, when Bounce the bell-man has kept time.

*Enter MUSICIAN.*

SNORE. Who goes there ? stand ! stand still, and come before me.  
MUS. Your pleasure, sir ? *[He advances.]*  
SNORE. Did not I bid you stand still ?  
MUS. Yes, sir.  
SNORE. Why did you stir then ?  
MUS. Because, sir, you bid me come before you.  
SNORE. I did bid you stand still and come before me.  
MUS. You did, sir.  
SNORE. And could you do both together ?  
MUS. No, sir.  
SNORE. How dare you then presume to make your choice,  
Which to do first, before my pleasure's known ?  
MUS. Why truly, sir——  
SNORE. O, are you caught ? There's one of my new tricks  
To make you know the wit of a constable.

PERT. And a shrewd one.

SNORE. From whence come you?

MUS. Who, I sir?

SNORE. You, sir? who else, sir? what, is there another Knave behind you? or is the devil your Companion? I fear, Master Pallatine, We shall find more of the pack. Well, I ask Again, whence come you?

MUS. I come, sir——

SNORE. Quick, quick! are you consid'ring what to say? Speak, and speak quickly, ere y' have time to think

MUS. Sir, if you please to have patience——

SNORE. Patience? pray note him, Master Pallatine, He tells me of patience, who have been held The very lamb of Ludgate. Sirrah! sirrah! But that I'm loth to break my staff of office Ere my year's out, I'd make your coxcomb know That I have patience. Come, where have you been?

MUS. Where have I been, sir? why, where have I been?

I'm sure I ha'nt been far.

SNORE. D'you mark him, sir?

Here's an answer which might stagger a horse!

I do protest that I grow weary of Authority, because night after night, I meet such intricate and cunning knaves.

PERT. Shall his reply scape thus?

SNORE. In truth I had forgot. O, the knave answer'd Where have I been? which does repeat my question. Then, why where have I been; which is his question To my demand; and then he said, I'm sure I ha'nt been far. O most intricate varlet!

Y. PAL. For my part, I think it half charm, half riddle.

SNORE. Observe how he ends like a subtle devil.

I'm sure I ha'nt been far; as who should say, That I must take his bare assurance for some Place which he maliciously conceals.

But come, sirrah,

You'll not confess where you have been?

MUS. An't please your worship——

SNORE. Worship! that softens the cake into custard.

MUS. I have been at a wedding.

SNORE. Thou knave, why did'st not tell me so before ?

MUS. Your worship would not let me.—

SNORE. How, would not I let thee go to a wedding ?

Y. PAL. Of what profession are you ?

MUS. A poor musician, sir.

SNORE. Still where there are weddings there will be music.

Y. PAL. Alas, the married stand in need of comfort.

SNORE. Stay, stay ! can you sing the constable's catch ?

MUS. I can sing my part, sir.

SNORE. Master Pallatine, I profess by yea  
And nay we'll have that catch : 'twas made of me.

Y. PAL. The songster Snore will never be forgotten

*The second Catch is sung, and acted by them in  
Recitative Burlesque.*

1.

1. Stand, who goes there ! stand, who goes there ?

Come over the kennel, now come near

Hey ho ! I hear a great noise

Like that of the angry boys.

3. There's one you may think him as well

A hector of hell

By the brawling and roaring he makes,

Stand, stand ! now stay till the constable wakes

2.

A coach ! ho, a coach ! it is gone by ;

The coachman drives till the horses fly !

Hush, hush, and lye still ! lye still ! hark ! hark !

Newgate's black dog

Has worried a hog ;

I hear his brother of Dowgate bark !

3.

Another coach it drives from the Strand !

Then have at the harness ; stand ho, stand !

Ha ha, young gallant, bring forth your wench,

And now come before the bill-men's bench.

His hat is soon off, and his mistress quakes,

But stay, sir, stay, till the constable wakes.

Y. PAL. Well sung, old boys! he who likes sighing  
better  
Is much more the sexton's friend than his own.  
Engine, your coming hastens me away.

*Enter ENGINE.*

Dispatch! give your directions to my friend. [*Exit.*

Further on in the same Act the Scene, where  
the Elder Pallatine is taken up by Snore, is thus  
altered:

*Enter SNORE, PERT, WATCHMEN.*

PERT. Pall and his friend are gone, I must not stay  
To be seen, but after you have seiz'd on him,  
Lead him a pris'n'r to the lady too——

SNORE. I'll do't, though he were Gog or Heildebrand.  
[*Exit Pert.*

ELD. PAL. What mean you, sirs?

SNORE. Yield to the constable. [*They lay hold on him.*

ELD. PAL. 'Tis yielded that you are a constable;  
But where have I offended?

SNORE. Here, sir, you have committed sacrilege,  
And rob'd an alderman's tomb of himself,  
And of both his children kneeling in brass.

ELD. PAL. How, flea monuments of their brazen skins?

SNORE. Nay, I believe, if we should search the tomb  
Within, we should find somewhat else missing.

ELD. PAL. Why, did the good alderman bury money,  
To buy alms-custards, for posterity?

SNORE. No, sir, but one of his dead daughters  
Had a fine head of hair, and I am sure  
Yours is none of your own.

ELD. PAL. I see you are scandalized at periwigs;  
But the sexton, being a diligent man,  
Was before me at that work.

SNORE. O, did you come too late? bear witness that  
The gentleman confesses, he was there  
With a felonious intent.

ELD. PAL. Master constable,  
When you walk in the night you need no lanthorns;  
Y'are quick-sighted, and can find truth without 'em.



SNORE. Look ! a dark lanthorn, and an iron crow ;  
Fine evidence for a jury.

ELD. PAL. And all this preparation in the church  
Was to dig for departed periwigs.

SNORE. Say you so, sir ? what shifts young gallants use  
To get hair from others, and yet they take  
More pains to lose their own.

ELD. PAL. I like this trick. The lady Ample, and  
My brother, have triumphant wits ; I grow  
In love with both. Well, whither must I go ?

SNORE. Away with him ! Examine  
The king's constable ? Away with him ! [Exit.]

In the last Scene of the fifth Act, Snore, after  
saying "Now, you may sweeten me with sugar  
loaves, &c.," is followed up thus, before Thwack,  
Meager, Pert, and Engine enter:—

M. SNORE. And now, sir, we may tell you, how you  
imprisoned  
The rich bawd, for offering to corrupt justice  
With half her old gold, and mill-money, left  
Under your desk ; and you never released her  
Till she sent you the other half.

QUEAS. And you examined her  
Thrice over too, that you might hear enough  
Young wickedness : there your worship seemed angry,  
And called out for more stark naked truth,

SNORE. Two of your clerks lye buried in the church,  
Who held a long siege out of seven years' famine  
In your worship's house ; and, at last, died bravely  
Of a surfeit of chippins.\*

M. SNORE. Ay, ay, French chippins !  
His clerks were turned gallants for they  
Would eat in the mode, as they call it,  
And have broths made of shells of new-laid eggs  
And skins of silver eels.

QUE. Ah, these French ! many an honest woman's son  
Has been poisoned by their kickshaws.

M. SNORE. Well fare old Islington for wholesome dainties !  
Who ever heard of poison in stewed prunes ?

\* Fragments of bread.

The two concluding lines of the play are thus rendered :—

To shew that their design but seldom hits,  
Who aim to live in splendour by their wits.

EPILOGUE SPOKEN AT THE DUKE'S THEATRE.

I am so constant to you, gentlemen,  
That, in pure kindness, I am come again.  
I'll tell you now my judgment of the Play,  
And not ask yours ; for yours the poets say,  
If poets can speak truth, is very small.  
Lord ! how I've heard them swear y've none at all !  
All Prologues cry, the critics are undone !  
Nay, I my self was offer'd to be one ;  
But, since so many write, I did eschew  
Th' uncivil pow'r of judging some of you.  
'Tis strange that you are thus turn'd back again  
To infant stature from gigantic-men.  
The time has been you threw great poets down,  
But now are by small poets overthrown.  
Ours boasted that he felt your strength decline  
Since he made war ; but this he said in wine :  
I mean in fumes of such a frantic fit  
As poets have, when poems do not hit.  
I think, like women, they grow cholerick,  
And scold because they hurt not whom they strike.  
Long have the poets made rebellious war  
Against the senates, who their princes are.  
And, though the poets have still losers been,  
Yet, after loss, reserves are still brought in.  
Such is our Play ; consisting of a few  
Old rallied forces, with as many new.  
He's weary of this war ; and, being near  
The danger of his climateric year,  
Does parley, and would urge, since he must treat,  
How little you will gain by his defeat.  
He will not of his weakness more declare  
To those, with whom he held so long a war ;  
The conquer'd, who too much themselves debase,  
Do rudely then the victor's pow'r disgrace.

## AMBER. CAUDLES. Page 121.

*Amber.* Some have poetically imagined it to be a concretion of the tears of birds ; others, the urine of a beast , others, the scum of the lake Cephissus, near the Atlantic , others, a congelation formed in the Baltic Sea, and in some fountains where it is found swimming like pitch.

Amber is reputed of some medicinal efficacy, being used in suffumigations to remove defluxions, and in powder, as an alterant, absorbent, sweetener, and astrigent.

In times of plague, those who work in amber at Koningsberg are said to be never infected ; whence it is held a preservative. It is esteemed a lithontriptic, diuretic, and promoter of masturbation.

Caudles are thus described in "Warner's Antiquitates Culinarie"—

*"Caudel rennyng"* Take vernage, or other gode swete wyne, and zolkes of eyren boten, and steyned, and put therto suger, and colour hit with saffron, and sothe hit tyl hit begyn to boyle, and strawe poudre of ginger theron . and serve hit forth.

*"Caudel ferres."* Take chekyns and choppe hom, and cast hom in brothe of beef, and cast therto clowes, maces, pynes, and reisynges of corance, and a lytel wyne and saffron , for X mees, take the zolkes of 40 eyren boten and steyned , and take sauunders and canel drawen, and put in the same pot and then take half a quartron of poudre of ginger, and bete hit with the zolkes , and in the setting doun put hit into the same pot, and sterc hit wel togeder, and make hit rennyng and sumwat standynge , and dresse hit, and serve hit forth. Or elles take conynges instede of chekyns, and do on the same wyse "

BRITANNIA TRIVMPHANS.

*Britannia Triumphans, a Masque. Presented at White Hall by the Kings Majestie and his Lords, on the Sunday after Twelfth-night, 1637. By Inigo Jones, Surveyor of his Majesties Workes, and William D'Avenant, her Majesties Servant. London, printed by John Haviland for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the flying Horse, neere Yorke house. 1637.*

The masque of "Britannia Triumphans" is unnoticed by Langbaine, and it is not printed in the folio edition of our author's works. It appeared in quarto immediately after having been acted, and is believed to have been suppressed, from having excited great clamour on account of its being represented on the Sabbath day. The author of "The stage condemned, 1698," has devoted nineteen pages to an account of this masque, and states that at that period it was very scarce. In Kippis' *Biographia*, folio, Lond. 1789, an edition is mentioned, very lately printed in Ireland," but this we have never seen, nor does the *Biographia Dramatica* take cognizance of it.

On the title page, *Britannia Triumphans* bears to have been written "by Inigo Jones, surveyor of His Majesty's works, and William D'avenant, Her Majesty's servant."

To Inigo Jones is given credit for the introduction, not only of scenery and machinery of a superior order, but of designs for character-costume. He had been for some years in Italy whither "he had been sent to study the art of design" for which he had early evinced a decided taste. "He was," says his pupil and executor, Webb, in his vindication of Stonehenge, "Architect-General unto four mighty kings, two heroick queens, and that illustrious and never-to-be-forgotten Prince, Henry. Christianus the fourth, king of Denmark, first engrossed him to himself, sending for him out of Italy, where, especially at Venice, he had many years resided." He is said to have assisted in the building of the palace of Fredericksburg, the principal court resembling that of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, the design of which is understood to have been his. He was appointed Surveyor of Works for Prince Henry, which office terminated at the Prince's death, 6 Nov. 1612. He then visited Italy once more, and during his absence, one "M. Constantine, an Italian," is mentioned as "Architect to our late Prince Henry," he undertaking the machinery for the masque at the Earl of Somerset's marriage. This must have been an honorary appointment as there was no such office in the Prince's household. On the return of Inigo Jones to this country, he, in 1615, received the appointment of

Surveyor of Works, with a yearly stipend of eight shillings a-day for his entertainment, eighty pounds per annum for his "recompense of availes," and two shillings and eightpence a-day for his riding and traveling charges, besides £12 15s 10d yearly for livery. Of this office, which had been held by Simon Basil, the king had granted Jones the reversion.

The first recorded notice of Inigo Jones' inventions for the stage is given by Ben Jonson in his introduction to "the masque of Blackness," which he had prepared by command of the Queen of James I., for performance at Whitehall, on twelfth-night, 1604-5. It was the first entertainment her majesty had given, and, at her suggestion, the characters were to be Blackamoors.

Jones was again engaged to prepare the stage accessories incident to three Latin plays represented before the King in the Hall of Christ Church, Oxford, towards the end of August 1605. He appears to have received £50 for his trouble, but his employers seem to have thought that he had promised more than he performed, or rather than they had expected. From the description, that is questionable. Thus it was:—"The stage was built close to the upper end of the hall, as it seemed at the first sight; but, indeed, it was a false wall, faire painted, and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about, by reason whereof, with the help of other painted cloths, their stage did vary three times in acting of one tragedy."—*Ireland's Collectanea*—*Malone's Shakespeare*.

The next occasion on which his talents in the scenic department were called into exercise was Twelfth Night 1605-6, when the masque of Hymen, also the product of Ben Jonson's Muse, was presented in honour of the nuptials of the young Earl of Essex with Frances Howard, a daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, the Lord Treasurer. The dresses were most superb, and Inigo Jones tried to excel himself. Jonson thus notices what was considered novel: "Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open, and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno sitting in a throne supported by two beautiful peacocks; above her,

the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top, (figuring the Heaven) brandishing his thunder." Jonson was highly commendatory of Jones' work. "The design and art," he says, "together with the devices and their habits, belong properly to the merit and reputation of Master Inigo Jones, whom I take modest occasion, in this fit place, to remember, lest his own worth might accuse me of an ignorant neglect, from my silence." The poet himself was present, and assisted in turning a globe wherein the masquers sat, which was so contrived that it "stood, or rather hung, for no axle was seen to support it."—*Gifford's Life of Ben Jonson*, vol. vii.

Jones appears to have been employed in other matters for his majesty, for in June 1609 he is entered in the books of the treasurer of the chamber to the King as the recipient of £14 6s 8d, "for carreinge letters for his majesties servyce into Fraunce." Both prior to this, and afterwards, he was engaged with Ben Jonson in several masques, Ben always chronicling his praises of his co-mate. At Christmas 1610-11 they devised another masque for the Queen, for which they both received a like reward for their "invention," viz, £40 each.

Inigo Jones invented the structure for Chapman's masque of the two honourable Houses or Inns of Court; the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn; performed before the king at Whitehall on Shrove Monday at night, being the 15th Feb. 1613. Also for *Cœlum Britannicum*, a masque at Whitehall in the Banquetting House, on Shrove Tuesday night, 18th Feb. 1633.

"It was attributed to our author, though the machinery, which was very fine, was contrived and executed by Inigo Jones, and part of the piece itself written by Tho. Carew (*11th Oxon.*, vol ii., col. 413). The King himself wore a mask in this piece, and the rest of the performers were men of the first quality in the three nations. This we find omitted in Langbaine's Catalogue." *Memoir of Davenant* in Kippis' Biographia.

As Surveyor of Works, Inigo Jones was not idle. He erected, with unprecedented rapidity, the new Banquetting House at Whitehall, on the scite of the old Banquetting House, which had been destroyed by fire on 12th January,



1618-19; he was requested to make a drawing "by way of map or ground plot," to enable a commission appointed by the Crown, "to plant and reduce to uniformity Lincoln's Inn Fields," and, among numerous other things, "received his Majesty's commands to produce, out of his own practice in architecture, and experience in antiquities, whatever he could possibly discover concerning Stonehenge." The result attending the last was not very satisfactory. A folio volume, published three years after his death, contains "some few undigested thoughts" upon the subject. His later works were the great west portico of Old St. Paul's, the Queen's House at Greenwich, the Theatre of the Hall of the Barber Surgeons, in Monkwell Street, London. He was also employed in planning the great square or piazza of Covent Garden, for the Earl of Bedford. The arcade or piazza was carried along the whole of the north and east sides; the church completed the west; and the south was girt by a grove of trees, and the garden-wall of Bedford House in the Strand.

Although Ben Jonson had been lavish of his praise of Inigo Jones, still Jones thought fit to take umbrage at him. The cause of this is not known, but the quarrel appears to have been kept up for a considerable time. From Jonson's "Conversations with Drummond, of Hawthornden," 1619, we learn that "he said to Prince Charles, of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted to express the greatest villaine in the world, he would call him ane Inigo," and he further stated that "Jones having accused him for naming him, behind his back, a fool, he denied it, but, says he, I said, he was ane ariant knave, and I avouch it." A reconciliation appears to have taken place, for they again worked together as before, but it was of short duration, a second and fiercer quarrel having ensued. The reason seems to have been that Jones from the popularity he had acquired as a distinguished architect, began to persuade himself that he was a better man than Ben, and was consequently entitled to greater credit in the preparation of the masques on which they were jointly engaged, and in particular because "rare Ben" had placed his own name first on the title of a masque named "Chlorida," 1630, thus:

"The Inventors, Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones." This led to Jones taking advantage of his power at court, and introducing, as poets of the court entertainments, Townshend, Carew, Shirley, Heywood, and Sir Wm. D'avenant, who were exceedingly courteous towards him, willingly yielding the palm to his mechanical skill. D'avenant affably acquaints the public that "The inventions, ornaments, scenes, and apparitions, with the descriptions, were made by Inigo Jones, Surveyor-General of his Majesty's Works; what was spoken or sung, by William D'avenant, his Majesty's servant." Heywood, also, bowing to the stage carpenter, thus observes.— "So much for the subject itself, but for the rare decorations which now apparell'd it, when it came the second time to the Royall viewe, (her gracious majesty then entertaining his highnesse at Denmark House, upon his birth-day), I cannot pretermitt to give a due character to that admirable artist, Mr. Inego Jones, master surveyor to the King's work, &c, who to every act, nay, almost to every sceane, by his excellent inventions, gave such an extraordinary lustre; upon every occasion changing the stage, to the admiration of all the spectators; that, as I must ingenuously confesse, it was above my apprehension to conceive, so to their sacred majesties, and the rest of the auditory, it gave so general a content, that I presume they never parted from any object, presented in that kind, better pleased or more plenally satisfied."

Like the modern melodramas of the sensational order, and those very dreary pieces, rejoicing in a plentiful display of female legs, stilted verse, and nigger melodies, dignified by the erroneous title of burlesque.

"Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque."

This Ben Jonson satirically remarked at the time when Inigo Jones gained the ascendant.

Still those adjuncts to the attractiveness of stage entertainments were not adopted in the public theatres, the plays of Shakespeare and others of the day relying upon their plot and action, and needing no accessories. Strange contrast, when now a-days those very plays, which then stood and even now could stand upon their own merits, fail to command an audience, unless aided

by the artist's brush, an unlimited supply of Dutch metal, and the employment of mechanical appliances.

As Ben Jonson lived up to, or rather beyond his income, the circumstance of his not being called upon to prepare a masque for the subsequent year, "by reason of the predominant power of his antagonist, Inigo Jones," was a deep source of regret, broken in health and necessitous as he then was. By Jones' malicious influence was the poet not only then set aside, but during the rest of his melancholy existence. The ire of Jonson rose to such a degree that he was induced to pen a satire entitled "An Expostulation with Inigo Jones," or "Iniquo Jones," as he otherwise called him. In this, he laughs at the architect's "velvet suit," and twits him with

"Thy twice conceived, thrice paid for imagery."

Gifford, while adopting the view that Jonson himself takes of Inigo Jones "to be the Dominus do-all of the work and to engross all the praise," adds, that, as now with the Christmas Pantomime openings, "an obscure ballad-maker, who could string together a few rhymes, to explain the scenery, was more acceptable to him than a man of talent, who might aspire to a share of the praise given to the entertainment."

———"O shows, shows, shows!

The eloquence of masques! what need of prose—

Or verse, or prose to express," &c

On the production of Ben's play of the Magnetic Lady, in October, 1632, Inigo Jones was present, and amiably "made himself remarkable by his boisterous ridicule of it." Langbaine says, "It was generally esteemed an excellent play, though in the poet's days it had some enemies."

This conduct, no doubt, determined Jonson to crucify Jones in a greater degree than previously, and so the "Master Surveyor" was dragged into his next new play, "The Tale of a Tub," 1633. Inigo incensed, got the part suppressed, as appears from this entry in the office book of the Master of the Revels:—

"R [ceived] for allowinge of the Tale of the Tubb, Vitruvius Hoop's part wholly struck out, and the motion of the tubb, by commande from my lorde chamberlin ;

exceptions being taken against it by Inigo Jones, Surveyor of the King's Workes, as a personal injury unto him. May 7, 1633—£2, 0s 0d."

"The motion of the tub," referred to, was a ridiculous piece of mechanism intended to caricature some machinery which Jones had once contrived.

Although Vitruvius Hoop was forbidden as well as the motion of the tub, Jonson still insisted upon introducing Jones in a more subdued form under the appellation of "In-and-In Medlay of Islington, corpus and head borough." Throughout this character two favourite words of Jones' are employed—"feasible" and "conduce." As a specimen the following dialogue will suffice.—

"SQUIRE TUB. Can any man make a masque here, in this company?

TO-PAN. (*A Tinker*). A masque! What's that?

SCRIBEN. (*The great writer*). A mumming or a show, With Vizards and fine clothes.

CLENCH (*the farrier*). A disguise, neighbour, Is the true word. There stands the man can do't, sir; Medlay, the joiner, In-and-In of Islington, The only man at a disguise in Middlesex.

SQUIRE TUB. But who shall write it?

HILTS. Scriben, the great writer.

SCRIBEN. He'll do it alone, sir; he will join with no man, Though he be a joiner, in design he calls it, He must be sole inventor. In-and-In Draws with no others in's projects; he will tell you It cannot else be feasible, or conduce:

Those are his ruling words, please you to hear'em?

SQUIRE TUB. Yes; Master In-and-In, I have heard of you.

MEDLAY. I can do nothing, I.

CLENCH. He can do all, sir.

MEDLAY. They'll tell you so.

SQUIRE TUB. I'd have a toy presented, A Tale of a Tub, a story of myself, You can express a Tub?

MEDLAY. If it *conduce* To the design, whate'er is *feasible*; I can express a wash-house, if need be, With a whole pedigree of Tubs.

SQUIRE TUB. No ; one  
 Will be enough to note our name and family.  
 Squire Tub of Totten, and to shew my adventures  
 This very day. I'd have it in Tub's Hall,  
 At Totten-Court, my lady-mother's house ;  
 My house, indeed, for I am heir to it.

MEDLAY. If I might see the place, and had surveyed it  
 I could say more ; for all invention, sir,  
 Comes by degrees, and in the view of nature ;  
 A world of things concur to the design,  
 Which makes it *feasible*, if art *conduce*."

The last of the works of Inigo Jones was the church in Covent Garden, which was finished and consecrated 27th September 1638. The civil war interposed and all peaceful occupations were set aside. Inigo Jones, like the rest, joined the King's standard, and was taken, along with Robinson the actor, Hollar, Peake, and Faithorne the engraver, with arms in their hands at the siege of Basing. The last twelve years of his life present merely a history of anxieties and disappointments. He was not only imprisoned but fined for his loyalty. He had saved some money, which, in these perilous times, he was anxious to preserve. This he effected in unison with Nicolas Stone, the sculptor. They first buried their treasure in a private place in Scotland Yard, whence, lest workmen they had employed should, in accordance with an order published by Parliament, give the information, they removed it privately, and with their own hands buried it in Lambeth Marsh.

A Life of Inigo Jones, edited by Peter Cunningham, was printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1848, accompanied by "Remarks on some of his sketches for Masques and Dramas, by J. R. Planché ; and five Court Masques, edited from the original MSS of Ben Jonson, John Martin, &c., by J. P. Collier, with fac-similes of drawings applicable to these, by Inigo Jones, selected from innumerable designs in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

Inigo Jones was the son of a cloth-worker, and was born in West Smithfield in 1573.

The following anecdote in reference to his Christian name is authentically related :—

Lady Northington, attending a Levee during the indisposition of her husband,—the Earl, Lord High Chancellor of England,—held a colloquy with his Majesty George II., who, among other things, made enquiry as to the Earl's country residence, the Grainge in Hampshire. After nearly exhausting the fullest particulars she just remembered, for his Majesty's information, that it had been originally built by (as she termed him) Indigo Jones,—“Ay, ay,” said the King, “I know. Indigo Jones—Yes—I've often heard of him. I believe he made a fortune as an architect somewhere in the Indies.” On her return home, she, in the course of conversation with her husband, retailed the circumstance. “Well! of all the idiots,” exclaimed the Earl with an oath, “it puzzles me to know whether you or the King was the greater”\*

“The blunders about the period of Jones's death,” observes Peter Cunningham, “are almost beyond belief. Antony Wood says he died 21st July 1651; Kennet, 22d May 1651; Walpole copies Wood, and Walpole's editor (Dallaway), correcting his author, says he was buried 26th June 1632. Allan Cunningham says he died

\* The indisposition under which Lord Northington so frequently laboured was a fit of the gout induced by his convivial revelry in early life, while a student in the Temple. Many a severe twinge was the result of his early indulgencies. When suffering from its effects, he was once overheard in the House of Lords to mutter, after some painful walks between the Wool-sack and the Bar, “If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a Chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad.” Lord Northington's judicial talents were of the first order “he was a great lawyer,” said Lord Eldon, a high authority, “and very firm in delivering his opinion. He was fond of literature, and throughout life kept up his acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics. He was also skilled in Hebrew. He married in 1743, Miss Huband, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Huband of Ipsley in Warwickshire, who survived him many years. His circumstances were not of the best, but shortly after his marriage his brother Anthony Henley died without issue, and on him devolved the paternal estates in Hampshire and Dorset, together with a mansion in Lincoln's Inn Fields. His own death occurred on the 14th January 1772, and he was succeeded in the title and estates by his only surviving son Robert, who subsequently was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and died in 1786 at the early age of 39 without issue, whereby the title became extinct.

in June 1653. I have examined the register of St Benet's, and find that he was buried 26th June 1652. The errors about Webb's relationship to Inigo are equally absurd. Some call him his nephew, others, his son-in-law. He was neither." His death occurred at Somersct House, Strand, London.

Jones was never married. The bulk of his property he devised to John Webb, his executor, the husband of "Ann Jones, my kinswoman." Webb had been a pupil of Jones, and succeeded to his master's collection of designs. He wrote "a vindication of Stonehenge restored." His death occurred 24th Oct. 1672 at Butleigh in Somersetshire.

Vandyck painted a portrait of Jones. The finished picture went, with the Houghton collection, to St Petersburg, but the sketch *en grisaille*, engraved by Hollar in 1655, for the first edition of "Stonehenge restored," was in the possession of a descendant, Major Inigo Jones, 11th Hussars, who, at his own expense, had it re-engraved to illustrate Cunningham's Life of the Architect.

The residence of Inigo Jones was in Scotland Yard. He was a Roman Catholic, and paid periodical fines to the overseers of the poor of St Martin's-in-the-Fields for the privilege of eating flesh in Lent, by reason of some unknown necessity.

A small collection of his plans for shifting scenery in masques is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum.

There were some rambling MS. notes about Jones in a copy of the first edition of "Stonehenge restored," formerly in the Harleian Library, but since lost. They were supposed by Horace Walpole to have been written by Philip Herbert, fifth Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, but, as Mr Peter Cunningham justly remarks, that was an impossibility, as the Earl died five years before the book was published. He rather suspects that the notes were the production of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, in some degree a rival of Jones.

There is a unique little volume, numbering 36 pages, in the library of one of the editors of the present work entitled "a Manifestation by Sir Balthazar Gerbier,

Knight, London, printed for the Authour. 1651," 18mo, to prove that certain scandalous reports concerning himself and family, which he asserts had been spread by certain individuals, among whom was Sir William D'avenant, were without foundation. He has this motto on the title page. "Job xiii. 18. Behold now I have ordered my cause, I know that I shall bee justified." He commences his "Manifestation" thus:—"Socrates and many other famous men being abroad remained silent.

"Petrarch and several others made use of their best cloquence in their own justification; for that occasions and times permit not all men to imitate some *Anabaptists*, who, for the most part, will rather suffer themselves to bee beaten then to make any resistance.

"Did not Paul speake in his owne defence and challenge the right of a Roman that his enemies might not take any advantage against him?

"And why should I not defend my selfe, since some men have past their verdicts on mee, for having made my application to the late King's Court?

"Others againe have hatcht and practised mischief against me, beleiving that I inclined to popularity; and deemed that though I was a Courtier in show, yet I was not so in effect.

"A third party hath been possest with a most injurious opinion, that I was untrue to either.

"And others have been apt to suffer scandalous difamations to take place with them, on impossible suggestions touching the profession of my Religion, and my manner of life.

"Now these are the four branches which referre themselves to your judicious consideration; whereon I shall proceed with that sincerity, and plainnesse, as you may justly expect.

"And to the end that I may give the greater satisfaction to such as are lovers of truth, I shal first mention my origine."

He then goes on to give his pedigree from the time of his great grand-father,—and how it was predicted "by a learned astronomer," that he was to be a great traveller. His narrative proceeds thus:—

"My father being deceased, my mother permitted me



to accompany one of my brothers into France, wher I attained unto languages and sciences, so that at my returne home, though I was but a ladde, yet I had pretty good insight in severall arts and sciences, and I excelled not a little in writing, hmnng, drawing, and in mathe-matickes, as geometry, architecture, fortifications, and in the framing of warlike engines, all which brought me to bee considered of by Prince Maurice of Orange, who thought well of me. I was by him recommended unto Noel Caron, the then States Generall Ambassadour, who was comming for England, and who afterwards presented me to King James." But, he tells us, "all the allurements, promotions of Courts, nor worldly favours, were not capable to put me from my continuall care for my soules salvation, which I was taught to preferre before all things." At Court, "in the first twelve yeares of my attendance, I was employed in messages to forreigne Princes abroad,—and during my being at home I was made use of for my languages, my pen, and knowledge in other sciences."

"Now as for my skill in arts and sciences," he continues, "and particularly in architecture, these I employed in the contriving of some of the Duke of Buckingham's houses, and in the adorning of them."

He takes some pains to disabuse the reader's mind of his actions having been guided by mercenary motives:—

"I did also contrive some mines, massoned up in ships, which were to have blown up the Dycke at Rochell, for all which I never so much as touched a penny of the King's, nor of the Duke of Buckingham's monies, which I refused to meddle withall at my very first application to him, when as the said Duke (happily to try me), had left five hundred pounds under his bolster, which he commanded me to take as I waited on him at his rising, willing me to dispose of the same to the workmen; but on the contrary, I called for the Duke's Steward, and wisht him to lock up the said monies for to bee delivered upon account.—Moreover, to prove that I never handled any of the Duke's monies, I doe referre my selfe to the testimony of Master Auditor Hill, in whose office it will be found upon record, that when as after the Duke's death, some malicious persons thought to have laid

strange things to my charge, pretending that I could not have had the managing of affaires in the Duke's time, but that vast sums must needs have past through my hands ; it was as then by the said Auditor proved, that I never had the disposing of the Duke's monies , and, therefore, could not be accountable for one single penny of the same ; nor could I be accused to have made a fortune, which was sufficiently evidenced, by my never having purchast so much as an inch of ground, nor a thatcht House whilst my attendance. And besides all this, it is an unquestionable truth, that during the whole space of my thirty yeares' application to the Court of England, I never accepted of any present, lesse of a bribe, though it is manifest that I have obliged a number of men by my good offices "

After detailing how, after the Duke of Buckingham's death, he was sent to Spain to endeavour to effect a reconciliation between that country and England, and afterwards to reside in the Court of Bruxels in Brabant, but he further alleges that Cottington and those of his faction sought to compass his destruction, and, " finally, the said Cottingtonian faction prosecuted me, even at my returne into England, so that I could not obtaine the payment of one penny of my disbursements for my twelve yeares' residency abroad." "Then was my returne into Brabant impeded, M<sup>r</sup> Du Vic knighted, and appointed to be resident in my stead ; nay, I was not so much as permitted to return to Bruxels to get off my wife and children " He therefore passed into France, being " threatned to be stabbed by the Cottingtonians," when another grievance occurred ; " Mr. Clement Cotterell, who was but my adjoynet, was knighted, and the Master of Ceremonies' place settled on him, though it is mine under the Great Seale during life." He goes on to say : " Neither did the Court's resent against me cease here. I was not only set upon in my owne person, but those of my family were likewise assaulted, and, finally, my fame was impaired ; as also, endeavours were used to make me passe throughout all the world for a monster amongst men to all posterity."

At the French Court he " had a great deal of right to claim favour, for that by an advertisement, which I sent

from Bruxels, to King Louis the 13th, I saved his life; a certain Burgignian, named Triboulet, having been set on to kill him, by a wicked misrule, one Chantclouve, a priest who attended the then Queen mother": on his appearance at Court, therefore, he was well received by the Queen Regent, the Princes of the blood, the Ministers of State, and he was consulted by M<sup>r</sup> D'Emery, "the Chiefe of the Finances," as to the means of increasing the revenue and mitigating the taxes. He was encouraged by the Duke of Orleans and the Princes "to proceed on an establishment," which would have been worth to him and his colleagues,—the Count D'orvall, the Marquis de la Ferte Imbant, and Monsieur Montavron, a grand partizan—thirty thousand pounds sterling. "This was granted unto me under the Great Seale of France, and I was actually proceeding in the said establishment, putting myself to vast charges."

At this time, it would seem, "a secret cabale, which envied me, moved against me," the Bishop of Puis presenting a petition to the Queen Regent, commencing thus:—"How that *ipso facto* she was an excommunicated person, for having conferred such a charge as the general superintendency of that office which was conferred on me; for, said he, I am an Heretick, such a one as the Papists terme all Protestants. Whereupon, Will. Crafts immediately whipt in, and alleged to the French Queen Regent, how that I was the man, who he supposed to have destroyed all the King of England's affaires. And to make me passe for a greater monster than ever there was on the earth, he not only said, that I was not the father of those children which were in my family, that I had squandered their means away, but worse than this; that I had ravisht them, and that I used violence on their soules, for that they would be Papists, if they could but get loose from me." This so incensed the Queen that she commanded the Chancellor of France and the Attorney-General of the French King in the Parliament of Paris, "to put an absolute stoppe on the establishment which by Patent I was to make in three hundred Townes in that kingdom." He further complains that three of his daughters were abducted from his house, and without his consent, placed in a nunnery. "Finally, the said

Caball, not yet satisfied with the rape of soules, with the depredation of my estate, with the scandals, and the horrid falsehoods which they had vented, proceeded to a further plot to drive me out of France, pretending that I was a friend to the Spaniards, and that therefore I was an unfit person to breath on that soyle." So leaving for England "they dogged me and the rest of my family, and caused seven cavaliers to set upon me between Rován and Deepe, where in the highway they tooke from me all my papers, and all the money which I had, leaving me nought but one French farthing; insomuch as that I might have starved, if Sir William Bicher at Rován had not suppled me with ten pound in money, besides what other persons lent me at that time, among which I am bound to note the Lady Marquise of Moupay, then a venerable godly aged lady of the Protestant religion, who sent this message, "Have a care of your person, and looke not after those that stripped you, for they are here at court too mighty for you to wrestle withall." Accompanying this were fifty pistols in gold. He received another letter from "one Jaques D'Eldime, a merchant, wherein he did advertise me that if I would but turn a Roman Catholique, that then I should have mine own heart's desire, and thus he said he was commanded to write to me from one La Bernardierre, the chiefe of a new order staled, that of the Sacrament of Miracles."

We have been thus particular in quoting so largely from Sir Balthazar's curious "manifestation," in order that his complaints and grievances may be exhibited in his own words, and the proper value be set on them. And this more for the reason that he drags in Sir William D'avenant as one of those who maligned him, although, whether true or false, the offence of which the poet stands accused is a very venial one, he simply having been incredulous, but Sir Balthazar seems to have attached the highest importance to every passage concerning himself.

Immediately following the previous quotation, the manifestation thus continues:—"And notwithstanding this public matter of fact, the malice of men was so great, as they that endeavoured to make the world

believe that the disaster which then befell me, between Roan and Deepe was but a fiction, and who should be the authour of this abominable falsehood, but William Crafts and Davenant the poet, who reported it frequently at the Louvre, and up and down Paris. Neither were they contented to disperse the said calumny throughout France, but they published it into all other parts by their letters, insomuch as that Westminster Hall was filled with the same, and it was the common talk about London, how that I had committed horrid things with some of my own family, and not only in these latter times but even during my attendance on the Duke of Buckingham; which false brute was so cunningly disperst and insinuated into men, as that even persons of honour and judgment did not know what to make of it, whereon they exprest the sence, by the return of their letters to their friends, of which letters one was shewed unto me at Paris, by the late Sir Edmond Stafford, Kt., which said letter mentioned all those horrid abominable scandals which were uttered of me."

Further than asserting that Sir Balthazar's adventure between Rouen and Dicppe was a fiction, nothing is laid to the charge of D'avenant, for the letters just-mentioned are not alleged to have emanated from him or any of his friends. and Sir Balthazar seems to have been, as is usual in cases of the kind, somewhat perplexed as to who was the actual author of the insinuations against him which he seems to have taken so much to heart.

He goes on to state that there was residing at the Louvre a Mrs Sanderson,\* whose husband lived in London, and from whom she received "the said scandalous reports," he "being said to be the authour of them, and that he did make it his ordinary discourse among men to blaze the same. Wherefore at my return hither I thought it necessary to use all proper diligence for to discover the true authour of this infamous scandal. And having surmised the said William Sanderson to have been the man," Mr. Sanderson was induced to make a declaration of his innocence.

Sir Balthazar winds up by stating that he was not to

\* Probably the mother of the lady who subsequently became the wife of Betterton.

blame for the abduction of his three daughters, and for their becoming Roman Catholics, when he had "used all possible endeavours to instruct them even from their infancy in the true profession of the Protestant Religion," and how after they had been taken from him he "omitted not anything that could be thought of or practised to reclaim them."

He then proceeds to glorify himself further by saying that he did not deserve "to be ranked under the censure of those who have followed the disapproved courses of the court," that secondly, "with the open face of a free man borne," he "from his very infancy was taught to observe, next unto the increase of God's kingdom, the publick welfare, advantage, and good," and therefore was a courtier not in show but in effect. And thirdly, that even in opposition to the Duke of Buckingham, for whom he "would willingly have laid downe his life in any just cause;" he was a mortal enemy to "those things which proved grievances to the people," declaring also "that I loved the king's person in such a degree as that had it been possible for me to have delivered him from those causes which lost him in the opinion of the people, and have prevented those evils which overwhelmed them, I would willingly have laid down my neck on the block, and have died both for him and them, so it had been God's pleasure." "Wherefore as I could never persuade myself that there was a possibility of disuniting the king and people's interest, I doe therefore maintaine that I have been true to both. The which being conceived to be satisfactory, these will not need any addition at all, for that this manifestation is addrest to the judicious, who, moreover, cannot be thought to mistake themselves so farre, as to conclude, that anything which is by me alleged on this subject should rather proceed from a particular resentment of the injustices which have been done to my owne person and family, and the ingratitude to my long and faithfull services, then from a just and laudable zeale for the publick good, unto which all other considerations ought to give place."

"Sir Balthazar Gerbier and his family" formed the subject of a picture painted by Anthony Van Dyck, which was engraved and published by Boydell, 1st Feb.

1766, the original picture being then in the collection of Her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, to whom the print is dedicated. The picture is seven feet by ten feet in length. The subject consists of Sir Balthazar leaning on the back of a chair, on which Lady Gebrier sits with an infant lying across her knees, while their other eight children are partly grouped around her and partly distributed throughout. The engraving is now exceedingly scarce.

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## BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANS.

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PRINCES of sweet and humane natures have ever, both amongst the ancients and moderns in the best times, presented spectacles and personal representations, to recreate their spirits wasted in grave affairs of State, and for the entertainment of their nobility, ladies, and courts.

There being now past three years of intermission that the King and Queen's Majesties have not made Masques with shewes and intermedii, by reason the room where formerly they were presented having the ceiling since richly adorn'd with pieces of painting of great value, figuring the acts of King James of happy memory, and other enrichments, lest this might suffer by the smoke of many lights his Majesty commanded the surveyor of his works that a new temporary room of timber, both for strength and capacity of spectators, should be suddenly built for that use; which being performed in two months, the Scenes for this Masque were prepared.

### THE SUBJECT OF THIS MASQUE.

Britanocles, the glory of the western world hath by his wisdom, valour, and piety, not only vindicated his own, but far distant seas, infested with pirates, and reduc'd the land, by his example, to a real knowledge of all good acts and sciences. These eminent acts, Bellerophon, in a wise pity, willingly would preserve from devouring time, and therefore to make them last to our posterity gives a command to Fame, who hath already spread them abroad that she should now at home, if there can



be any maliciously insensible awake them from their pretended sleep, that even they with the large yet still increasing number of the good and loyal may mutually admire and rejoice in our happiness.

The Queen's Majesty being seated under the State and the room filled with spectators of quality, at the lower end of the room was a stage raised of a convenient height, and an oval stair down into the room. That which first presented itself to the eye was the ornament that enclosed the scene.

In the under part of this were two pedestals of a solid order, whereon captives lay bound, above sate two figures in neeches; on the right hand a woman in a watchet\* drapery, heightened with silver, on her head a *Corona Rostrata*,† with one hand holding the rudder of a ship and in the other a little winged figure with a branch of palm, and a garland: this woman represented Naval Victory. Opposite to this on the other neech sate the figure of a man bearing a sceptre with a hand and an eye in the palm, and in the other hand a book, on his head a garland of *Amaranthus*,‡ his cuirass was of gold with a *Palludamentum*§ of blue and antique bases|| of

\* Pale blue.

† *Rostrata Corona*—A Garland given to a captain for a victory at sea.—*Plin.* 16, 3, and 4. A crown with a peak like the stem of a ship

‡ Everlasting flower.

§ "*Paludamentum*—A cote armour. *Sallust · Val. Max* — A souldier's garment." *Cooper's Thesaurus.* 1578, folio. Used also by Pliny and Cicero.

"He dyd of his surcoat of pallade"—*Isenbras*, 124.

*Pallade*—Palle, or rich cloth.—*Halliwel.*

|| That part of any ornament which hangs down, such as housings.—

"Phalastus was all in white, having his bases and caparison embroidered."—*Sidney*

Also, may mean stockings, or armour for the legs,—

"Nor shall it ere be said that wight

With gauntlet blue and bases white,"

*Butler's Hudibras.*

crimson, his foot treading on the head of a serpent. By this figure was signified right government; above these were other composed ornaments cut out like cloth of silver, tied up in knots with scarfings all touch'd with gold.

These pillasters bore up a large freize with a sea triumph of naked children, riding on sea horses and fishes, and young tritons with writhen trumpets and other maritime fancies. In the midst was placed a great compartment of gold, with branches of palm coming out of the scrolls, and within that a lesser of silver with this inscription.—*VIRTUTIS OPUS*, proper to the subject of this Masque, and alluding to that of Virgil—*sed famam extendere factis, &c.* From this came a drapery of crimson, which tied up with great knots in the corners hung down in folds on the sides of the pillasters.

A curtain flying up discovered the first Scene wherein were English houses of the old and newer forms, intermixt with trees, and afar off a prospect of the City of London and the river of Thames, which, being a principal part, might be taken for all Great Britain.

From several parts of the Scene came Action and Imposture. Action a young man in a rich habit down to his knees with a large guard\* of purple about the skirt wherein was written with silver letters *MEDIO TUTISSIMA*, on his head a garland of laurel, and in one hand a branch of willow. Imposture in a coat with hanging sleeves and great skirts, little breeches, a high crowned hat, one side pinned up, a little ruff, and a formal beard, and an angling rod in his hand with a fish at the hook, with a bag and a horn at his girdle.

\* An ornamental hem, lace, or border. *Now obsolete.*

## ACTION.

My variable sir ! I'th' name of Heaven  
What makes your falsehood here where fame  
intends

Her triumphs all of truth ? Her trumpet she  
Hath chosen new and clean, lest it should taint  
Her breath. Thou art so useless to the world,  
That thou art impudent when thou dost share  
What is most cheap, and common unto all,  
The air and light. I do beseech thee, my  
Fine false artificer, hide both thy faces,  
For thou art double everywhere. Steal hence,  
And I'll take care thou shalt no more be miss'd  
Than shadows are at night.

## IMPOSTURE.

Be patient, sir !  
This valiant humour of disdain works not  
So powerfully as you believe. I hide myself.  
The reasons must be strong that shall persuade  
Me under ground. The badger loves his hole,  
Yet is not so bashful but dares look out  
And shew himself when there is prey abroad :  
Then strangely arrogant, I pity thee  
As politics do men too humble for  
Their care, much more for their redress ; that is,  
I smile at thee, the graver way of scorn,  
For should I laugh I fear t'would make thee  
think  
Thy impudence had somewhat in't of wit.  
Didst ever hope to be so useful in  
The manage and support of human works  
As I ?

## ACTION.

Proceed ! proceed ! make up your history.

## IMPOSTURE.

Wisely the jealous sceptics did suspect  
 Reality in every thing, for every thing but seems,  
 And borrows the existence it appears  
 To have ! Imposture governs all—even from  
 The gilded Ethnick<sup>+</sup> mitre, to the painted staff  
 O' th' Christian constable ; all but pretend  
 Th' resemblance of that power which inwardly  
 They but deride, and whisper merry questions to  
     themselves,  
 Which way it comes.

## ACTION.

Y' have cunningly observ'd  
 This is a pleasant new philosophy :

## IMPOSTURE.

Right, sir ! and what is pleasant unto all  
 Is generally good. Troth, I could wish  
 Our reason were as certain as our sense  
 Would alter in dispute, as little be  
 As soon confirm'd. But since it is not so,  
 That universally shall take which most  
 Doth please, not what pretends at profit and  
 Imaginary good. Is it not fit  
 And almost saf'st to cosen all, when all  
 Delight still to be cosen'd ?

## ACTION.

These lectures would  
 Subdue a numerous sect, wert thou to preach  
 To young soft courtisans, unpractis'd heirs,  
 Of over practis'd usurers, silken  
 And fine feathered gallants, whose easy ears  
 Stall open to delights, and shut at truths.  
 But fate takes not so little care of those

\* Heathen—Pagan.

For whom it doth preserve the elements,  
 That what is chief within us should be quite  
 Deprav'd, as we were only born to aim  
 At trifles here, like children in their first  
 Estate of using legs, to run at sight  
 Of bubbles, and to leap at noise of bells.

## IMPOSTURE.

Even so believ'd, and in their chiefest growth  
 They beat my Grandsire Mahomet's  
 Divinity ; who doth allow the good, a handsome  
     girl  
 On earth, the valiant, two in Paradise.

## ACTION.

Thou art so read in human appetites  
 That, were the devil licensed to assume  
 A body, thou might'st be his cook ; yet know,  
 If you endeavour it, you may persuade  
 Yourself there are some few 'mongst men  
 That, as our making is erect, look up  
 To face the stars, and fancy nobler hopes  
 Than you allow ; not downward hang their heads  
 Like beasts to meditate on earth, on abject things  
 Beneath their feet.

## IMPOSTURE.

T'is a thin number sure,  
 And as much disperst, for they would hardly meet  
 In councils and in synods to enact  
 Their doctrine by consent, that the next age  
 May say they parted friends.

## ACTION.

'Tis possible,  
 'Less you steal in amongst them to disturb  
 Their peace, disguis'd in a canonick weed,

Nor are these such, that by their reasons strict  
 And rigid discipline, must fright nice court  
 Philosophers from their belief, such as impute  
 A tyrannous intent to heavenly powers,  
 And that their tyranny alone did point  
 At men, as if the fawn and kid were made  
 To frisk and caper out their time, and it  
 Were sin in us to dance, the Nightingale  
 To sing her tragic tales of love, and we  
 To recreate our selves with groans, as if  
 All perfumes for the tiger were ordained  
 'Cause he excels in scent: colours, and gaudy  
                   tinctures for  
 The Eastern birds, whilst all our ornament  
 Are russet robes, like melancholy Monks.

## IMPOSTURE.

There are, sir, of this rigid sect, and much  
 They govern too that think the godwit\* and  
 The rail† were meant the eagles' food, and men  
 Design'd to feed on salads in a mead,  
 As if it were created but a great  
 And larger kind of frogs.

## ACTION.

It is confess'd  
 There are some sullen clerks that love  
 To injure and to scant themselves, yet you  
 May find a few whose wisdoms merit greater sway  
 That will allow us pleasures 'bove our cares,  
 Yet these we must not compass with our guilt,  
 But every act be squared by virtue's rule.

\* A bird of particular delicacy.

"No ortelans nor godwits crown his board"—*Couley*

† "Of wild birds, Cornwall hath quail, rail, partridge, and pheasant."—*Carew*.

## IMPOSTURE.

Virtue ! 'Tis a mere name. Virgins that want  
A dowry learnt by rote, to raise the price  
Of old unhandsome looks, admit there's one  
Or two allow in nature such a thing  
And that it is no dream : these mighty lords  
Of reason have but a few followers,  
And those go ragged too : the prosperous, brave  
Increasing multitude pursue my steps.  
The great devourer of mysterious books  
Is come ! Merlin, whose deep prophetic art  
Foretold that at this particle of time  
He would forsake's unbodied friends below  
And waste one usual circuit of the moon  
On earth, to try how nature's face is chang'd  
Since his decease.

Merlin the prophetic magician enters apparel'd  
in a gown of light purple down to his ankles,  
slackly girt, with wide sleeves turned up with  
powdered ermines, and a roll on his head of the  
same, with a tippet hanging down behind ; in  
his hand a silvered rod.

## ACTION.

Your eyes encounter him  
As you would make great use of's visit here.

## IMPOSTURE.

With reason, sir, for he hath power to wake  
Those that have many ages slept, such as  
When busy in their flesh were my disciples.  
Hail thou most ancient prophet of this Isle !  
I, that have practised superstitious rites  
Unto thy memory, beg thy immortal aid  
To raise their figures that, in times forgot,  
Were in the world predominant : Help to  
Confute this righteous fool, that boasts his small

Neglected stock of wisdom comes from Heaven,  
 and show  
 How little it prevailed on earth, since all  
 The mighty here are of my sect.

## MERLIN.

'Tis long  
 Since this my magic rod hath struck the air,  
 Yet loss of practice can no art impair  
 That soars above the reach of nature's might.  
 Thus then I charm the spirits of the night,  
 And unto hell conjure their wings to steer,  
 And straight collect from dismal corners there  
 The great seducers of this Isle, that by  
 Their baits of pleasure strove to multiply  
 Those sad inhabitants, who curse that truth below  
 Which, here on earth, they took no pains to know.  
 Appear ! appear ! nimbly obey my will  
 T'express I died t' increase my magic skill.

The whole Scene was transformed into a horrid hell, the further part terminating in a flaming precipice, and the nearer parts expressing the suburbs, from whence enter the several Anti-masques.

## 1. ENTRY.

*Of mock music of 5 persons.*

One with a viol, the rest with  
 Tabor and pipe,  
 Knackers and bells,  
 Tongs and key,  
 Gridiron and shoeing horn.

## 2. ENTRY.

A ballad singer his } with their Auditory,  
 companion



A porter laden,  
 A vintner's boy,  
 A kitchenmaid with a hand-basket,  
 A sailor.

## 3. ENTRY.

A crier of mouse-traps    } bearing the engines be-  
 A seller of tinderboxes   } longing to the trades.  
 The master of  
 Two baboons and  
 An ape.

## 4. ENTRY.

A mountebank in the habit of a grave doctor,  
 A zany                    } his men,  
 A harlekin                }  
 An old lame charewoman.  
 Two pale wenches presenting their urinals,\* and he  
       distributing his printed receipts out of a budget.

## 5. ENTRY.

Four old-fashioned Parasitical Courtiers.

## 6. ENTRY.

Of rebellious Leaders in war :  
       Cade,  
       Kett,  
       Jack Straw, and  
       their soldiers.

The apparel of these in part shewed their base professions, mixt with some soldier-like accoutrements.

These Antimasques being past, Bellerophon entered riding on Pegasus, in a coat armour of silver scales, and on his head an antique helm

\* Bottles in which water is kept for inspection.

"These folles shine through you, like the water in an urinal."—*Shakespeare*.

with plumes, his bases watchet with lables of gold, a golden javelin in his hand, the point of lead.

The Pegasus was covered all with white close to his skin, his main and tail of silver, with large white wings, his reins and saddle of carnation trim'd with silver. He, riding up into the middle of the room with an attendant, alighted.

#### ACTION.

Bellerophon ! That th' off-spring art of heaven,  
Most timely, and by inspiration sure,  
Thou com'st to help me to despise and scorn  
These airy mimic apparitions, which  
This cosening prophet would present as great  
Examples for succeeding times to imitate

#### BELLEROPHON.

Through thick assembled clouds, through mists  
that would  
Choke up the eagle's eye, I, in my swift  
And sudden journey through the air, have seen  
All these fantastic objects, which but shew  
How dull the impious were to be so sillily  
Misled, and how the good did ever need  
But little care, and less of brain, to scape  
Th' apparent baits of such gross fools.

#### IMPOSTURE.

Ay, Sir,  
T'were easy to subdue if cholerick scorn  
Might make up confutation without help  
Of arguments. The virtuous, Sir, of late  
Have got a fine feminine trick to rail  
At all they will dislike, refer what is  
Not easily understood unto a kind  
Obedient faith, and then call reason but  
A new and saucy heretic. Those that

My reverend prophet rais'd which you, Sir, in  
A virtuous fury have called fools, I'm sure  
Did govern when alive, and by  
Imposture made their estimation thrive.

BELLEROPHON.

Monster ! thou know'st 'tis not thy strange defence  
Of reason that provokes my rage, but thou  
Would'st cunningly disguise thy sense  
In reason's shape, cosening thy willing self,  
And giving seeming pleasures real attributes :  
These taking tunes, to which the numerous world  
Do dance, when your false-sullenness shall please,  
You may compare to th'dangerous music of  
The swan, a merry preparation still  
To melancholy death.

IMPOSTURE.

Cry mercy, Sir !  
You are Heroic virtue, who pretend  
An embassy from heaven, and that y'are sent  
To make new lovers here on earth ; you will  
Refine the ways of wooing, and prescribe  
To valour nobler exercise than what  
The ancient knights' adventurers taught. But first  
See these of the old Heroic race. Merlin  
Assist me once more with thy charming rod,  
To shew this strict corrector of delights,  
What ladies were of yore, and what their knights,  
Although their shapes and manners now grow  
strange,  
Make him admire what he would strive to change.

BELLEROPHON.

Alas ! how weak and easy would you make  
Our intellectual strength, when you have hope  
It may be overcome with noise and shows.

## IMPOSTURE.

Yes ! and this moral magistrate ; your strict  
O'er solemn friend, that in such comely phrase  
Disputes for active virtue, and declares  
Himself the mark of all unrighteous opposites.  
His magnanimity shall yield at last,  
Straight take my angle in his hand, then bait  
The hook with gilded flies, to fish in troubled  
seas :

For all the world is such, and, in a storm,  
Where the philosopher, that still swims in  
Profoundest depths, will, Sir, as easily  
Be snapt, as fools that float on shallow streams,  
And taken with a line no stronger, sir, than what  
Will tear a little gudgeon's jaws.

## ACTION.

The knight adventurer that you intend  
To raise, must then adventure far, and make  
His valour captivate, surer and soon  
As his lamenting lady's looks. I'll not  
Be taken else.

## IMPOSTURE.

Most reverend lord of dark  
Unusual sciences ! begin thy charm.

## MERLIN.

Like furious rivers meeting underground,  
So hollow and so dismal is the sound  
Of all my inward murmurs, which no ear  
But with a mild astonishment can hear ;  
Though not so loud as thunder, thunders are  
A slower noise, and not amaze so far.  
Which to express, that distant spirits hear  
And willingly obey : Appear ! appear !

At this the hell suddenly vanisheth, and there appears a vast forest, in which stood part of an old castle kept by a giant, proper for the scene of the mock Romanza which followed. Out of this forest comes running and affrighted a dwarf and damsel. The dwarf in blue and white, and the damsel in a straight bodied gown and wide sleeves of changeable,\* with a safeguard† of silver stuff, and a past and partlet‡ like a moral figure in old paintings. To these a knight in old fashioned armour, with spear and shield, his squire apparel'd in a yellow coat, with wide sleeves and strossers§ cut in panes of yellow and watchet. After them a giant in a coat of mail, his bases red and silver, with a faulchion hanging in a chain: and in his hand an iron mace, a great roll of black and white on his head; a Saracen's face with great black mustachoes.

### THE MOCK ROMANZA.

#### DWARF. SQUIRE.

DWAR. Fly from this forest, squire! Fly, trusty spark!

I fear like child whom maid hath left i'th' dark.

SQUIRE. O coward base! whose fear will never  
lin ||

\* Now the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta; or thy mind is a very opal.—*Shakespeare*.

† See "Guard," *ante*, p. 267.

‡ *Partlet*—A ruff, or band for the neck.—The term sometimes applied to the habit-shirt. "Wyth gay gownys and gay kyrtels, and mych waste in apparell, rynges, and owchis, wyth partelettes and pastis garneshed wyth perle."—*More's Supply-cacyon of Soulys*, Sig. L. ii

§ Tight drawers. The word is corrupted into "strouces" in Sir John Oldcastle, p. 71.

|| Cease.

Till't shrink thy heart as small as head of pin !  
 Lady, with pretty finger in her eye,  
 Laments her lamkin knight, and shall I fly ?  
 Is this a time for blade to shift for's self,  
 When giant vile calls knight a sneaking elf ?  
 This day, a day as fair as heart could wish,  
 This giant stood on shore of sea to fish  
 For angling rod he took a sturdy oak,  
 For line a cable that in storm ne'er broke ;  
 His hook was such as heads the end of pole,  
 To pluck down house ere fire consumes it whole.  
 This hook was bated with a dragon's tail ;  
 And there on rock he stood to bob for whale,  
 Which straight he caught and nimbly home did  
     pack  
 With ten cart load of dinner on his back :  
 Thus homward bent, his eye too rude and cunning  
 Spies knight and lady by an hedge a funning.  
 That modicum of meat he down did lay,  
 For it was all he eat on fasting day.

*Enter* GIANT, KNIGHT, and DAMSEL.

DWARF.

They come ! In's rage he spurns up huge tree roots,  
 Now stick to lady, knight, and up with boots.

GIANT.

Bold recreant wight ! what fate did hither call thee  
 To tempt his strength that hath such power to  
     maul thee ?  
 How durst thy puling damsel hither wander ?  
 What was the talk you by yond' hedge did maunder ?

DAMSEL.

Patience, sweet man of might ! Alas heaven knows  
 We only hither came to gather sloes,

And bullies two or three ; for, truth to tell ye,  
I've long'd six weeks with these to fill my belly ;  
I'fecks, if you'll believe 't, nought was meant sure  
By this our jaunt, which errants call adventure.

GIANT.

Shall I grow meek as babe when ev'ry trull is  
So bold to steal my sloes and pluck my bullies ?\*

KNIGHT.

Fear not ! Let him storm on, and still grow rougher,  
Thou art bright as candle clear'd by snuffer,  
Canst ne'er endure a blemish or eclipse  
From such a hookt nose, foul mouth'd, bobbert† lips ?  
Ere he shall boast, he us'd thee thus to's people  
I'll see him first hang'd high as any steeple.

GIANT.

If I but upward heave my oaken twig,  
I'll teach thee play the Tom-boy,‡ her the Rig§  
Within my forest bounds. What doth she ail  
But she may serve as cook to dress my whale ?  
In this, her damsel's tire and robe of sarsnet,  
She shall souse bore,|| fry tripes, and wild hogs'  
harsnet.¶

KNIGHT.

O, monster vile ! thou mighty ill bred lubber !  
Art thou not mov'd to see her whine and blubber ?  
Shall damsel fair, as thou must needs confess her,  
With canvass apron, dress thy meat at dresser ?  
Shall she, that it is of soft and pliant mettle,  
Whose fingers silk would gall, now scour a kettle ?

\* Bullace. A small black and tartash plum of wild growth.

† Saucy. ‡ A mean fellow. § A wanton.

|| Pickle cabbage.

¶ Query *Harslet* ? "A haggise, a chitterling, a hog's harslet."—*Nomen.*, p. 87.

Though not to scuffle given, now I'll thwart thee,  
 Let Blowze, thy daughter, serve for shillings forty.  
 'Tis meeter, I think, such ugly baggages  
 Should in a kitchen drudge for yearly wages,  
 Than gentle she who hath been bred to stand  
 Near chair of Queen with island shock in hand,  
 At questions and commands all night to play,  
 And amber possets\* eat at break of day,  
 Or score out husbands in the charcoal ashes.  
 With courtly knights, not roaring country swashes,†  
 Hath been her breeding still, and's more fit far  
 To play on virginals and the guitar  
 Than stir a seacoal fire or scum a cauldron  
 When thou shalt break thy fast on a bull's chaudron.‡

## GIANT.

Then I perceive I must lift up my pole,  
 And deal your love-sick noddle such a dole  
 That ev'ry blow shall make so huge a clatter,  
 Men ten leagues off shall ask, Hah! what's the  
 matter?

## DAMSEL.

Kind grumbling youth! I know that thou art able,  
 And want of breeding makes thee prone to squabble.  
 Yet, sure thy nature doth compunction mean,  
 Though, 'las, thy mother was a sturdy Quean:  
 Let not meek lovers kindle thy fierce wrath,  
 But keep thy blustering breath to cool thy broth.

\* *Posset*—A drink of wine or treacle boiled with milk, usually taken before retiring to rest. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5 "The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit, and amber'd all."—*Beaumont and Fletcher* *i.e.*, scented with ambergris See ante, p 244

† Halliwell, in his *Archaic and Provincial Dictionary*, illustrates "Swash a roaring blade, a swaggerer," with these identical two lines, but without marking D'avenant as his authority.

‡ Entrails.



## KNIGHT.

Whine not, my love, his fury straight will waste him,  
Stand off a while and see how I'll lammbaste\* him.

## SQUIRE.

Now look to't, Knight! this such a desp'rate blade is  
In Gaul he swung the valiant Sir Amadis!

## DWARF.

With bow, now Cupid, shoot this son of punk,  
With Crossbow else, or pellet out of trunk!

## GIANT.

I'll strike thee till thou sink where the abode is  
Of wights that sneak below, called Antipodes.

## MERLIN.

My art will turn this combat to delight,  
They shall, unto fantastic music, fight.  
*[They fall into a dance and depart.]*

## BELLEROPHON.

How trivial and how lost thy visions are!  
Did thy prophetic science take such care,  
When thou wert mortal, with unlawful power  
To recollect thy ashes 'gainst this hour,  
And all for such import? Surrender straight  
This usurpation of thy warmth and weight,  
And turn to air, thy spirit to a wind!  
Blow thine own dust about! until we find  
No small remainder of ill gather'd thee  
And like to it; so waste thy memorie.

## ACTION.

Thou Imposture, to some dark region steal!  
The light is killing, cause it doth reveal

\* Beat soundly.

Thy thin disguise, i'th dark thou ne'er wilt fade,  
 For dismal plants still prosper in the shade ;  
 Thou art a shadow, and observe how all  
 Vain shadows to our eyes stretch and grow tall,  
 Just when the sun declines to bring in night,  
 So thou dost thrive in darkness, waste in light.

BELLEROPHON.

Away ! Fame, still obedient unto fate,  
 This happy hour is call'd to celebrate  
 Britanocles, and those that in this Isle  
 The old with modern virtues reconcile.  
 Away ! Fame's universal voice I hear,  
*[a trumpet within.*
 'Tis fit you vanish quite when they appear.  
*[Exeunt Merlin, Imposture.*

---

In the further part of the Scene, the earth open'd and there rose up a richly adorn'd palace, seeming all of Goldsmiths' work, with porticoes vaulted on pillasters running far in: the pillasters were silver of rustic work, their bases and capitols of gold. In the midst was the principal entrance, and a gate; the doors' leaves of bass-relief, with jambs and frontispiece all of gold. Above these ran an architrave, freize, and cornice of the same; the freize enrich'd with jewels; this bore up a ballestrata,\* in the midst of which, upon a high tower with many windows, stood Fame in a carnation garment trim'd with gold, with white wings and flaxen hair; in one hand a golden trumpet, and in the other an olive garland.

In the lower part leaning on the rail of the bal-lesters were two persons, that, on the right hand, personating Arms with a currass and plum'd helm. and a broken lance in his hand.

\* Balustrade.

On the left hand, a woman in a watchet robe trim'd with silver, on her head a bend,\* with little wings like those of Mercury, and a scroll of parchment in her hand, representing Science.

When this palace was arrived to the height, the whole scene was changed into a Peristilium† of two orders, Doric and Ionic, with their several ornaments seeming of white marble, the bases and capitals of gold; this, joining with the former, having so many returns, openings, and windows, might well be known for the glorious Palace of Fame.

The Chorus of poets enter'd in rich habits of several colours, with laurels on their heads, gilt.

[*Music.*

### FAME SINGS.

#### 1.

Breake forth ! thou treasure of our sight,  
That art the hopeful morn of every day,  
Whose fair example makes the light,  
By which heroic virtue finds her way

#### 2.

O thou, our cheerful morning rise !  
And straight these misty clouds of error clear,  
Which long have overcast our eyes,  
And else will darken all this hemisphere.

#### 3.

What to thy power is hard or strange ?  
Since not alone confined unto the land ;

\* Query, Band ?

† A place set about with pillars—a cloister.—*Cooper's The-saurus*

“The Villa Gordiana had a peristyle of two hundred pillars.”  
—*Arbutnot.*

The sceptre to a trident change !  
 And straight unruly seas thou canst command !

## 4.

How hath thy wisdom rais'd this Isle ?  
 Or thee, by what new title shall we call ?  
 Since it were less'ning of thy style,  
 If we should name thee Nature's Admiral.

## 5.

Thou universal wonder, know !  
 We all in darkness mourn till thou appear,  
 And by thy absence dull'd may grow,  
 To make a doubt if day were ever here !

The Masquers came forth of the Peristilium, and stood on each side, and at that instant the gate of the Palace open'd, and Britanocles appeared.

The habit of the Masquers was close bodies of carnation, embroidered with silver, their arming sleeves of the same ; about their waist two rows of several fashioned leaves, and under this their bases of white reaching to the middle of their thigh ; on this was an under basis with labels of carnation embroidered with silver, and betwixt every pane were puffs\* of silver, fastened in knots to the labels ; the trimming of the shoulders was as that of the

\* The origin of the word "puff" is said to be this.—In France, at one time, the *coiffure* most in vogue was called *pouff*. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horse-hair cushions, and ornamented with objects indicative of the tastes and history of the wearer. The Duchess of Orleans, for example, on her first appearance at court after the birth of her son and heir, had on her *pouff* a representation, in gold and enamel, most beautifully executed, of a nursery. There was the cradle and the baby, the nurse, and a number of playthings. Madame d'Egmont, daughter of the Duc de Richelieu, after her father had taken Port Mahon, wore on her *pouff* a little diamond fortress, with sentinels keeping guard.

basis ; their long stockings set up were carnation with white shoes, and roses ; their bands and cuffs made of purls\* of cut work ; upon their heads little carnation caps, embroidered as the rest, with a slit turned up before, out of the midst came several falls of white feathers diminishing upwards in pyramidal form.

This habit was beautiful, rich, and light for dancing, and proper for the subject of this Masque.

[*Mus.*

The Palace sinks, and Fame, remaining hovering in the air, rose on her wings singing, and was hidden in the clouds.

#### CHORUS.

Britanocles, the great and good appears,  
His person fills our eyes, his name our ears,  
His virtue every drooping spirit cheers !

#### FAME.

Why move these princes of his train so slow,  
As, taking root, they would to statues grow ?  
But that their wonder of his virtue turns them so.

'Tis fit you mix that wonder with delight,  
As you were warm'd to motion with his sight,  
To pay the expectation of this night.

#### CHORUS.

Move then in such a noble order here,  
As if you each his governed planet were,  
And he mov'd first to move you in each sphere.

#### CHORUS.

O with what joy you'll measure out the time !

\* Purl—an embroidered and puckered border. "Himself came in next after a triumphant chariot made of carnation velvet, enriched with purl and pearl."—*Sidney*.

Each breast like his still free from every crime,  
Whose pensive weight might hinder you to climb.

THE MASQUERS DESCEND INTO THE ROOM

The song ended, the scene turns to that of  
Britain.

THE MASQUERS DANCE THEIR ENTRY

Which ended, a new chorus of our own modern  
poets raised by Merlin, in rich habits differing from  
the rest, with laurels on their heads gilt, make  
their address to the Queen.

1.

Our eyes, long since dissolv'd to air,  
To thee for day must now repair,  
Though rais'd to life by Merlin's might ;  
Thy stock of beauty will supply  
Enough of sun from either eye,  
To fill the organs of our sight.

2.

Yet first thy pity should have drawn  
A cloud of cypress or of lawn,  
To come between thy radiant beams ;  
Our eyes, long darkened in a shade,  
When first they so much light invade,  
Must ask and sicken with extremes.

3.

Yet wiser reason hath prevail'd  
To wish thy beauties still unveil'd,  
'Tis better that it blind should make us  
Than we should want such heavenly fire,  
That is so useful to inspire  
These raptures which would else forsake us.

## 4.

Who knows but Homer got his flame  
From some refulgent Grecian dame  
Whose beauty gave his Muse supplies ;  
And would not trust in humble prose  
His noble thoughts, but rather chose  
High numbers, though with loss of eyes ?

Here the scene changed, and in the farthest part  
the sea was seen, terminating the sight with the  
horizon ; on the one side was a haven with a  
citadel, and on the other broken grounds and  
rocks ; from whence the sea-nymph Galatea came  
waving forth, riding on the back of a dolphin, in  
a loose snow white garment ; about her neck chains  
of pearl, and her arms adorn'd with bracelets of  
the same ; her fair hair disheveled and mixt with  
silver, and in some part covered with a veil which  
she with one hand graciously held up Being arrived  
to the midst of the sea, the dolphin stayed, and  
she sung, with a Chorus of music,

## GALATEA'S SONG.

## 1.

So well Britanocles o'er seas doth reign,  
Reducing what was wild before,  
That fairest sea-nymphs leave the troubled main,  
And haste to visit him on shore.

## 2.

What are they less than nymphs since each make  
shew  
Of wondrous immortality,  
And each these sparkling treasures wears that  
grow  
Where breathless divers cannot pry ?

## 3.

On ever moving waves they us'd to dance  
 Unto the whistling of the wind ;  
 Whose measures hit and meet by erring chance,  
 Where music can no concord find.

## 4.

But now for their majestic welcome try  
 How ev'n and equally they'll meet,  
 When you shall lead them by such harmony,  
 As can direct their ears and feet.

Which done, she gently past away, floating on  
 the waves as she came in. After this, some ships  
 were discern'd sailing afar off several ways, and  
 in the end a great fleet was discovered, which,  
 passing by with a side wind, tackt about, and with  
 a prosperous gale entered into the haven, this con-  
 tinuing to entertain the sight whilst the dancing  
 lasted

## THE VALEDICTION.

## 1.

Wise nature, that the dew of sleep prepares  
 To intermit our joys and ease our cares,  
 Invites you from these triumphs to your rest '  
 May ev'ry whisper that is made be chaste,  
 Each lady slowly yield, yet yield at last ;  
 Her heart a pris'ner to her lover's breast.

## 2.

To wish unto our royal lover more  
 Of youthful blessings than he had before,  
 Were but to tempt old nature 'bove her might,  
 Since all the odour, music, beauteous fire,  
 We, in the spring, the spheres, the stars, admire  
 Is his renew'd and better'd ev'ry night !



## 3.

To bed, to bed ! may every lady dream  
From that chief beauty she hath stolen a beam,  
Which will amaze her lover's curious eyes !  
Each lawful lover, to advance his youth,  
Dream he hath stolen his vigour, love, and truth ;  
Then all will haste to bed but none to rise !

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## THE KING'S MAJESTY.

Duke of LENNOX.	Lord LODOWICK STUART.
Lord WILLIAM HAMILTON.	Earl of DEVONSHIRE.
Earl of CARLILE.	Earl of NEWPORT.
Earl of ELGIN.	Lord ANDEVOR.
Lord PHILIP HERBERT.	Lord PAGET.
Lord RUSSELL.	Lord WHARTON.
Mr FRANCIS RUSSELL.	Mr THO. HOWARD.

In the list of performers in *Britannia Triumphans*, LORD WILLIAM HAMILTON is placed below the Duke of Lenox, and above the Earl of Carlisle. The youngest son of the second marquis, he was created Earl of Lanerick or Lanark, in Scotland, 31st March 1639. In the next masque of *Salmacida Spolia*, the ignorance of the printer converted him into an Irish peer as Earl of Lennerick, in which blunder he is followed by Chetwood. His only brother James, whom he succeeded, was created 12th April 1643, Duke of Hamilton.

Clarendon asserts, and probably with truth, that his grace "had more out-faced the law in bold projects and pressures upon the people than any other man durst have presumed to do, as especially in the projects of wine and iron, about the last of which, and the most gross, he had a sharp contest with the Lord Coventry, who was a good wrestler too, and at last compelled him to let it pass the seal, the entire profit of which always reverted to himself, and such as were his pensioners."\* Coventry was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, "and enjoyed this place, with an universal reputation—and sure justice was never better administered for the space of about sixteen years, even to his death some months before he was sixty years of age."†

As heir of his father the Marquis succeeded to the Earldom of Cambridge which had been created 16th June 1619. The succession to this honour was by that illegal court, called the High Court of Justice, held as sufficient to exclude his grace from the benefit of availing himself of the laws of Scotland, which being an independent kingdom, having a separate government authorizing the levying of an army to relieve the King of Scotland, he asserted on his capture that he was entitled to be dealt with as a prisoner of war. He was informed that not as Duke of Hamilton, but as Earl of Cambridge, the Court would sit in judgment upon him. Accordingly he was tried as an English Peer—convicted and sentence

\* Clarendon, vol. 1., p. 263 Oxford 1826, 8vo.

† Clarendon, vol. 1., p. 50.

of death was passed upon him. He was executed upon the 9th of March 1648-9, and his body carried by sea to Hamilton where it was interred in the Parish Church.

The first Duke of Hamilton exhibited more dignity when he suffered than he had previously done. He was much esteemed by the King, but he was not a faithful councillor to his majesty. His dealings with the saints of the solemn league and covenant were, to say the least, questionable. He was one of the most distrusted of his majesty's advisers. Of his rapacity, Clarendon has spoken distinctly. After his death a pamphlet, now, it is believed, of rare occurrence, entitled *Digitus Dei* was published, in which his grace was accused of treasonably plotting with the Scotch rebels in order to secure the Crown to himself.

THOMAS BRUCE FIRST EARL OF ELGIN, was the second son of Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, Master of the Rolls to James I., by whom he was raised to the peerage. He died in 1609 in the sixty-second year of his age, and was interred in the Rolls Chapel, where a memorial was erected to his memory. By his wife Magdalen, daughter of Sir Alexander Clerk of Balbirny, he had two sons, Edward and Thomas, and a daughter Christian, who, upon her union with William Earl of Devonshire, was presented by the King with a portion of no less a sum than ten thousand pounds.

Edward his eldest son, the second Baron, was made a Knight of the Bath at the creation of Henry Prince of Wales. He was never married, and was slain in a duel with Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset. Clarendon, referring to the latter, observes, "He entered into a fatal quarrel upon a subject very unwarrantable with a young nobleman of Scotland, the Lord Bruce, upon which they both transported themselves into Flanders, and attended only by two chirurgeons placed at a distance, and under an obligation not to stir, but upon the fall of one of them, they fought under the walls of Antwerp, when the Lord Bruce fell dead upon the place, and Sir Edward Sackville, for so he was then called, being likewise hurt, retired into the next monastery, which was at hand"\* Thomas, his brother, thus

\* Vol. I., p. 106, Oxford 1826, 8vo

became the third Lord Bruce of Kinloss. He was not only raised to the Earldom of Elgin in Scotland, 21st June 1633, but was created Baron Bruce of Whorlton in the county of York, 2d August 1641. He died upon the 19th day of December 1663, and was buried in the family mausoleum in the churchyard of the parish of Moulden, Bedfordshire. His Lordship was twice married, his first wife, Anne Chichester, was Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Chichester by Frances, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Harrington, by whom he had one son created Earl of Ailesbury in 1664. This branch of the family of Bruce became extinct in the male line upon the death of Charles Bruce fourth Earl of Elgin and third Earl of Ailesbury, who, though thrice married, had only one son, who died in 1739 without issue. He was offered a dukedom in 1746 according to Horace Walpole,—See letters vol. iii,—but having no issue male declined the honour. He, however, obtained in that year a patent as Lord Bruce of Tottenham, with a remainder to his nephew Thomas Bruce Brudenell, who was created Earl of Ailesbury in 1776, and died in 1814. In 1821 his son Charles was made Marquis of Ailesbury, in which honour and the inferior ones he was succeeded by the present Peer.

The Barony of Kinloss under the charter of 1601 being to Edward Bruce "*susque heredibus et assignatis*," was claimed recently by the present Duke of Buckingham as heir of the original patentee through Lady Mary Bruce, who married Henry Duke of Chandos, the only one of the three daughters of Charles fourth Earl of Elgin who left issue. This dignity, unclaimed for more than a century, was adjudged 21st July 1868 to his grace by a Committee of privileges.

LORD PHILIP HERBERT was the fourth son of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. His three elder brothers dying without issue, the succession opened to him upon the demise of his father in January 1649-50. Earl Philip was twice married. He died 11th December 1669, and was succeeded by his son William.

Mr FRANCIS RUSSELL was the immediate younger brother of William Lord Russell, and died according to Collins, "a month before his father in France, unmarried."

This must, therefore, have been in April 1641, as the Earl died on Sunday the ninth of May of small-pox "and was buried at Cheyneys."\* Archbishop Laud in the account of himself says, "This Lord was one of the main plotters of Strafford's death; and I know where he and other Lords, before the Parliament sat down, resolved to have his blood. But God would not let him live to take joy therein, but cut him off in the morning, whereas the bill for the Earl of Strafford's death was not signed till night." Collins, referring to Clarendon, says, "this statement is malicious and unchristian like," but the Chancellor's statement comes only to this, that the Earl promised the King to save Strafford's life; but he did not do so. He never says that Bedford and the other Lords did not conjointly plot to take away Strafford's life.

The execution of Strafford was to speak plainly a murder under colour of law—a crime in which both the King and his Parliament equally shared

WILLIAM LORD PAGET was the son and heir of his father, also named William, who died upon the 29th of August 1629, and who married Lettice daughter and co-heir of Henry Knowles of Kingsbury, Warwickshire. When the succession opened to him he was between nineteen and twenty years of age. He had previously been made a Knight of the Bath. Upon the coronation of Charles I., at the commencement of the civil war, he joined the Parliament, but having come to a belief of its evil intentions abandoned its service and sought pardon from his majesty for his temporary absence from his service. His wife Frances was eldest daughter of Henry Earl of Holland, who was beheaded by the Parliament, and by her was father of three sons and seven daughters. His Lordship died October 19th, 1678. His successor William was much employed by the British Ministers in foreign Embassies, and when acting as Ambassador to Turkey he helped materially to bring about the peace of 1698-9, "whereby all Europe was in tranquillity." He died 25th February 1713, and was succeeded by his only surviving son Henry, who was

\* Collins, vol. i., p. 112, London 1751, 8vo., quoting from Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, vol. ii., p. 76.

created Earl of Uxbridge. His elder son, Thomas Lord Paget predeceased his father. He was possessed of great poetical talent, and his "Essay on Human Life," now so little known, was thought so much of, that upon the first appearance of Pope's Essay on Man, which was published anonymously, the authorship was ascribed to his lordship.

The Earldom of Uxbridge became extinct in the male line; but the Barony of Paget being one constituted by writ was adjudged to the heir of line who carried it to the family of Bayly of Plancenywyd in the Island of Anglesey, who thereupon took the name of Pagot, and the Uxbridge Earldom was thereafter revived, and still subsists although merged in the Marquisate of Anglesey.

The founder of the family was a man of extreme prudence and sagacity. In a common-place book which was some years since in the possession of his descendant, Lord Boston, are the following maxims:—

Fly the Courte.	Lerne to spare.
Specke little.	Spend in measure.
Care less.	Care for home.
Devise nothing.	Pray often.
Never earnest.	Little better.
In answer coole.	And dye well.

These rules may be supposed to have steered his course safely through the perilous reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth

PHILIP, FOURTH BARON WHARTON.—The Wharton family although one of considerable antiquity, do not appear to have attained the dignity of the peerage, until the latter part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, or commencement of that of Edward the Sixth. After flourishing as Barons, Earls and Marquises, the honours came to an end in the person of the only Duke, Philip, the last male of the race, whose eccentric career closed in the year 1731, at the early age of thirty-two at a Benedictine Convent in a small Spanish village, where he had been charitably entertained by the monks. Not having been attainted, the out-lawry of his grace did not extinguish the Barony, accordingly the out-lawry having been reversed by a judgment of the Court of King's Bench,

upon the claim of the co-heirs, it was held 24th July 1845, that the Barony of Wharton having been created by writ, was descendible to heirs general, and was then in abeyance

At the date of the masque, Philip, the fourth Baron, was under age, probably between seventeen and eighteen, as he did not obtain his writ of summons to the House of Peers until April 1640. His father Sir Thomas Wharton, was the younger of the two sons of Philip, the third Lord. The elder son Sir George, was killed in a duel with Sir James Stewart, eldest son and heir-apparent of Walter, first Lord Blantyre, in which both parties were killed. Sir George was a high spirited young man, haughty, insolent, and quarrelsome. He was a favourite of James I., and married the Lady Anne Manners, a daughter of the Earl of Rutland. The other combatant was a godson of the King and highly regarded by him. According to the old ballad, printed by Ritson in his ancient songs from a black letter copy of the period, the encounter arose from a gambling dispute. There is a Scottish version in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish border," and a third edition will be found in "Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditional," with copious introductory observations. They were before the quarrel intimate friends, and were by Royal order buried in one grave at Islington, 10th November 1609. As Sir George left no children, his brother Sir Thomas became apparent-heir to the Barony, but he died on the 17th of April 1622, leaving Philip, who on the death of his grandfather 26th of March 1626, thus became fourth Baron Wharton

It is a singular fact, that this youth honoured by his Majesty as a companion in the present masque, should after attaining majority, take part with the enemies of Charles, and be numbered with those who pursued Strafford, and Archbishop Laud to the death. Lord Wharton was thrice married, first to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Rowland Wandesford, by whom he had one daughter, who became the wife of Lord Willoughby of Eresby, Lord Great Chamberlain of England; secondly to Jane, heir of Arthur Goodwyn of Upper Wickendon, by whom he had Thomas, afterwards first Earl of Wharton

and Goodwyn, who died without issue, and four daughters; and thirdly, Anne, daughter of William Carrgroome, of the Bedchamber to James I., the only offspring of which union was William who died young. His Lordship departed this life at an advanced age, shortly after the execution of his last will, on the 1st of February, "in the seventh year of the reign of King William the Third, and in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and ninty five."\*

Upon the 24th of February 1695-6, Thomas, fifth Lord Wharton, took his seat in the House of Peers. He had previously married Anne, one of the two daughters and co-heiresses of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in the County of Oxford, by whom he had no children. Park in his edition of Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors" has raised her to the peerage as a Marchioness, although she had not even attained the rank of a Baroness. She lived and died the wife of a Commoner. Mrs Wharton had a fondness for the muses, and some of her poetical productions have considerable merit. She was authoress of a tragedy called "Love above Crowns" still existing in manuscript. The original MS. clothed in exquisite old morocco, and dedicated in her own beautiful handwriting to her beloved friend Mrs Howe, was purchased at the distribution of the Strawberry Hill treasures for Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., and is now deposited in the Library of the British Museum.

By his second wife, Lucy, daughter of Lord Lisburn, his Lordship had Philip born December 1698, and two daughters Jane and Lucy. On the 2d December 1706, he was created Viscount Winchendon and Earl of Wharton, and in March 1714, was raised to the higher dignity of Marquis of Wharton and Malmesbury: Honours which he enjoyed for a brief period, as he died during the succeeding year.

The Marquis was a remarkable man. He was a powerful promoter of the revolution, and was generally understood to have been the author of the ballad of "Lillibulero," with which he was accustomed to boast he sang the last monarch of the Stewart dynasty out of his three

\* Scottish Ballads and Songs. Edinburgh, 1868, 8vo, vol. 2. p. 159.



kingdoms. That this somewhat dull performance had a very great influence on the public mind is unquestionable, but it would have met with little attention had it not been for the unpopularity of James, and his undisguised efforts to re-establish popery, which had alarmed the nation, and revived the memory of the Smithfield burnings of Mary and the Protestant massacres of Catherine de Medicis. The ballad singers might have bawled Lilibulero about the streets until they were hoarse, had James only amused himself and his wife with Popery, and not attempted to force his subjects to join in their amusement. This famous ballad was occasioned by the appointment of Talbot Earl of Tyrconnel, as Viceroy of Ireland, in 1657, in consequence of his being a Roman Catholic. Wharton is said by Bishop Warburton to have been translator of a pretended letter of Machiavel to Zenobius Buodelmontius, in vindication of himself and his writings appended to the English translation of Machiavel, 1680.—Folio See Park's edition of Lord Orford's "Catalogue," vol. 4, p. 68, London 1806, 8vo.

The religious hypocrisy and open profligacy of Wharton was admitted by his friends who extenuated it by referring to his eloquence, his sagacity, his courage, his consistency as a Whig, and as a man upon whom his party could rely. He was deemed consequently a fitting ruler for Ireland, whither he went in 1708. In 1710, England was favoured with his portraiture by that skilful painter Dean Swift.\*

The Dean whilst conceding that the Viceroy possessed talents of the highest order, held him up to public scorn as not possessed of a single virtue; a profligate husband, a false friend, a sensualist, a liar, a hypocrite and an atheist, whilst pretending a love of religion. There is not perhaps in the English language, a more bitter and scurrilous libel. Wharton did not pay any attention to it; but continued to enjoy the emoluments of his high office until his return from Ireland. His pickings must have been considerable, as he was, it is said, embarrassed

\* Short character of his Excellency Thomas, Earl of Wharton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1710, 12mo, price 4s. Reprinted in Scott's Swift, vol 4, p. 1

when he left England, but quite comfortable when he came back. Swift's bitter attack will be found in the fourth volume of Scott's edition of his works.

Both the wives of the Marquis loved the muses. Anne was worthy of a better husband. Their marriage was dissolved on the 29th of October 1685.\* Lucy his second spouse was celebrated in the following verses as a toast by the Kit-cat Club, in 1693—

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,  
And in immortal toasting passed the night,  
With more than bowls of nectar they were blest  
For Venus was the Wharton of the feast

Three stanzas of an address to Cupid have been held by Park a sufficient authority to give her ladyship a place in his edition of Lord Orford's Catalogue. She did not outlive her husband long. Her will bears date the ninth day of December 1715. She desired to be buried at Winchendon, "in a private but decent manner, as my late husband Thomas, Lord Marquis of Wharton and Malmesbury was." It was proved upon the 20th day of February following, whilst the testament of her husband bears date the 8th of April 1715, and was proved the 13th September thereafter. Two eminent physicians were witnesses, Sir Samuel Garth, author of the "Dispensary," and Sir Hans Sloane, both of whom were attending professionally when it was executed.

The Marquis had for some years been deaf, so much so, that he latterly delegated the duty of saying grace before and after meat to his son Philip, first and last Duke, then a precocious youth of from fifteen to sixteen years of age. Upon one occasion when a large dinner party—gentlemen only it is presumed—were assembled, having been called upon by his father to discharge the duty, the obedient son rising slowly, uttered the following lines in a regular canting tone:—

Pray heaven to shorten  
The days of Lord Wharton,  
And set up his son in his place;  
He'll drink and he'll —  
And a thousand things more  
With the same puritanical face.

\* Parish Register of Winchendon, referred to in Park's edition of Walpole's Catalogue of "Royal and Noble Authors," vol 3, p. 267, London 1806, 8vo.

Whercupon the Marquis solemnly ejaculated Amen, to the infinite amazement of those present.

Philip was under age when his father died, and therefore could not take his seat in the House of Peers as Marquis of Wharton. His elevation to a Dukedom before he attained majority prevented him ever doing so, and it was not until the 21st August 1719, that, introduced by the Dukes of Kingston and Bolton, and producing his writ of summons, he took the oaths, and was placed next before "The Duke of Portland."

With the Duke ended the race of the Lords Wharton, in the male line

He was a man who, as Lord Orford remarks, "threw away brightest profusion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries, and scrapes, which may mix graces with a great character, but never can compose one." "With talents to govern any party, this lively man changed the free air of Westminster for the gloom of the Escorial, the prospects of King George's Garter for the Pretender's; and with indifference to all religion, the frolic lord who had writ the ballad on the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in the habit of a capuchin,"\* at the age of thirty-two.

His Grace married Anna Theresa, daughter of Major-General Holmes, by whom he had no issue. The two daughters of the Marquis were Lady Jane, who married first John Holt, Esq. of Redgrave Hall, and second Robert Coke, Esq. of Longford, and died a widow before the 19th January 1761. Her sister, Lady Lucy, who had been divorced by Act of Parliament, from her husband Sir William Morrice, Bart., for adultery with Lord Augustus Fitzroy, predeceased her sister. As neither of these ladies left children, all the issue of Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, failed, and the representation of the family devolved upon the female issue of Philip, the fourth Lord, who appeared as a performer in the masque. By a decision of a Committee of Privileges, dated 24th July 1848, confirmed by the House of Lords, the Barony of Wharton was declared to be in abeyance between the representatives of Elizabeth, Mary, and Philadelphia, his three daughters.

\* Orford's Catalogue, by Park, vol. 4, p. 121-2

SALMACIDA SPOLIA.

*Salmacida Spolia. A Masque presented by the King and Queen's Majesties, at Whitehall. On Tuesday the 21st day of January 1639. London. Printed by I. M. for Thomas Walkley and are to be sold at his shop at the Signe of the flying Horse neere Yorke House 1639.*

*Salmacida Spolia. A Masque presented by the King and Queens Majesties at Whitehall on Tuesday, the 21 day of January, 1639—Dublin. Printed and sold by the Editor, W. R. Chetwood in the Four-court-Marchalsea; Messrs G. and A. Ewing, P. Wilson, H. Hawker, and S. Price, in Dame Street; G. Faulkner, and A. Long in Essex-street, J. Esdale, on Cornhill, Booksellers. M.DCCL. 12mo. This formed one of a "Select Collection of Old Plays."*

CHETWOOD in reprinting *Salmacida Spolia* observes in his prefatory brief notice to the reader that it was presented by king Charles the first, his Queen and the chief nobility that attended the Court. "Sir William Davenant and that great architect Inigo Jones, Esq., were the inventors. By the description in the Masque, we may easily imagine the habits, scenes, and machinery were set forth with the utmost magnificence. The painting was designed by the inimitable Peter Paul Rubens."

"This Masque," he goes on to say, "is not in the works of Sir William Davenant in folio 1673; which was my chief motive for printing it; more for its curiosity than entertainment; and I do not expect any but the curious will be entertained by it."

"The music was composed by Mr Lewis Richards, master of His<sup>\*</sup> Majesty's band, who may be supposed to be eminent in his profession, since many songs and sonnets of those times, with an anthem on the birth of Prince Charles, King Charles the second, were composed by him." After remarking that the text stands "as it does in the original," he concludes thus: "here imagination must assist the reader; and as the poet writes on fancy

Round her all nature's various species stand,  
And follow her unlimited command,  
A sea of souls on with harmless fury here;  
Strait 'tis a field, and trees and herbs appear,"

*Salmacida Spolia* literally interpreted means the Spoils of the Fountain Salmacis, in Caria. The following fragment of Ennius preserved by Pompeius Festus gives this account of the Fountain.†

"Salmacis nomine nympha Cæli et Terræ filia, fertur causa fontis Halicarnasi aquæ appellandæ fuisse Salmacidis, quam qui bibisset vitio impudicitæ mol-

\* A mistake Richards was Master of Her Majesty's band the songs, sonnets, and anthem referred to by Chetwood have escaped the researches of Dr Burney in his History of Music

† Pompeius Festus in *Usum Delphini*, Amst. 1699, 10., L. XII., p. 475.

lesceret, ob eam rem, quod ejus aditus augustatus parietibus occasionem largiter juvenibus petulantibus antecedentium puerorum puellarumque violandarum quia non patet refugium. Ennius" Immediately after this extract Festus adds "*Salmacis da spolia sine sanguine et sudore.*"

This addition gave rise to a learned contest in which Joseph Scaliger insists that the first word should be joined to the second—whilst Dacier contends that the words should stand separate as above.

Whatever side his Royal Highness the Dauphin took in the controversy, it is obvious that D'avenant was a convert to Scaliger—for he says:—

"*SALMACIDA SPOLIA.*

The ancient *Adages* are these—

*Salmacida Spolia sine sanguine sine sudore, potius quam, Cadmia victoria, ubi ipsos victores pernices opprimit.*"

"This piece," observes Campbell in Kippis, "is omitted in Mr Langbaine's catalogue, and in the collections of D'avenant's works, which, however, is a point of injustice: for though no question can be made that Inigo Jones was a man of exalted genius, yet convincing evidence might be brought to prove, that in matters of this nature few people had a more lively imagination, or a taste more correct than our author."

This Masque was probably the last of those magnificent pageants wherein Charles and his Queen so much delighted, and in which their courtiers thought it an honour to perform. The unhappy disputes which were gradually ripening into a defiance of the existing government suspended these and other court gaudies, and gave place to matters of serious moment, commencing with the executions of Strafford and Laud and not terminating even with the murder of the Sovereign.

The state of the metropolis antecedent to the republican explosion shows the pains that had been taken to stimulate the people to acts of violence, which, from London, their centre, spread over the whole nation. The editor of the "*Account of the Proceedings against the EARL OF STRAFFORD, 1641,*" says, "You may hereby understand the constitutions of the two kingdoms, which

were then in a most strange and preternatural fermentation, a sick stomach nauseating at pleasant and wholesome meat, the body politick growing hot and feavourish, in strange jactations and unquietnesses, wilfully refusing and scorning the advice of a most skilful *Æsculapius*."

This, though a quaint, is unquestionably a true picture of the times, of which there is an interesting record extant, in a paper which coolly proscribes those who, in either house of parliament, were eminent for their loyalty.

A Copy of a Paper posted up at the Wall of Sir William Brunkard's House, in the Old Palace Yard, in Westminster, Monday, May 3, 1641.

The Names of the Straffordians posted.

1. Lord Digby.
2. Lord Compton.
3. Lord Buckhurst.
4. Sir Robert Hatton
5. Sir Thomas Fanshawe.
6. Sir Edward Alford.
7. Sir Nicholas Slanning
8. Sir Thomas Danby.
9. Sir George Wentworth.
10. Sir Peter Wentworth

And 35 other gentlemen therein named.

At the bottom is this HINT:—

"This, and more, shall be done to the enemies of justice afore-written."

In the Anti-masque it is not easy to separate the real from the unreal performers. Some names are evidently fictitious such as Pert, Arpe, Rimes, and Tartareon—perhaps Pert may mean the representative of that character in the Wits. Skipwith probably was one of a loyalist race still existing as Baronets—Slingsby might possibly be a relation of that excellent man Sir Henry Slingsby of Scriven, Bart., who suffered death for his Sovereign. His memoirs published twice in the present century indicate rather a marked disinclination to these courtly gaieties and make it somewhat questionable whether any very near relative would take a part in them. There were however other lauded pro-



prietors of the same name. Chumley or Cholmondely may have been Thomas Cholmondely of the Vale Royal, Cheshire, now represented by the Lords Delamere

One person deserves more than a mere notice—the “little swine who play’d with his two countrymen as they slept,” “acted by Mr Jeffrey Hudson.” On this very diminutive little gentleman Davenant wrote “*Jeoffreidos*, on the captivity of Jeffery,” a poem in two cantos—a very amusing production which will be found in the volume of his poems termed *Madagascar*, 12mo, and is included in the folio edition of his works, 1673. Sir Walter Scott in the present century brought Sir Jeffery—for he was knighted—under the notice of the public by introducing him in the latter portion of the romance of *Peveril of the Peak* with another remarkable person of the opposite sex, Margaret Lucas, the second and famous Duchess of Newcastle. Both Jeffery and the Duchess are described with infinite felicity.

Geoffrey Hudson was the son of a labourer. He was born at Okeham in 1619. At the age of seven he was not eighteen inches high—at which period of his existence he was taken into the family of the Duke of Buckingham, at Burleigh on the Hill, and had there the honour of being introduced to royalty then on a progress, through the medium of a cold pie, in which he was served up to table to create a surprise to the court.\* On the marriage of Charles I. he was presented to the service of the Marquis of Hamilton; and was so far trusted as to be despatched to France to bring over Her Majesty’s midwife. In his passage he was taken by a pirate and carried into Dunkirk. His captivity gave rise to Sir William Davenant’s *Jeoffreidos*, a poem on his duel with a turkey-cock. His diminutive size did not prevent his acting in a military capacity; for during the civil wars he served as captain of horse. In following the fortunes of his royal mistress into France, he engaged in a quarrel with a Mr Crofts, who contemptuously came into the

\* It was a common device at the feasts of the old English, in the times prior to Charles Second’s reign, when the nobility dispensed then hospitality in the ancient halls of their ancestors, instead of residing in London, to have an extensive pie served up at table, from which on being opened, a flock of living birds flew forth to the no small surprise and amusement of the guests

field armed only with a squirt; a second meeting was appointed on horseback, when Geoffry killed his antagonist at the first shot. For this he was expelled the Court, and putting to sea he again was captured by a Turkish rover, and sold into Barbary. On his release he was made a captain in the Royal Navy; and on the final retreat of Henrietta, attended her to France, where he remained until the Restoration. In 1682, this little gentleman was made of that importance as to be supposed to be concerned in the popish plot, and was committed to the Gatehouse, where he ended his life at the age of sixty-three.

Of Lewis Richard by whom the music was composed nothing has been ascertained beyond the fact that he was "Master of *her* majesties Musicke," and not of *his* Majesty's, as Burney asserts in his General History of Music, vol. iii., p. 385. London 1789, 4to—In a note he adds, "This musician's name has occurred nowhere else in my researches."

## THE SUBJECT OF THE MASQUE

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DISCORD, a malicious fury, appears in a storm, and by the invocation of malignant spirits, proper to her evil use, having already put most of the world into disorder, endeavours to disturb these parts, envying the blessings and tranquillity we have long enjoyed.

These incantations are expressed by those spirits in an Antimasque : who on a sudden are surprised, and stopt in their motion by a secret power, whose wisdom they tremble at, and depart as foreknowing that Wisdom will change all their malicious hope of these disorders into a sudden calm, which after their departure is prepared by a disperse harmony of music.

This secret Wisdom, in the person of the King attended by his nobles, and under the name of Philogenes or Lover of his people, hath his appearance prepared by a Chorus, representing the beloved people, and is instantly discovered, environed with those nobles in the throne of Honour.

Then the Queen personating the chief heroine, with her martial ladies, is sent down from Heaven by Pallas as a reward of his prudence, for reducing the threat'ning storm into the following calm.

IN the border that enclosed the scenes and made a frontispiece to all the work, in a square niche on the right hand stood two figures of women, one of them expressing much majesty in her aspect, appareled in sky colour with a crown of gold on her head, and a bridle in her hand, representing Reason : the other, embracing her, was in changeable silk with wings at her shoulders, figured for Intellectuall Appetite, who while she embraceth Reason, all the actions of men are rightly governed. Above these, in a second order, were winged children, one riding on a furious lion, which he seems to tame with reins and a bit : another bearing an antique ensign : the third hovering above with a branch of palm in his hand, expressing the victory over the perturbations. In a niche on the other side stood two figures joining hands, one a grave old man in a robe of purple, with a heart of gold in a chain about his neck, figured for Counsel ; the other a woman, in a garment of cloth of gold, in her hand a sword with a serpent winding about the blade, representing Resolution, both these being necessary to the good means of arriving to a virtuous end.

Over these and answering to the other side was a round altar raised high, and on it the bird of Pallas, figured for Prudence ; on either side were children with wings, one in act of adoration, another holding a book, and a third flying over their heads with a lighted torch in his hand, representing the intellectual light accompanied with Doctrine and Discipline, and alluding to the figures below, as those on the other side.

Above these ran a large freize, with a cornicement : in the midst whereof was a double compartment rich and full of ornament on the top of this sate Fame with spreaded wings, in act, sounding a trumpet of gold : joining to the compartment, in various postures lay two figures in their natural colours as big as the life ; one holding an anchor representing Safety ; the other representing Riches, with a cornucopia ; and about her stood antique vases of gold. The rest of this freize was composed of children, with significant signs to express their several qualities ; Forgetfulness of injuries, extinguishing a flaming torch on an armour ; Commerce, with ears of corn ; Felicity, with a basket of lillies ; Affection to the country, holding a grasshopper ; Prosperous success, with the rudder of a ship ; Innocence, with a branch of fern : All these expressing the several goods, followers of Peace and Concord, and fore-runners of human felicity : so as the work of this front consisting of Picture qualified with moral Philosophy, temper'd delight with profit.

In the midst of the aforesaid compartment in an oval table was written : SALMACIDA SPOLIA.

The ancient adages are these :

*Salmacida Spolia sine sanguine sine sudore, potius quam Cadmia victoria, ubi ipsos victores perniciēs opprimunt*

But, before I proceed in the descriptions of the Scenes, it is not amiss briefly to set down the histories from whence these proverbs took their original.

For the first Melas and Arevanins of Argos, and Troezen conducted a common colony to Halicarnassus in Asia, and there drove out the barbarous Carie and Lelegi, who fled up to the mountains ; from whence they made many incursions, robbing

and cruelly spoiling the Grecian inhabitants, which could by no means be prevented.

On the top of the right horn of the hill which surrounds Halicarnassus, in form of a theatre, in a famous fountain of most clear water, and exquisite taste called Salmacis. It happened that near to this fountain one of the colony, to make gain by the goodness of the water, set up a tavern, and furnish'd it with all necessaries, to which the barbarians resorting, enticed by the delicious taste of this water, at first some few, and after many together in troops, of fierce and cruel natures, were reduced of their own accord to the sweetness of the Grecian customs.

The other Adage is thus derived

The city of Thebes, anciently called Cadmia, had war with Adrastus, the Argive king, who raised a great army of Arcadians and Missenians, and fought a battle with them near Ismenia, where the Thebans were overthrown, turned their backs, and fled into their city; the Peloponesians, not accustomed to scale walled towns, assaulting furiously, but without order, were repulst from the walls by the defendants, and many of the Argives slain. at that instant the besieged, making a great sally, and finding the enemy in disorder and confusion, cut them all in pieces, only Adrastus excepted, who was saved by flight. but this victory was gotten with great damage and slaughter of the Thebans, for few of them returned alive to their city.

The allusion is, that his Majesty out of his mercy and clemency approving the first Proverb, seeks by all means to reduce tempestuous and turbulent natures into a sweet calm of civil concord.

A curtain flying up, a horrid scene appeared of storm and tempest ; no glimpse of the sun was seen, as if darkness, confusion, and deformity, had possess'd the world, and driven light to heaven, the trees bending, as forced by a gust of wind, their branches rent from their trunks, and some torn up by the roots : afar off was a dark wrought sea, with rolling billows, breaking against the rocks, with rain, lightning and thunder : in the midst was a globe of the earth, which at an instant falling on fire, was turned into a Fury, her hair upright, mixt with snakes, her body lean, wrinkled, and of a swarthy colour, her breasts hung bagging down to her waist, to which with a knot of serpents was girt red bases, and under it tawny skirts down to her feet : in her hand she brandisht a sable torch, and looking askance with hollow envious eyes, came down into the room

#### FURY.

Blow winds ! until you raise the seas so high,  
That waves may hang like leaves in the Sun's eye,  
That we, when in vast cataracts they fall,  
May think he weeps at Nature's funeral.  
Blow winds ! and from the troubled womb of earth,  
Where you receive your undiscover'd birth,  
Break out in wild disorders, till you make  
Atlas beneath his shaking load to shake.  
How am I griev'd, the world should every where  
Be vext into a storm, save only here ?  
Thou over-lucky too much happy isle,  
Grow more desirous of this flatt'ring style !  
For thy long health can never alter'd be,  
But by thy surfeits on Felicity :  
And I to stir the humours that increase  
In thy full body, over-grown with peace,

Will call those Furies hither, who incense  
The guilty, and disorder innocence,  
Ascend ! ascend ! you horrid sullen brood  
Of evil spirits, and displace the good !  
The great make only wiser, to suspect  
Whom they have wrong'd by falsehood, or neglect ,  
The rich, make full of avarice as pride,  
Like graves, or swallowing seas, unsatisfied ;  
Busy to help the State, when needy grown,  
From poor men's fortunes, never from their own.  
The poor, ambitious make, apt to obey  
The false in hope to rule whom they betray :  
And make religion to become their vice,  
Nam'd, to disguise ambitious avarice.

The speech ended, three Furies make their entry  
presented by M. Charles Murray, M. Seymour, M.  
Tartureau.

This antimasque being past, the scene changed  
into a calm, the sky serene, afar off Zephyrus  
appeared breathing a gentle gale : in the landskip  
were corn fields and pleasant trees, sustaining  
vines fraught with grapes, and in some of the  
furthest parts villages, with all such things as might  
express a country in peace, rich, and fruitful.  
There came breaking out of the heavens a silver  
chariot, in which sate two persons, the one a woman  
in a watchet garment, her dressing of silver mixt  
with bulrushes, representing Concord . somewhat  
below her sate the good Genius of Great Britain,  
a young man in a carnation garment, embroidered  
all with flowers, an antique sword hung in a scarf,  
a garland on his head, and in his hand a branch of  
platan\* mixt with ears of corn : these in their  
descent sung together.

\* The plane tree



## 1. SONG.

*Good Genius of Great Britain, CONCORD*

CONCORD.

Why should I hasten hither, since the good  
I bring to men is slowly understood ?

GENIUS.

I know it is the people's vice  
To lay too mean, too cheap a price  
On ev'ry blessing they possess,  
Th' enjoying makes them think the less.

CONCORD.

If then, the need of what is good,  
Doth make it lev'd,\* or understood,  
Or 'tis by absence better known,  
I shall be valued, when I'm gone.

GENIUS.

Yet stay ! O stay ! if but to please  
The great and wise Philogenes.

CONCORD.

Shall dews not fall, the sun forbear  
His course, or I my visits here ?  
Alike from these defects would cease  
The power and hope of all encrease.

GENIUS.

Stay then ! O stay ! If but to ease  
The cares of wise Philogenes.

CONCORD.

I will ! and much I grieve, that though the best  
Of kingly science harbours in his breast,

\* Believed.

Yet 'tis his fate to rule in adverse times,  
When wisdom must awhile give place to crimes

Being arrived at the earth, and descended from the chariot, they sing this short dialogue, and then departed several ways to incite the beloved people to honest pleasures and recreations, which have ever been peculiar to this nation.

## BOTH

O who but he could thus endure  
To live, and govern in a sullen age,  
When it is harder far to cure,  
The People's folly than resist their rage ?

After which there followed these several Entries of Antimasques

## I. ENTRY.

Wolfgangus Vandergoose, Spagrick,\* Operator to the invisible Lady, styled the Magical sister of the Rosicross, with these receipts following, and many other rare secrets, undertakes in short time to cure the defects of nature, and diseases of the mind:—

1. Confection of hope and fear to entertain Lovers.
2. Essence of dissimulation to enforce love.
3. Julip of fruition to recreate the hot fevers of love.
4. Water of dalliance to warm an old courage.
5. A subtle quintessence drawn from mathematical points and lines, filtered through a melancholy brain, to make eunuchs engender.
6. Pomado of the bark of comeliness, the sweet-

\* *Spagrist* a chymist.

- ness of wormwood, with the fat of gravity, to anoint those that have an ill mind.
7. Spirit of Saturn's high capers and Bacchus' whirling vertigo to make one dance well.
  8. One drachm of the first matter, as much of the rust of Time's scythe, mixt with the juice of Medea's herbs ; this, in an electuary, makes all sorts of old people young.
  9. An opiate of the spirit of muskadine taken in good quantity to bedward, to make one forget his creditors.
  10. Powder of Menippus tree, and the rind of hemp to console those who have lost their money.
  11. Treacle of the gall of serpents, and the liver of doves to initiate a neophyte courtier.
  12. An easy vomit of the fawning of a spaniel, Gallobelgicus, and the last coranto, hot from the press, with the powder of some lean jests, to prepare a disprover's welcome to rich men's tables.
  13. A Gargarism\* of Florio's first-fruits, Diana de monte Major, and the scraping of Spanish Romanzas distilled in balneo,† to make a sufficient Linguist without travelling, or scarce knowing himself what he says.
  14. A Bath made of a catalogue from the mart, and common places, taken in a Frankfort dryfat ; in his diet he must refrain all real knowledge, and only suck in vulgar opinions, using the fricasee of confederacy, will make ignorants in all professions to seem and not to be.

\* A liquid form of medicine to wash the mouth with. "Apo phlegmatisms and gargarisms draw the rheum down by the palate."—*Bacon*.

† Synonymous with bagno a bath

## 2. ENTRY

Four old men richly attired, the  
 shapes proper to the persons,  
 presented by

{	M. Skipwith
	M. Brough.
	M. Pert
	M. Ashton

## 3. ENTRY.

Three young soldiers in several  
 fashioned habits, but costly, and  
 presented to the life, by

{	M. Hearne.
	M. Slingsby.
	M. Chumley.

## 4. ENTRY.

A nurse and three children in long coats, with  
 bibs, biggins,\* and muckenders.†

## 5 ENTRY.

An ancient Irishman, presented by M. Jay.

## 6. ENTRY.

An ancient Scottishman, presented by M. Atkins.

## 7. ENTRY.

An old-fashioned Englishman, and  
 his mistress, presented by

{	M. Arpe.
	M. Will.
	Murray.

These three Antimasques were well and naturally  
 set out.

## 8. ENTRY.

Doctor Tartaglia and two pedants  
 of Francolin, presented by

{	M. Rimes.
	M. Warder.
	M. Villiers.

## 9. ENTRY.

Four Grotesques or drollities, in the most fau-  
 tastical shapes that could be devised.

\* Caps.

† Dirtied handkerchiefs

## 10. ENTRY.

The invisible lady, magical sister of the Rosicross.

## 11. ENTRY.

A shepherd, presented by M. Charles Murray

## 12. ENTRY.

A farmer and his wife, presented by M Skipwith.

## 13. ENTRY.

A country gentleman, his wife, and	} M. Boroughs.
his bailiff, presented by	
	} M. Pert.

## 14 ENTRY.

An amorous courtier, richly ap-	} M Seymour
pareled, presented by	

## 15 ENTRY

Two roaring boys, their suits answering their profession

## 16 ENTRY

Four mad Lovers, and as madly clad.

## 17. ENTRY

A jealous Dutchman, his wife,	} M Arpe
and her Italian Lover presented	
by	
	} M Tartareau

## 18 ENTRY.

Three Swiss, one a little Swiss,	} M. Cotterell
who played the wag with them	
as they slept, presented by	
	} M. Jeffrey
	Hudson.

## 19. ENTRY.

Four antique Cavaliers, imitating a manage and tilting.*	}	M. Arpe M. Jay. M. Atkins M. Tartarean
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## 20. ENTRY.

A Cavaleritro and two Pages.

All which Antimasques were well set out and excellently danced, and the tunes fitted to the persons.

The Antimasques being past, all the Scene was changed into craggy rocks and inaccessible mountains, in the upper parts where any earth could fasten, were some trees, but of strange forms, such as only grow in remote parts of the Alps, and in desolate places; the farthest of these was hollow in the midst, and seemed to be cut through by art, as the Pausilipo† near Naples, and so high as the top pierced the clouds, all which represented the difficult way which heroes are to pass ere they come to the throne of Honour.

The Chorus of the beloved people came forth, led by Concord and the good Genius of Great Britain, their habits being various and rich they go up to the State and sing.

\* "In thy slumbers  
I heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,  
Speak terms of manage to the bounding steed."

*Shakespeare*

† *Pausilypus*—A mountain near Naples, so called from the beauty of its situation. The tomb of Virgil is there. The mountain is famous for a subterranean passage nearly half a mile in length, and twenty-two feet in breadth, affording a safe and convenient passage to travellers.—*Stat* 4 -- *Sylv* 4, v 52 — *Plin* 9, c. 53 — *Strab* 5 — *Senec* ep 5 and 57.

## II. SONG.

*To the Queen Mother.*

## 1.

When, with instructed eyes, we look upon  
 Our blessings that descend so fast,  
 From the fair partner of our Monarch's throne,  
 We grieve they are too great to last.

## 2.

But when those growing comforts we survey,  
 By whom our hopes are longer liv'd,  
 Then gladly we our vows, and praises pay  
 To her, from whom they are derived.

## 3.

And since, great Queen, she is derived from you ,  
 We here begin our offerings  
 For those, who sacrific'd to rivers, knew  
 Their first rights due unto their springs.

## 4

The Stream, from whence our blessings flow, you  
 bred ;  
 You, in whose bosom, even the chief, and best  
 Of modern Victors laid his weary head,  
 When he rewarded victories with rest,  
 Your beauty kept his valour's flame alive ;  
 Your Tuscan wisdom taught it how to thrive.

*Inviting the King's Appearance in the Throne of  
 Honour.*

*To be printed, not sung.*

Why are our joys detain'd by this delay ?  
 Unless, as in a morning overcast,

We find it long ere we can find out day ;  
So, whilst our hopes increase, our time doth  
waste

Or are you slow 'cause th' way to Honour's throne,  
In which you travel now, is so uneven,  
Hilly, and craggy, or as much unknown,  
As that uncertain path which leads to Heaven ?

O, that philosophers, who, through those mists  
Low nature casts, do upper knowledge spy,  
Or those that smile at them (o'er-weening Priests)  
Could, with such sure, such an undoubted eye,

Reach distant Heaven, as you can Honour's throne,  
Then we should shift our flesh t'inhabit there,  
Where we are taught, the Heroes [all] are gone .  
Though now content with earth, 'cause you are  
here.

The song ended they return up to the stage, and divide themselves on each side ; then the further part of the scene disappear'd, and the King's Majesty and the rest of the Masquers were discovered, sitting in the throne of Honour, his Majesty highest in a seat of gold, and the rest of the Lords about him This throne was adorned with palm trees, between which stood statues of the ancient heroes ; in the under parts on each side lay captives bound in several postures, lying on trophies of armours, shields, and antique weapons, all his throne being fayned of Goldsmiths' work. The habit of his Majesty and the Masquers was of watchet, richly embroidered with silver, long stockings set up of white, their caps silver with scrolls of gold, and plumes of white feathers.



## III. SONG.

*To the King, when he appears with his Lords in the  
Throne of Honour*

## 1.

Those quar'ling winds, that deafned unto death  
The living, and did wake men dead before,  
Seem now to pant small gusts, as out of breath,  
And fly to reconcile themselves on shore.

## 2.

If it be kingly patience to out last  
Those storms the people's giddy fury raise,  
Till like fantastic winds themselves they waste,  
The wisdom of that patience is thy praise.

## 3.

Murmur's a sickness epidemical ;  
'Tis catching, and infects weak common ears ,  
For through those crooked, narrow alleys, all  
Invaded are, and kill'd by whisperers.

## 4.

This you discern'd, and by your mercy taught ;  
Would not, like monarchs that severe have bin,  
Invent imperial arts to question thought,  
Nor punish vulgar sickness as a sin.

## 5.

Nor would your valour, when it might subdue,  
Be hinder'd of the pleasure to forgive ;  
Th' are worse than overcome, your wisdom knew,  
That needed mercy to have leave to live.

## 6.

Since strength of virtues gain'd you Honour's throne,  
Accept our wonder, and enjoy our praise !

He's fit to govern there; and rule alone,  
 Whom inward helps, not outward force doth  
 arise.

---

Whilst the Chorus sung this song, there came softly from the upper part of the heavens, a huge cloud of various colours, but pleasant to the sight, which descending to the midst of the scene open'd, and within it was a transparent brightness of thin exhalations, such as the gods are feigned to descend in : in the most eminent place of which her Majesty sate, representing the chief heroine, environed with her martial ladies ; and from over her head were darted lightsome rays that illuminated her seat, and all the ladies about her participated more or less of that light, as they sate near or further off : this brightness with many streaks of thin vapours about it, such as are seen in a fair evening sky, softly descended . and as it came near to the earth, the seat of Honour by little and little vanished, as if it gave way to these heavenly Graces. The Queen's Majesty and her ladies were in Amazonian habits of carnation, embroidered with silver, with plumed helmets, bandricks\* with antique swords hanging by their sides, all as rich as might be, but the strangeness of the habits was most admired.

#### IV. SONG.

*When the Queen and her Ladies descended.*

##### 1.

You that so wisely studious are,  
 To measure, and to trace each star,  
 How swift they travel, and how far,  
 Now number your celestial store,

\* Baldricks.

Planets, or lesser lights, and try,  
If in the face of all the sky,  
    You count so many as before.

## 2.

If you would practise how to know  
The chief for influence, or show ;  
Level your perspectives below !  
    For in this nether orb they move !  
Each here, when lost in's doubtful art,  
May by his eyes advance his heart ;  
    And through his optic learn to love !

## 3.

But what is she that rules the night,  
That kindles ladies with their light,  
And gives to them the power of sight ?  
    All those who can her virtue doubt,  
Her mind will in her face advise,  
For through the casements of her eyes,  
    Her soul is ever looking out.

## 4.

And, with its beams, she doth survey  
Our growth in virtue, or decay ;  
Still lighting us in honour's way !  
    All that are good she did inspire !  
Lovers are chaste, because they know  
It is her will they should be so ;  
    The valiant take from her their fire !

When this heavenly seat touched the earth, the King's Majesty took out the Queen, and the lords the ladies, and came down into the room, and danc't their entry, betwixt which and the second dance was this song.

## V SONG

*After the First Dance*

## 1.

Why stand you still, and at these beauties gaze  
As if you were afraid,  
Or they were made  
Much more for wonder than delight ?  
Sure those whom first their virtue did amaze,  
Their feature must at last invite

## 2.

Time never knew the mischiefs of his haste '  
Nor can you force him stay  
To keep off day :  
Make then fit use of triumphs here ;  
It were a crime 'gainst pleasant youth, to waste  
This night in overcivil fear.

## 3.

Move then like Time, for Love, as well as he,  
Hath got a kalender,  
Where must appear,  
How evenly you these measures tread ;  
And, when they end, we far more griev'd shall be,  
Than for his hours when they are fled.

The second dance ended, and their Majesties being seated under the State, the scene was changed into magnificent buildings composed of several selected pieces of architecture: in the furthest part was a bridge over a river, where many people, coaches, horses, and such like were seen to pass to and fro: beyond this, on the shore were buildings in prospective, which shooting

far from the eye shewed as the suburbs of a great city.

From the highest part of the heavens came forth a cloud far in the scene, in which were eight persons richly attired representing the spheres; this, joining with two other clouds which appear'd at that instant full of music, covered all the upper part of the scene, and, at that instant beyond all these, a heaven opened full of deities, which celestial prospect with the Chorus below filled all the whole scene with apparitions and harmony.

## VI SONG.

*To the King and Queen, by a Chorus of all*

So musical as to all ears  
Doth seem the music of the spheres,  
Are you unto each other still,  
Tuning your thoughts to eithers' will.

All that are harsh, all that are rude,  
Are by your harmony subdu'd ;  
Yet so into obedience wrought,  
As if not forc'd to it, but taught.

Live still, the pleasure of our sight !  
Both our examples and delight,  
So long until you find the good success  
Of all your virtues, in one happiness.

Till we so kind, so wise, and careful be,  
In the behalf of our posterity,  
That we may wish your sceptres' ruling here,  
Lov'd even by those, who should your justice fear,  
When we are gone, when to our last remove  
We are dispatch'd to sing your praise above.

After this song the spheres passed through the air, and all the deities ascended, and so concluded this Masque: which was generally approved of, especially by all strangers that were present, to be the noblest and most ingenious that hath been done here in that kind.

*The invention, ornament, scenes and appositions, with their descriptions, were made by INIGO JONES, Surveyor General of his Majesty's works.*

*What was spoken or sung, by WILLIAM D'AVENANT, her Majesty's servant.*

*The subject was set down by them both.*

*The music was composed by LEWIS RICHARD, Master of her Majesty's Music.*

FINIS.

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THE NAMES OF THE MASQUERS.

The KING'S MAJESTY.  
 Duke of LENOX.  
 Earle of CARLILE.  
 Earle of NEWPORT.  
 Earle of LEIMRICKE.  
 Lord RUSSELL.  
 Lord HERBERT.  
 Lord PAGET.  
 Lord FIELDING.  
 Master RUSSELL.  
 Master THOMAS HOWARD

The QUEENE'S MAJESTY.  
 Dutchesse of LENOX.  
 Countesse of CARNARVON.  
 Countesse of NEWPORT.  
 Countesse of PORTLAND.  
 Lady ANDOVER.  
 Lady MARGARET HOWARD.  
 Lady KELLYMEKIN.  
 Lady FRANCIS HOWARD.  
 Mistris CARY.  
 Mistris NEVILL

## PERFORMERS IN THE MASQUE

As the Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Carlisle and Lords Paget, Herbert, and Russel have been already noticed, it is not necessary to say anything further about them as actors in *Salmacida Spolia*. The Earl of LEIM-  
RICKE, in the list of masquers, is an evident misprint. Chetwood makes him the Earl of Limerick, a title which did not exist in the year 1639, nor for more than a century afterwards. The word should have been LANERICK, or in more modern parlance LANARK, the younger brother of the first Duke of Hamilton, having been created Earl of Lanerick or Lanark by Charles I. His Lordship was born at Hamilton on the 14th December 1616, and his father dying 3d of March 162 $\frac{1}{2}$ , his guardianship devolved on his elder brother, who placed him in the University of Glasgow, and after he had finished his education there, sent him abroad with an equipage suitable to his rank. After having travelled some years on the continent he took up his residence in France, where he was much esteemed, and had offers of high offices which he declined to accept, and preferred returning home, which he did in 1637, being then twenty-one years of age.

"His great merits and accomplishments caused him to be received at court with the highest distinction, and he became a great favourite both with the king and queen."\* His being selected as one of the masquers affords ample proof of the estimation in which he was held by them. After the execution of his brother in 1649, he obtained the Dukedom of Hamilton, and was invested by Charles II. with the order of the Garter. He accompanied that monarch to Scotland, but, not being acceptable to the

\* Anderson's "Memoirs of the House of Hamilton," page 141 Edinburgh, 1825, 4to

Covenanting party, retired to the Isle of Arran, still in possession of the Hamilton family. He afterwards joined Charles with such troops as he could raise, and accompanied his majesty to Worcester, where he met with his death, occasioned by a slug-shot crushing the bone of the leg, which resulted in mortification. Had amputation followed as recommended by Howard, the king's physician, it was generally believed that his life might have been saved.

BASIL, LORD FIELDING, was the eldest son of William, Earl of Denbigh, by Susan Villiers, sister of the first Duke of Buckingham. He was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I. Unlike his father, who was fighting for the king and served as a volunteer in Prince Rupert's troop, the son accepted a commission from the Parliament, which, with the Earls of Essex and Manchester, he surrendered upon the passing of the Self-denying Ordinance, 2d April 1645. At this date he was Earl of DENBIGH, his father having died of wounds received in a skirmish with the Parliament troops near Birmingham, 3d April 1643.

Earl Basil had four wives, the first of whom was Anne, eldest daughter of Richard, Earl of Portland, the Lord High Treasurer. By none of these ladies had he any children, so that his honours and estates devolving on his death, in November 1675, upon his nephew, William, son of George, Earl of Desmond, the English and Irish honours united, and have so descended to the present Earl of Denbigh and Desmond.

Master Russel was Francis, a younger brother of William, Lord Russel, of whom a brief notice has previously been given.

MASTER THOMAS HOWARD was the second son of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, and upon the demise of his elder brother, Charles, Viscount Andover, without issue male, succeeded, in April 1679, to his father's Earldom. Although twice married, having only one daughter by his first wife, the honours passed to the next male heir upon his death—12th April 1706 at a very advanced age.



The LADY KELLYMEKIN was the young wife of Lewis Boyle, eldest son of Richard, Earl of Cork, who was born the 23d May 1619, upon whom, though a child, Charles I. conferred the dignity of a baron and viscount of Ireland, by the titles of Baron of Bandonbridge and Viscount Kynalmeaky. The letters patent are somewhat unusual, for the honours are granted to the boy and the heirs male of his body, whom failing, to himself and his other heirs male, "tam de corpore, quam a latere dicti comitis (de Cork)." They bear date, 26th February 1627-8. His Lordship, upon 26th December 1639, espoused Lady Elizabeth Fielding, third daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh, and sister of George Fielding, Earl of Desmond. The Viscount, at the age of thirteen, upon the third March 1629, tilted at a tournament before royalty.

As Lady Elizabeth was the youngest of the family she must have been under age when she married. She appears shortly after the event as a masquer in *Salmacula Spolia*, as performed on the 21st of January 1639-40, the year not then ending until the 24th of March.

The Viscount was of considerable service to the king in the wars of Ireland, where he was very successful. Unfortunately he was killed at the battle of Liscarroll, having been shot through the head, 3d September 1642. He left no issue, but, under the patent, his brother, as next heir male, was entitled to the honours, but did not assume them. He was at a later date created Earl of Orrery by Charles II., having, when seven years of age, been made Baron of Broghill by Charles I., with a similar remainder in his patent to that of his brother Kynalmeaky.

Lady Kynalmeaky survived her husband, and was created COUNTESS OF GUILFORD for life upon the restoration of Charles II.\*

LADY ANDOVER was Dorothy, second daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage, and wife of Charles, Viscount Andover, eldest son and successor of Thomas, first Earl of Berkshire. In 1669, upon the death of her father-in-

\* Lodge, vol 1, p 90 London 1754, 8vo

law, she became a countess, and died 6th December 1691, at the age of eighty.

LADY MARGARET HOWARD, the third daughter of Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, married in 1640 Roger, first Earl of Orrery, whom she survived. Her sister, Lady Frances, became the wife of Sir Edward Villiers.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.



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